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Modern Screen

une 35

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MAY 18 1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Mae West

Earl Christy

MORE PICTURES THAN ANY OTHER FAN MAGAZINE

Shirley Temple's FIRST SIX YEARS

LAUGH AT HEAT! Have Cool Allure!



WHILE OTHER GIRLS WILT
AND LOSE THEIR CHARM
YOU CAN KEEP

Irresistible

Summer's here and its good times go to the girl who keeps irresistible! Don't be mussy, sticky, unattractive. Laugh at heat, have cool allure on hottest days... use IRRESISTIBLE TALC. It has *special hot weather advantages.*

Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talc. Apply it *generously* all over your body. No matter how great your body warmth... the exquisite perfume of Irresistible Talc keeps its exotic delicacy...keeps you irresistible.

Irresistible Talc contains a special ingredient which is soothing and healing to your skin. It cools the surface of the skin *without drying and roughening the skin itself.*

After bathing...or when you haven't time for a bath...rub IRRESISTIBLE COLOGNE on your whole body...it's a tingling, refreshing treat! Finish with Irresistible Talc for lasting fragrance and daintiness. Your whole body will feel invigorated, young, glorified!

Try all the wonderful IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS... each has some special feature to make you irresistible today... now...forever. Laboratory tested for purity and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talcum powder. Rub this exquisite cologne into your body to tone, firm and refresh your skin.



Lipstick in four gorgeous shades, for lovely, luscious lips



Brilliantine that gives your hair a glorious, silky sheen

Vanishing, liquefying, cold cream . . . perfect for your skin





Exquisite face powder, satin-fine, clings for hours



Exotic perfume of glamorous allure... a clinging, lasting fragrance

TRADE MARK REG., CONTAINERS PAT'D.

Irresistible

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

ONLY 10c EACH AT YOUR 5 and 10c STORE.

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work . . . what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You can't afford to take chances—to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise—soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier—and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-65.
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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APR 30 1935

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MODERN SCREEN

NOW SHOWING

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MARY BURGUM, EDITOR ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor REGINA CANNON, Hollywood Editor

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LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.



Jean
HARLOW
WILLIAM
POWELL
in
RECKLESS

with a screenful of beauties and a great cast including

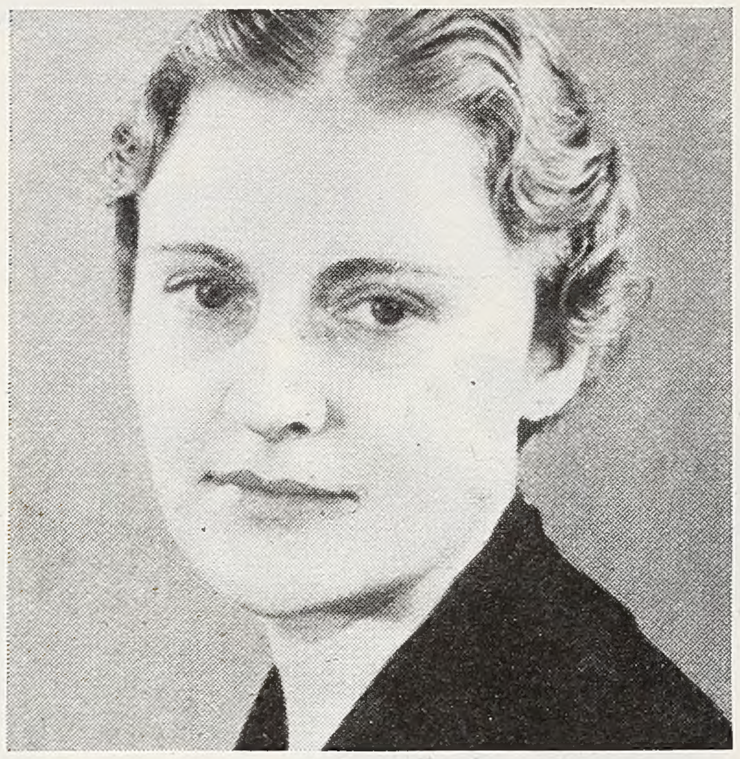
FRANCHOT
TONE
MAY
ROBSON
TED HEALY
NAT PENDLETON
ROBERT LIGHT

Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

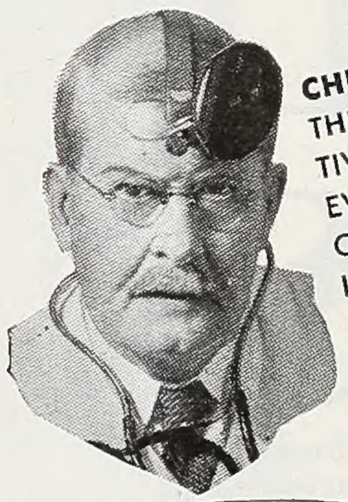
I was sallow and sort of logy



• Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

Used by over 15,000,000 people

Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and griping. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you'll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** GIVES MORE THOROUGH RELIEF. ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR BETTER RESULTS CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum **LAXATIVE**

BETWEEN YOU AND ME



Pardoned

Please excuse me when I say I'm in love! It's all because of a sweet-voiced, charming and lovable personality and altogether a grand sweetheart—Dick Powell. In my estimation he is the best male star of 1935 and will be for a few years to come. The moment he appears on the screen, my heart melts and I just seem to forget everything.—Sonny Ray, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

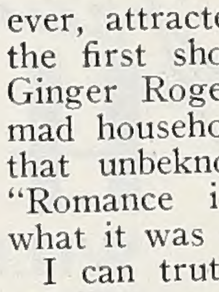


The Kitten's Whiskers

I am the mother of a trio of movie fans but seldom visit the movies myself. Today, however, attracted by the usual stir that the first showing of a picture with Ginger Rogers creates in my movie-mad household, I made up my mind that unbeknownst to them I'd visit "Romance in Manhattan" and see what it was all about.

I can truthfully say I have never seen anyone so naturally charming, so delightfully unaffected as this little actress. Half the qualms and doubts about the wisdom of my brood's frequent movie-going are removed if they are getting anything as clean and charming as this film.

"Gee, Ma, ain't she the kitten's whiskers?" breathed my eldest, as I confessed my afternoon's visit at the dinner table. If this is published and my brood see me bursting into print, I'll be the "cat's meow," I suppose.—Mrs. J. Senson, New York, N. Y.



Re: "Lives . . ."

Have just come home from seeing "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and had to sit down and write this little note of praise, as such a picture is worth every bit of praise it gets.

I'll admit I never did care for pictures with an all-male cast, but this one is superb. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Richard Cromwell have never been better.—Verna Hollerock, Newark, N. J.

Has your letter been published in this corner? If it hasn't, get busy and join the rest of the folks who have things to say about the movies. Address your letters to: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



This and That

Just a thank-you for:

The refreshing, vivid performances of Richard Dix and Martha Sleeper in "West of the Pecos."

That delightful, fairy-tale fantasy, "Babes in Toyland."

The fascinating Oriental setting, the fine sincerity of Herbert Marshall, and the delicacy and thoughtfulness of Garbo in "The Painted Veil."

The vivaciousness, lilt, laughter and spontaneity of "College Rhythm."

Jean Parker (pictured), who dares to be simply young and sweet.—Evelyn McLean, Cheney, Wash.

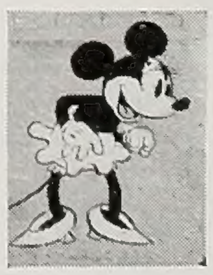


Gabled to Death!

There isn't enough "star variety" in our movies these days. It is a mistake to think that one star can give us all the variety we want. For instance, no matter what part he plays Clark Gable is still Clark Gable and we are being Gabled to death. Give a few other players a break.

I can't see much in a picture like "Flirtation Walk." It is boring to have to sit through half a picture listening to a couple of not-too-clever singers drone and drag a monotonous, elongated song. Give us more drama and less of these school-boy-and-girl singing classes.

Give us more of Jack LaRue (pictured) and give him the break he has earned.—E. Sommers, Lynn, Mass.



We're With You

Say, it's about time we fans protested against the nauseous comedy

(*Con't. on page 17*)

THE BLUE OF HER EYES—THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS



Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...care-free charmer...whose beauty blazed in conquest...while the world about her flamed! The private life of the world's most glamorous adventuress . . . who used men as stepping stones . . . and made history. Told against an exciting and colorful background . . . as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!... Re-created on the Technicolor screen . . . its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life . . . and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

Miriam HOPKINS

in

BECKY SHARP

with

FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY

Distributed by
RKO-RADIO PICTURES, INC.

Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES

The first... full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of NEW TECHNICOLOR! ...A new miracle in motion pictures...that promises to create a revolution...as great as that caused by sound!...The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of NEW TECHNICOLOR!

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

MODERN SCREEN

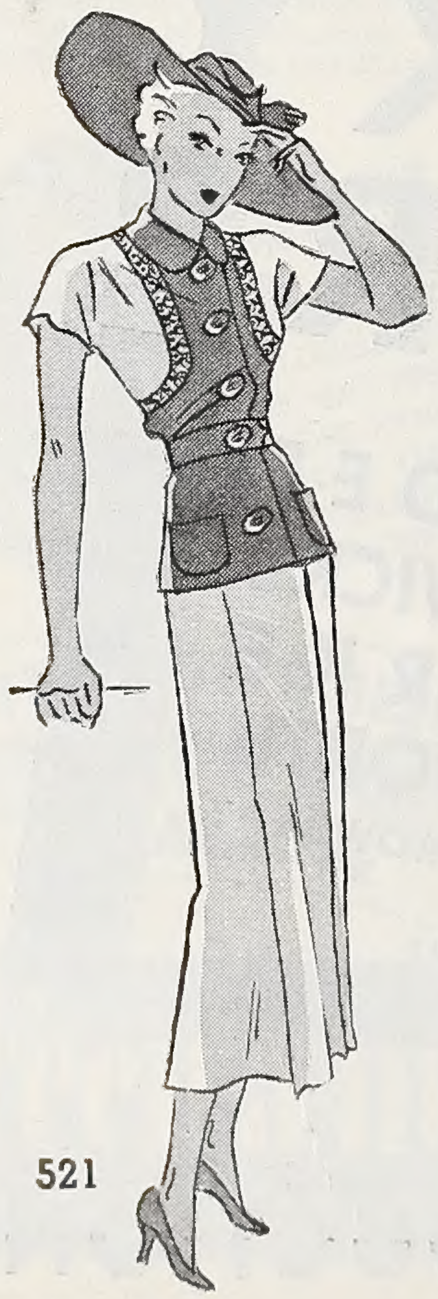
Patterns

Here are three exciting summer costumes for you, all ready to be made and straight from Hollywood to you. Pattern 748 is a beach or bicycle dress in blue cotton crepe worn by Ann Sheridan. The "bra"-like, halter-neck top and the divided skirt with high, stitched belt comprise the outfit. Pattern 751 is another beach costume or play pajama done like an overall. Grace Bradley wears it with a great floppy beach hat. It has a sunback. Pattern 521 is Joan Bennett's charming summer sports dress in two-tones of crepe, navy and white. The blouse is navy with sleeves of the white faggotted in. All patterns in sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

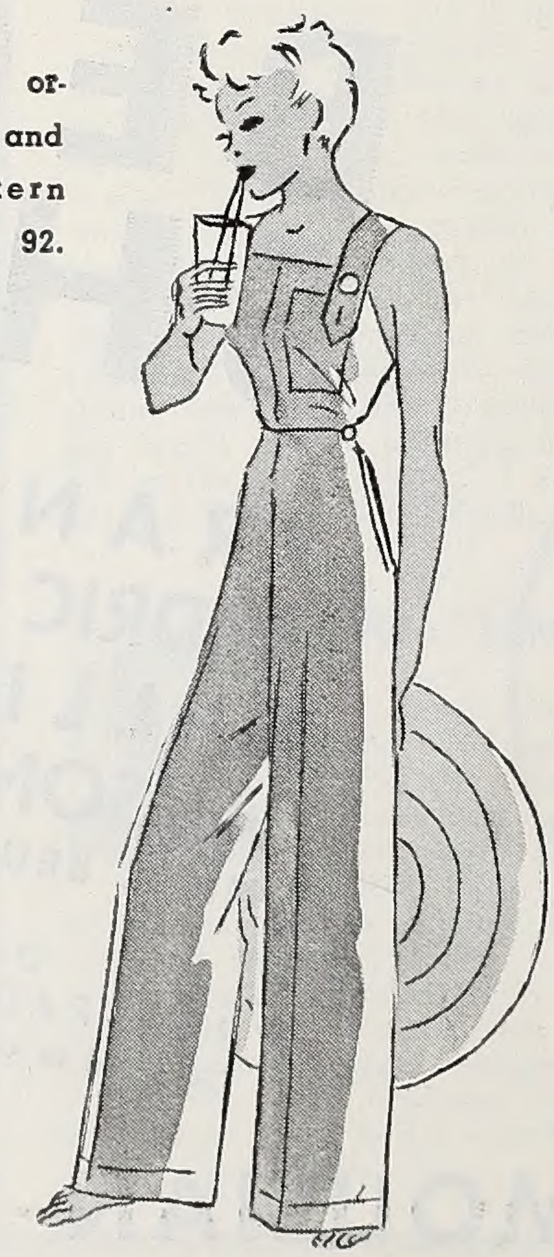


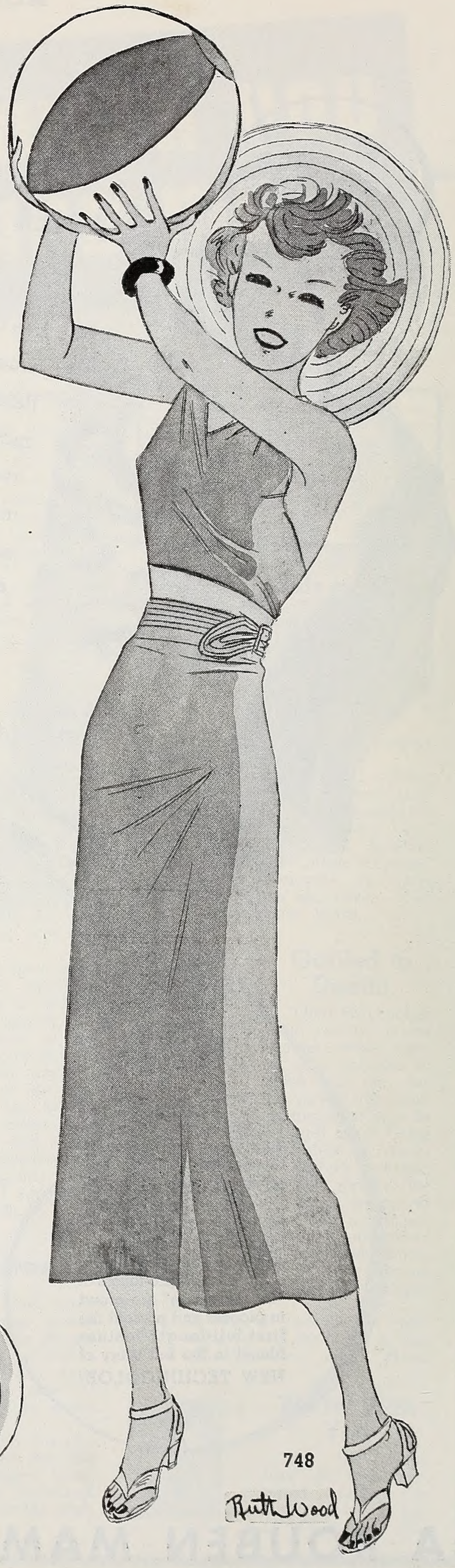






Instructions for ordering patterns and our new Pattern Book on page 92.





521

751

748

Ruth Wood

HE LIVED A HUNDRED OTHER LIVES *But* COULD NOT LIVE HIS OWN...

Branded by the stigma of long prison years — today, a gentleman; tonight, a criminal; tomorrow, a fugitive from a man who stalked him as relentlessly as a tiger stalks its prey . . . no love, no peace, no pity; only struggle and flight from a sentence that never ended!



Joseph M. Schenck
presents a
DARRYL ZANUCK PRODUCTION

Les Miserables

OUT OF ONE MASTERPIECE..ANOTHER HAS BEEN CREATED
The majestic sweep of Victor Hugo's immortal words leap to life in a pageant of human misery, defeat and triumph.

Starring **FREDRIC MARCH · CHARLES LAUGHTON**

CEDRIC HARDWICKE • Rochelle Hudson • Frances Drake • John Beal
Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI

20TH CENTURY PICTURE

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

HOLLYWOOD SHOTS



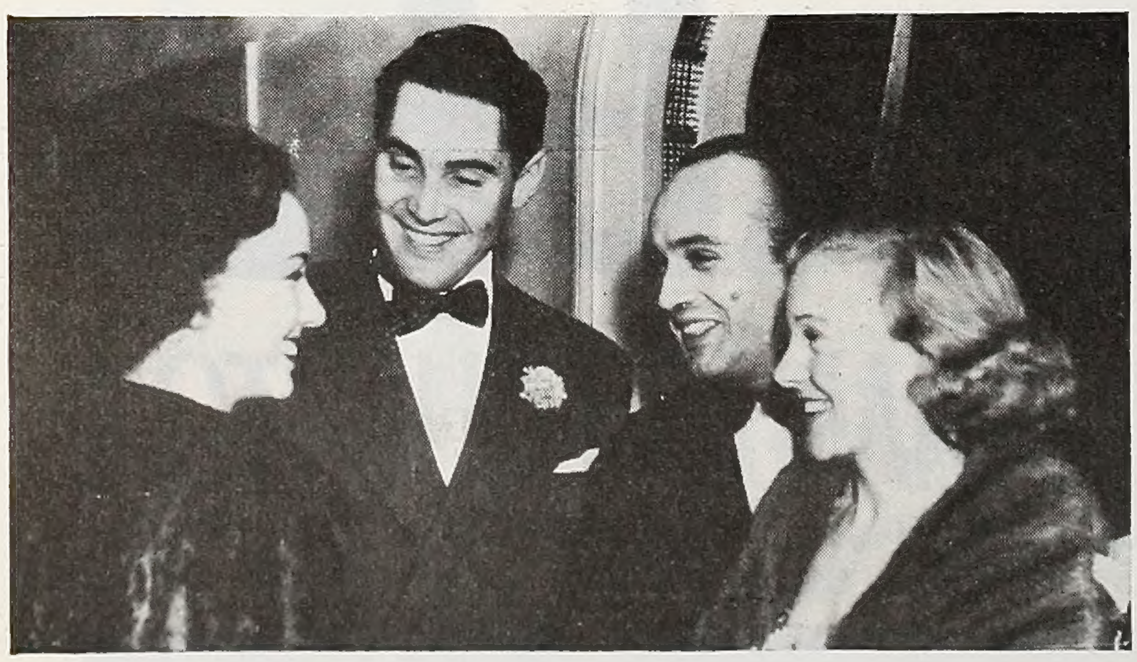
Right, Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Young as they entered the "Troc" after "Tobacco Road" opening. Below, The Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett) bask in the sun at Palm Springs on a recent holiday. Nifty helmet of Gene's! And below right, Kay Francis waved M. Chevalier off on the train then hurried over to Frank Borzage's Chinese shindy. Left to right, Dick Powell, Mrs. Lew Borzage, George Brent, Kay and the host, Frank Borzage.





Margaret Lindsay and Phillip Reed bump into the Charles Boyers (Pat Paterson) as they enter the Trocadero. Scotty snapped this smiling greeting. Charles has good reason to beam now that the fans are clamoring for him.

A famous threesome lines up for a few words at the 10th Anniversay of the Warner broadcasting station—Bette Davis, Dolores Barrymore and Harry Warner. Dolores was at the opening ten years ago, yet she hardly looks a day older.





Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man Joins the "G-MEN" and Halts the March of Crime!



Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime!

The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty man-hunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

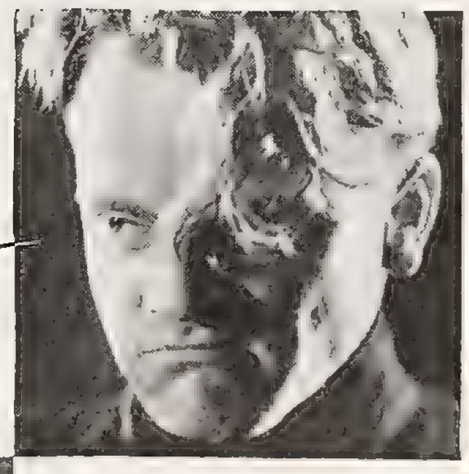
Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo — the last stand of the underworld!

It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set — and sprung — on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the *stand-out* for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Yesterday



Public Enemy No. 1 in the never - to - be - forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."



Today

he's on Uncle Sam's side, staging his own private war with the public enemies of 1935!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

The Modern Hostess





Dixie Lee Crosby and her grand cook, Blanche, have a conspiracy to make Bing eat the vegetables he doesn't like. Result, the smiling, healthy Mr. Crosby, above. And also, Gary Crosby getting a preview of a vegetable casserole!

There's a new game being played in the Bing Crosby household! No, it does not boast of any strange name such as "Backgammon," "Bagatelle," or "Towie"—in fact it has no name at all unless you'd choose to call it "Vegetable Masquerade." But it's being played daily with great regularity and secrecy by Bing's blonde, pretty little wife, Dixie Lee, with the assistance of the family cook, Galveston-born Blanche.

The rules of the game are very simple. You start out with a question: "When's a carrot not a carrot?" You then proceed to answer this question in as many ways and with as much originality as possible. For instance, a carrot is not a carrot when it's inundated with a savory gravy, when it's disguised as part of a meat dish, or when it's topped with fluffy biscuits!

After you have become proficient in these first steps you go on to other vegetables, according to the season of the year, the family exchequer and the preferences of the cook. It's a great little game and many's the harassed housewife who would profit by taking it up in a serious way.

You see, Bing Crosby, Crown Prince of Croon, has one failing in common with many mere males and almost all youngsters. He doesn't like vegetables! Yes, like most food-loving men Bing is violently opposed to the inclusion of the lowly onion, the caloried carrot or the luscious tomato in his daily diet. If he had *his* way he'd eat nothing but flaky apple pie, sun-colored lemon pie, scalloped oysters, thick juicy steaks, ice cream and a mysterious, delectable frozen concoction known in the Crosby menage as "Mississippi Special."

You too, undoubtedly, have the same trouble with your family, so I am going to let you in on the workings of the mighty plot that originated in Dixie Crosby's upstairs sitting room and is carried out under Blanche's watchful eye in the Crosby kitchen.

BING, of course, doesn't realize that petite Dixie and their efficient cook are in league to keep down his proteins and lessen the consumption of his beloved starches and sugars by means of this "Vegetable Masquerade" of which we were speaking. But in this way they see to it that Bing's vitamin scales (A, B, C, D,) are as righteously regarded as his vocal scales.

So the game progresses with Bing daily sitting down to an endless procession of vegetables, steaming and palatable, disguised in gravies, baked with fish, cooked in stews, en casserole, under puffy, fluffy biscuits

Here's how Bing Crosby is tempted to eat vegetables!

—skillfully prepared. And Bing eats them contentedly, little dreaming that he is the victim of a gigantic kitchen conspiracy! It was Blanche, the Crosby cook, who supplied me with details on how this little plot is carried out.

"Mr. Crosby never says what he wants for dinner," that efficient colored girl informed me. "Breakfast, though, is different. Sometimes Mr. Crosby, when he isn't working, wants hot cakes, bacon and coffee. When he is going to the studio he usually orders only toast and coffee. So I never prepare breakfast for either Mr. or Mrs. Crosby until I hear what their orders are.

"For the evening meal it is Mrs. Crosby's idea to try to include a wide variety of vegetables in the main dinner dish. Often I cook the vegetables right along with the meat and serve them saturated with the meat juices so that Mr. Crosby won't realize that he's eating them. Sometimes, if he has been deep-sea fishing and brings home his own catch, I make a Baked Fish à la Constantinople which calls for a lot of vegetables, cooked with the fish. It's very popular both with the family and with their guests.

"Once in a while I fix up a simple New England Boiled Dinner. Or I use a left-over roast and gravy in a casserole with vegetables and cover it with sour-milk biscuits. Mr. Crosby likes sauerkraut, too, with spareribs. He likes only a few ribs cooked with the vegetable. The other spareribs he likes to have baked in the oven so that they are crisp and crunchy to bite into."

PERHAPS the greatest favorite in the Crosby dinner repertory, I learned, is that famed and proletarian dish, Mulligan Stew. It has a nostalgic quality, that stew. It belongs among Bing's childhood memories and its appetizing aroma takes him right back to his Spokane school days when the seven Crosby kids gathered at the parental board for heaping servings of a dish that is as Irish as Paddy's pig!

"We topped it off then with a great big apple pie!" says Bing with a gleam of gustatory appreciation in his blue eyes.

Today, Blanche makes Mulligan frequently in the kitchen of the Crosby's English-style home in the wooded Toluca Lake section of Hollywood. She buys three or four pounds of lean brisket (sometimes she varies it by using veal), pops the meat into hot water and lets it boil until the meat is almost tender (about an hour and a half). She then adds salt and pepper to taste and small, scraped (*Continued on page 80*)





KATE: "Look, Ida. That wash of Mrs. Palmer's is full of *tattle-tale gray.*"

JOAN: "And how! That dingy color almost shouts that her soap didn't get out *all* the dirt."



IDA: "You know, Kate — my clothes look terrible—but what can I do?"

KATE: "Just change to Fels-Naptha—*and dirt can't stay* behind. Smell!—that *golden* soap holds *lots* of naptha."



ERNIE: "Wh-e-e! All dolled up for Dad."
IDA: "It's an old dress — but it looks so nice and white now—you'd think it was new. I could hug Kate for making me change to Fels-Naptha Soap."



IDA: "Hey, you little rascal! Don't you muss up mother's silk things. Those are my best stockings and undies — and Fels-Naptha is the only thing that's gentle enough for them."

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

FELS-NAPTHA Soap is *two* dirt-loosen-ers instead of one.

Richer golden soap and *plenty of naptha* added! Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt like "trick" soaps do. It gets ALL the dirt—even the deep-down, stuck-fast kind. It gets clothes-beautifully white!

Fels-Naptha is *safer*, too—*gentle* as can be to daintiest things. And it's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Get some Fels-Naptha today. It's great in tub, basin or machine! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO. NRA CODE

She Hates Fashion Pictures!



It's so rare that Marlene Dietrich will pose even in costumes from a picture, that this special group, designed for her personal wardrobe by Travis Banton, is news with a capital N! Reading from left to right, top row, first a striking cape costume in beige kasha and sheer brown wool. The skirt is shorter than we have been wearing them. Her full cape is trimmed with natural lynx and lined with the brown of the blouse. Next a dinner suit in black bagheera velvet with smock-like swagger coat, long slender skirt and tucked organdy blouse. Below, back and front views of a poem in white chiffon! Note the bare shoulder, the carnation cluster and the dramatic lace gloves. Very Grecian.

Dietrich wears new clothes for you

Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids—

There is a charm and beauty in DR. ELLIS' Beauty Aids that identify them wherever they are seen, and they are seen everywhere.

DR. ELLIS' Products give that certain "exotic" touch that makes the discriminating modern woman so glamorous.

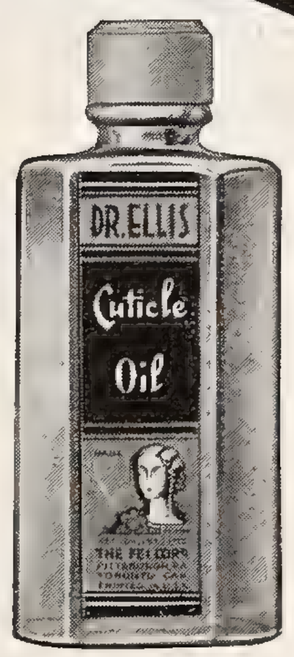
DR. ELLIS' Beauty Aids were inspired and created to make Milady more charming, and their use makes home grooming a pleasant ritual rather than a difficult and extravagant luxury.

A few minutes daily, and an entirely new sense of "exquisite loveliness" is yours.

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For The Modern Woman—

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DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET WAVING FLUID . . 10c
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THE DR. ELLIS' SALES COMPANY
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Beauty ADVICE

The stars recommend their special diets and exercises

BY MARY BIDDLE

Well, girls, how do your measurements tally with those of Venus? As you can see, Carole Lombard is modern perfection. Wotta figure!



Did you know that seeing a Mickey Mouse comedy is a regular beauty treatment in itself for you? Laughing helps to stimulate the circulation, and it also helps to develop a beautiful throat. Singing, too, is grand for developing the kind of a throat and chest that Grace Moore has, and hers is the most perfect in Hollywood.

You may have a neater figure for the bathing beach, or the dance floor, if you sit upon the seat of a bicycle that requires a lot of busy pedaling to keep it going. When you want to build up the calf of your leg, and skinny legs are enough to give anyone an inferiority complex on the beach, take your bicycle riding easy and ride slowly. Don't ride too long the first time; half a mile will probably be far enough. You can go a little farther the second day, and so on. If you want to reduce your legs and hips, however, go in for bicycling in a strenuous way. Ride as though you were going to a fire. You may even wear a pair of rubber bathing trunks and flannel shorts if you want to reduce in double-quick time.

If you haven't a bicycle, you can't use that as an excuse for not getting into action. The bicycle exercise is a good substitute, though not as much fun as the real thing, we admit. Lie on the floor flat on your back. Now raise both legs straight up in the air until you are almost lying on your neck, and, supporting your waist with your hands, make your legs go through the motions of riding a bicycle upside down.

Swimming is the finest developing exercise in the world. Golfing on the green keeps you (*Continued on page 99*)

La Wing lunches on orange juice and pineapple.



Ann Dvorak recommends the daily dozen.



Ginger Rogers says golf keeps her in trim.



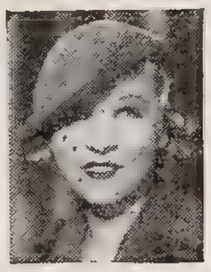
Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

fare we have to endure! Hollywood is doing a swell job of cleaning up the feature pictures, but why do we have to continue sitting through reel after reel of inane comedy? The headache is that they aren't funny at all. All we see is a lot of worn-out gags dumped into a senseless plot and run under a loony name, while we yawn and fume inwardly. Laugh? If we do, it's because we're tired of frowning or because the boy friend happens to be cutting capers. Eighty per cent of the shorts shown, need a hearty "boo" from us long-suffering movie-goers. Can't something be done about it?

Let us have more "Our Gang" and Laurel and Hardy pictures and the priceless Walt Disney cartoons. Or else treat us to more shorts of educational interest. But, in the name of the Canadian and American public, deliver us from such pictures as those that Clark and McCullough and their ilk make.

Here's to it, and to the best and cleanest screen magazine in circulation, MODERN SCREEN.—Barbara M., Toronto, Ont., Canada.



The Westian Era

Mae West is probably the very last person in the cinema colony who needs someone to defend her but I'm here to tell "Just a Dreamer," from Gallion, Ala., that the criticism he or she wrote about Miss West was absolutely unnecessary. Mae writes and acts exactly as she believes and if American mothers become as frank with their daughters about love and sex as Mae seems to be they won't have to worry about their daughters when womanhood approaches.

We are living in a dangerous period and being frank to both boys and girls about love is going to help many of them to avoid going down for the count when they meet a real problem in life, especially that problem we can't avoid, which is sex.

I probably sound as if I've had plenty of experience—well, it may surprise you to know that you've been reading the advice of a sixteen-year-old girl who has seen two of her girl friends condemned because they went wrong and the villain in both cases was nothing but Ignorance.

We need your advice Mae West, so keep on writing about the subject our nation should know about.—Ruth Bush, Detroit, Mich.



Likes and Dislikes

I would like to see more sane people like Gable, Baxter and Cantor who do not try and force down the necks of the public the fact that they are "tired of it all," and though their pictures are not always good, they always give sterling performances.

I'd like to see Norma Shearer without benefit of husband, Adrian and the pick of leading men try to fight her own battle like other artists. (*Continued on page 116*)

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*



BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play... in any matter pertaining to your health.

When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness...you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle... so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

And...that "Certain Something"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

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When Nature forgets—remember

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Preview flashes from SHIRLEY'S greatest picture.. "OUR LITTLE GIRL"

by Jerry Halliday



She plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A *"must-see" picture!*



Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

●

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."



If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

●

SHIRLEY DANCES AND SHE SINGS . . . TOO!



"COME ON OVER AND SEE MY STATUE!"

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

Shirley

TEMPLE

in

'OUR LITTLE GIRL'

ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf

FOX

Prima Donna

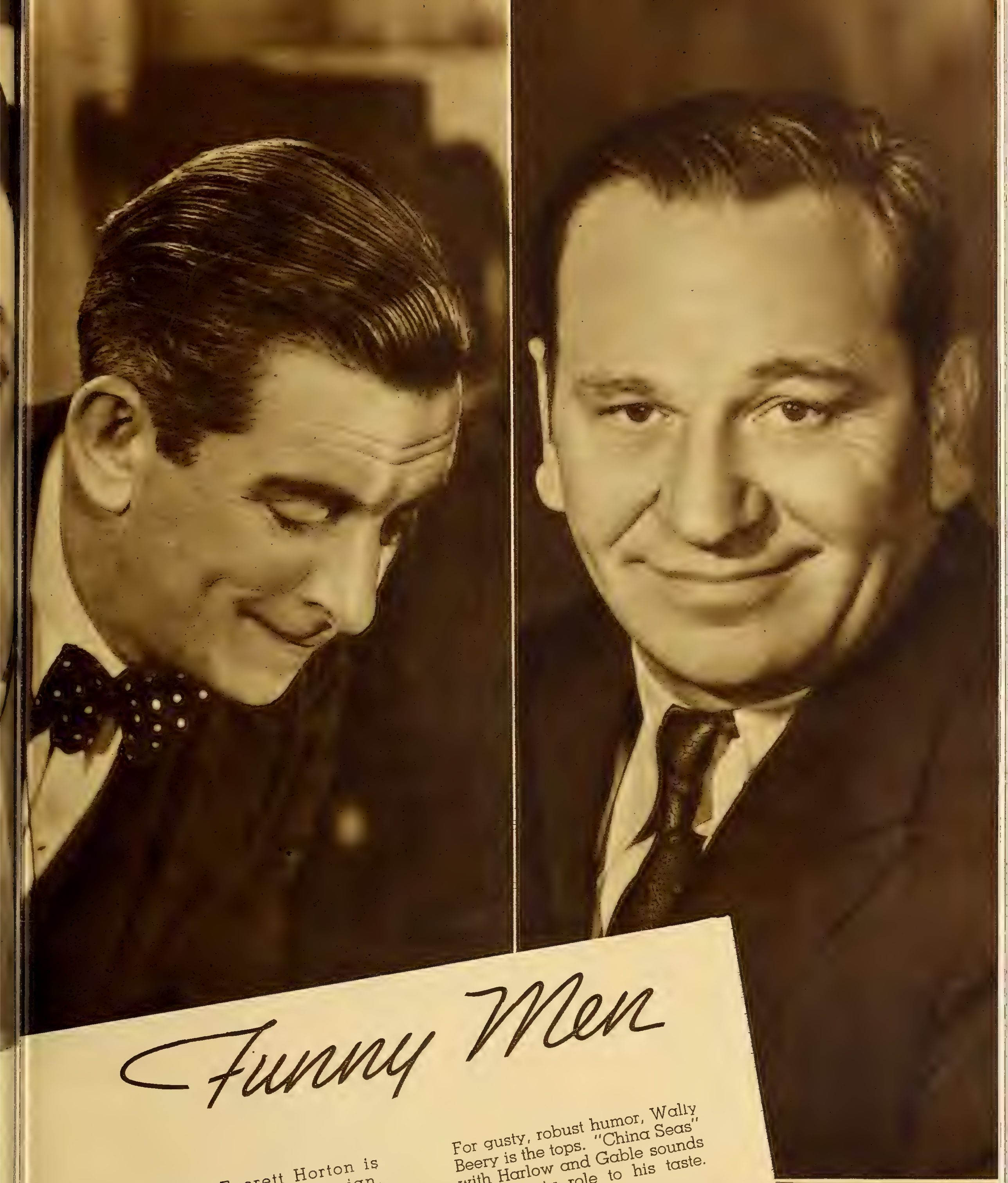
Since the critics gave Mary Ellis their applause in "All the King's Horses," we await her second picture eagerly. This time Mary will join in song with Tullio Carminati in "Paris in Spring." She's dynamic.



Handsome Men

He's that attractive, gals, and matrimonially footloose for the nonce. Who? Why Cary Grant! He'll do "Jungle" soon.

Gary Cooper hates verbal posies about his looks. Finishing "Wedding Night," he dashed off with the missus to Bermuda.



Funny Men

Edward Everett Horton is adept at playing benign, fumbling nit-wits. He's at his hilarious best in "$10 Raise."

For gusty, robust humor, Wally Beery is the tops. "China Seas" with Harlow and Gable sounds like a lusty role to his taste.



two Blondes

Picture of two pretty stars who aren't worrying their light-thatched pates about all this to-do of redheads and brunettes in the ascendency. To wit, Alice Faye and Joan Blondell. Both have more than a share of brains, vivacity and acting ability. Alice deftly staged a New York reunion with Rudy Vallee between "George White's Scandals" and "Argentina," the picture that brings another radio star, Tito Guizar, to the screen. Joan manages to leave Norman Scott Barnes cooing serenely in his crib while she reels off one picture after another for the Brothers Warner. "Traveling Saleslady" is the intriguing title of her latest—any good jokes, Joan?



Dark beauty

So popular a team are Kay Francis and George Brent that they are scheduled for two pictures together, "The Goose and the Gander" and "Stranded." Kay still goes places with M. Chevalier, too!

A Strange Beauty

Erratic, gay Kate Hepburn, she's back in a modern role again for "Break of Hearts." Charles Boyer, who breaks hearts on both continents, shares the male lead with the newly popular, John Beal.

She danced before she could walk and it was prophetic!



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S *first* SIX YEARS

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

HE WALKED the length of that corridor and back again. Up and down. Up and down. Against those white walls the first faint wail of life had sounded, and life's last faint cry, too. He became acutely conscious of small cracks in the stone floor. And on the wall there was a water mark which looked like a duck.

Now he heard the elevator starting down from the floor above and again this sound which, sooner or later, must precede the word he awaited, acted like a vise on his nerves. What, he wondered, had possessed him and his wife to have another baby, to risk the happy security which they already had with their two boys, with John, thirteen now, and George, just ten.

A nurse came off the elevator. "Mr. Temple," she said. With a bound he was at her side. "You have a daughter. She weighs six and a half pounds. And," smiling, "until I can get a tag on her wrist you'd better be on your guard. For there's an interne upstairs ready to steal her. He's entranced with her dimples."

"Mrs. Temple?" he asked. "She's . . ."

"She's splendid now," the nurse assured him. "In a few minutes they'll have her in her room and you may see her."

A breeze soft as spring rustled the leaves of a calendar pad on the floor nurse's desk and caught his attention. Unconsciously he noticed the year, 1929. And the day, April twenty-third.

It wasn't until Mrs. Temple and the baby came home

that the men in the family felt Shirley really belonged to them.

"Gee Whiz," complained young George Temple on the way home from the hospital one night, "the way those nurses act you'd think they owned Shirley. You'd never know she was our baby. They give me a pain!"

It was this feeling on the part of both boys, their attitude that Shirley was their baby too, which helped immeasurably when the five-room Temple house was further crowded to accommodate her crib on wheels, the little chest of drawers in which her tiny clothes were kept, her perambulator and all the infant bathing equipment.

A different attitude and this overcrowding would have resulted in sharpening everybody's nerves. So that, inevitably, beginning life in an atmosphere of querulous bickering, Shirley would have become a nervous baby, unable to digest her food, and been poorer for this all her life.

WITH THE Temples, however, always it had been a question of all for one and one for all. And now they were all for Shirley. To John and George, too, she was "our baby."

When she had her bath it was an event. John would offer one of his big fingers for her to clutch at with eager hands. And George adored to twist into a ridiculous Kewpie curl, the soft gold which covered her head.

When she had her sun bath in the garden the boys would leave their batting practice or the important business of patching a bike tire to watch her stretch and gurgle. And to marvel, silently, as she grew strong on the diet and routine prescribed by Doctor Sands, a Santa Monica baby specialist, and rigidly adhered to by Mrs. Temple.

Shirley began life surrounded by love. In the Temple household happiness was the rule. Consequently, it was natural for her to grow up imbued with a strong love of living, an innate love of life. And this is probably the most important quality she possesses today, the most important quality anyone can possess.

"When Shirley became old enough," Gertrude Temple says, "we used to go to the Santa Monica Athletic Club on Saturdays. It gave Mr. Temple, confined in the bank all week, a chance to have the sun and to swim. And, of course, the boys loved it.

"We had a fenced-in crib we used to put up on the sand. And the most important item of Shirley's clothing on such occasions was a big sunbonnet which protected her head and hair from the sun and her eyes from the glare."

A happy American family spending Sunday on the beach. A young mother and father anxious to give their three children every chance to grow up straight and strong. Never suspecting that within an unbelievably few years the speck of humanity under the big sunbonnet, intent upon sifting warm sand between her sturdy fingers, would cause them to be one of the most famous families in the land while she, herself, would be one of the greatest of all stars on the motion picture screen.

"Hey Mom," George Temple called one Sunday. "Mom, look at Shirley. She's trying to stand up!"

SURE ENOUGH there was Shirley pulling herself up on her feet, clutching feverishly to the crib railing. Her pink mouth was twisted with effort but her eyes shone with excitement.

"Shh-h-h," Mrs. Temple cautioned her husband and the boys, "let her alone. Don't let her think she's doing anything unusual."

Now Shirley was actually on her



Shirley is the perfect and talented product of a typical, happy American family. She leads a normal little-girl life. Right, you see the Temple's modest home.



Here is a corner of the blue and white schoolroom in Shirley's studio bungalow on the Fox lot.



Shirley salutes ole Kunnel Lionel Barrymore during a tense tin soldier battle in "The Little Colonel."

feet. She kicked out one small brown foot and at the same time tilted her head, turning to her family, laughing with pleasure. Then she flopped back onto the sand.

"She tried to dance," her big brother John insisted. "Did you see that? She really tried to dance!"

George Temple turned to his wife. "See that?" he asked, just as if they all hadn't been standing there staring.

MRS. TEMPLE nodded and smiled as women will when men turn proud. And hoped no one would notice the tears brimming in her eyes. She felt a little foolish, turning weepy. But she found something valiant in her baby trying to dance before she could stand. Also, it was as if a dream which she long since had put away—her busy life leaving her no time for dancing except in a casual, social way—had not died after all.

When Shirley was three she had her first dancing lesson.

The floor of that dancing class shone like a big piece of yellow satin. Prim chairs lined the walls. Grouped here and there were a few half-hearted potted palms. In one corner stood the piano.

"Children!" called the teacher, "Children, I want you to meet little Shirley Temple."

The girls curtsied. The boys stopped sliding across the floor long enough to bow stiffly, their hands in the approximate direction of their hearts.

Shirley stood in the doorway. Her dress of pale blue handkerchief linen tied on her round shoulders in two perky bows. She dropped her eyes and there was warm confusion in her cheeks.

The girls all watched her speculatively. They were ridiculously like women watching the new woman in any gathering. There was something faintly competitive in their eyes as they marked her dress and the soft longitudinal curl which ran across the top of her head.

The boys went back to their sliding. One boy, who wore a white sailor suit and had a whistle on a red cord about his neck which he wore tucked in his pocket, took Shirley's eye. It was this boy who finally slid clear across that floor, whereupon he blew his whistle in sheer triumph. Shirley talked about him all the way home. And always he was her very favorite.

"Your little girl is sure to love this class," one of the mothers assured Mrs. Temple politely that afternoon. "My daughter can't wait for Tuesdays. And Shirley is so pretty, such a dainty little lady, I imagine . . ."

Mrs. Temple looked up to make sure Shirley was not within earshot and discovered her out on the middle of the floor, surrounded by boys, her pretty shyness forgotten, she was sliding, too. Her arms outstretched like sails, doing her utmost to make better distance, and celebrating with a joyous "Whee," when she was partly successful.

Perhaps that other mother (*Continued on page 110*)

Her dimples captured internes' hearts the day she was born!



The small Temple and Bette Davis at the Academy Awards banquet.



Before Shirley turned to drama—a Baby Burlesk Comedy scene.



A Message to Girls who "Help Out"





Ann says, "I honestly believe that having responsibilities makes one a better person."

Ann scored another hit in "Folies Bergere." Now she's in "Eight Bells" with John Buckler.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

I have a message to all girls who "help out at home," to all girls and boys, too, who feel too keenly the burden of family responsibility and who cry out at the injustice of it saying, "If I were only on my own. If I could only have all my money. If I didn't need to stick at this miserable job. If, with not so many dependent upon me, I could take the chance of finding something else. If . . ." So futiley.

If you are one of the great horde of noble youngsters who contribute a part, or all, of your earnings to the support of your mother or father, brothers or sisters, you probably look with envy upon the picture stars—those gay and glamorous creatures who apparently haven't a care in the world. Well, don't do it. And particularly don't envy Ann Sothern, for she has been through what you're going through now. She knows your every problem—and knows it from experience. And how she has coped with it is, to me, one of the truly inspirational, truly great stories of Hollywood.

Anne has walked along the boulevards of Hollywood, up and down Broadway, with these words ringing in her ears, "If I don't get a job, my family doesn't eat! If I don't get a job my family doesn't eat!" Do you know how she felt? Have you ever known that same desperation? You can believe me when I say that nothing you secretly have thought or felt about this circumstance isn't known to Ann Sothern.

One day she said to me, "I honestly believe that having responsibilities is a good thing. I think it makes one a better person. Perhaps that is scant comfort. But it is the truth."

I looked at her beautiful, young face, her clear, intelligent eyes and I thought, "Is it possible that such a lovely girl, one whose face is so free from care-lines, could have known tremendous responsibility?"

That's when I began to work on this story. I did not get it from Ann. A few people who knew her well, who knew how courageous she had been, told it to me. I think that you thousands of brave girls like her should not be denied hearing it. (*Continued on page 120*)

Ann Sothern has had her share of family burdens, too



(Left) Lugosi and two of the five dogs that preside over his "haunted" house. One is stationed on each stairway at night! (Right) Elizabeth Allan and Henry Wadsworth shrink away from Lugosi's bat-like figure in "Mark of the Vampire."

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS STORY?

this house," I said to Bela Lugosi, "is it—is it—?" "It is haunted," said Lugosi. "Yes, please . . ." I hadn't heard that the house was haunted or I wouldn't have gone there.

I had approached it and, at first sight, it really looked harmless enough. A low, dull, red brick house crouched close to the earth on the edge of a precipice, shrouded in ivy, dark with trees.

The gates were locked. A "Beware of Dogs!" sign greeted me. From within came the baying of hounds.

I was admitted, finally, by a tall young person with a pale face and a pale mouth. Bela Lugosi's fourth wife.

I awaited him in the living-room—or could one call it a *living* room? There was a portrait of Lugosi on the walls—that too pallid face, those pale eyes, those bloodless lips, those predatory white hands . . .

There were other pictures on the walls—of Lugosi as "Dracula" . . . pictures of women with wild faces and distraught black hair and bared breasts and wild hands . . . the Lugosi coat of arms hung over the cold hearth . . . taking up one side of the room was a mammoth couch covered with a heavy rug. There were two indentations in that rug, concealing, or so it seemed, three separate boxes. Long narrow boxes—were they coffins?

I began to feel chilled and goose-fleshy. I remembered that Lugosi had had three wives. One stayed with him for a mere twenty-four hours. *Where were they now?*

I recalled, too, that he had come from the black mountains of Hungary, from the little mountain town of Lugos. The black mountains where dwelt Bram Stokers' dread hero, "Dracula" . . .

There came to my mind talks I have had with Lugosi in the past . . . the tales he told me of those vampires in the black mountains who kiss human beings into the semblance of death. Lugosi believes these stories.

All sorts of pale and monstrous thoughts crowded in on me as I waited for him. I thought of mouldering graveyards and shrieks in the night . . . the drip, drip, drip of blood—death . . . I looked up at the portrait of the man with the pale green face and the stretching hands and there was something in the atmosphere of that room

Lugosi knows his house is haunted . . . there's the bat . . . the



Two different poses of Lugosi. Left, as he appears in "The Mark of the Vampire," and below, Lugosi the suave, kindly gentleman.

BY GLADYS HALL

that made the little, lonely human spirit whine in its thin envelope. . . .

I told myself I was ridiculous. There are no such things as vampire bats and spirits of the dead . . . that those three things over there covered with the heavy rug were couches, of course . . . the man Lugosi was a charming Hungarian gentleman who had played "Dracula" . . . and yet I can swear to you that there was something about that house, something in that room, something in the face of that young fourth wife that is not as you or I . . .

You who read can laugh this off, mockingly. My only answer can be to wish you, too, could stand in that room.

At last, Lugosi appeared. He has a beautiful courtesy. But I thought, his eyes are slightly sunken as with dreadful thoughts . . . he looks as though he never sleeps . . . his hair is dead against the thinness of his skull . . .

I said to him, trying to be casual and offhand, "My goodness, Mr. Lugosi, this house—is it haunted?"

"It is haunted," said Bela Lugosi. "Yes, please . . ."

I sat down in the nearest chair. I said, with another attempt at being conversational, "That huge couch over there—would there be coffins under that rug?"

I wished I had not asked that question, for Lugosi did not answer me. He smiled that strangely smileless smile of his—and did not answer. (*Continued on page 89*)

howling dogs . . . the weird woman . . . the coffin-like boxes

A DREAM COMES TRUE

BY WILLIAM FRENCH



You'll ask, "How did they do it?" when you see "A Mid-

They say Shakespeare wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with his tongue in his cheek. The simple theatre of his day could not, of course, even approximate the elaborate scenes called for by the play. And the bard, so scholars tell us, took a wicked delight in writing just about *the* most fantastic drama theatre-goers have ever seen from his day to ours. However, the Elizabethan audiences were quite easy to please, where scenery and props and such were concerned. A simple placard on a badly lighted stage, saying "This is a forest," and—lo!—it was a forest, to them.

Lest we sound pretty patronizing to those easily satisfied—but highly imaginative audiences—let us hasten to add that the staging of the "Dream," even in our day of mechanical wizardry, is no child's play. Which brings us to the Warner Brothers lot, where Shakespeare's "Dream" has been filmed and where a whole department of "special effects men" are wont to regard William the Great as "just another of them writers."

When Shakespeare planned his special brand of grief for "swaggering, homespun players," he hadn't figured on being aided by our local "props." He knew nothing of Max Reinhardt, of Nijinska, of Hollywood jealousies, nor of the fact that the whole country would be waiting for the screen to stub its toe on one of his tidbits.

He couldn't have anticipated that, when the movies engaged the great German maestro to interpret his work, filmdom's hat would automatically be thrown into the

Cagney as Bottom—read about that head—and Joe E. Brown as Flute in Shakespeare's "Dream."



Hal Mohr blows "flitters" on artificial cobwebs, to make twinkling stars.



Oberon (Victor Jory) and the batmen in their rubber costumes. The woodland





summer Night's Dream." Magic? No—skill and hard work

ring, and that the American public would polish its critical "specs."

Nor could he know that his movie future would depend, not upon the verdict of the great Shakespearean authorities and critics, but upon the reception of his plays by the average American working-girl—that warm-hearted patron of flickering art, whose dimes and nickels have built movie palaces and made super-super productions possible. Girls who could find neither the time nor the patience to wade through hundreds of pages of fine print in search of hidden gems of thought. But the producers knew whom they must please, and were determined to give these girls a thrill of beauty and fantasy, with plenty of romance and color thrown in.

The "Dream" was going to be a super-colossal production, to include everything from electrical research to slapstick comedy.

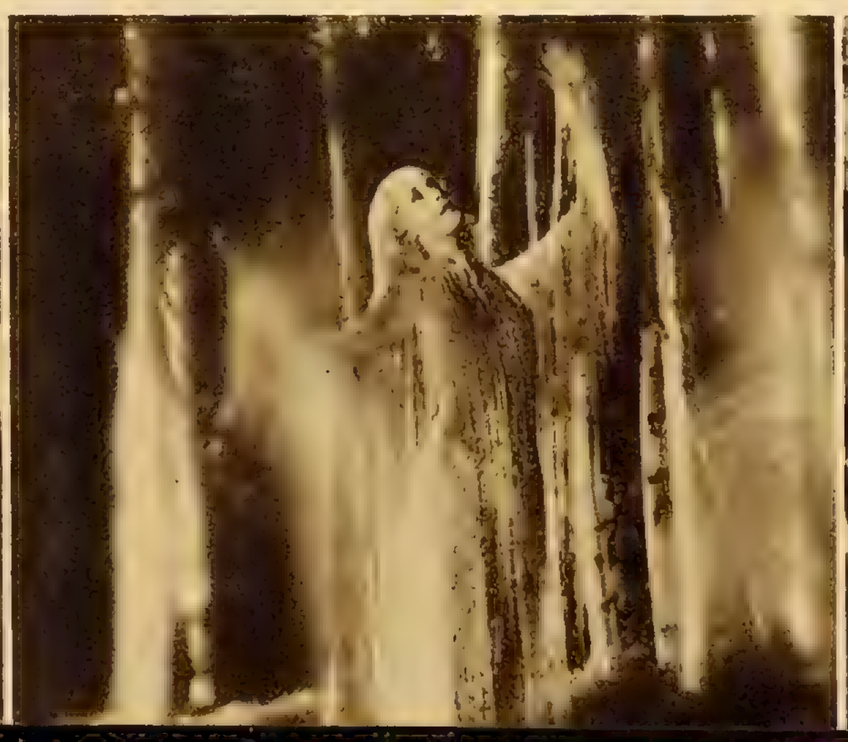
So, while the lovers of unadulterated Shakespeare were sadly shaking their heads in dismay at the casting of ultramodern, two-fisted, gum-chewing Jimmy Cagney as Bottom, the smart boys at the studio were capitalizing on what they had learned from the success of the colored cartoons and animated "Mother Goose" rhymes.

They had discovered that American audiences loved fantasies (as proved by the popularity of "Mickey Mouse" and the "Silly Symphonies") and were going to make the "impossible" scenes of the "Dream"—such as fairies popping out of falling stars and sliding down moonbeams and humans changing into animals—into a symphony of mystery and beauty, (*Continued on page 106*)

scene, believe it or not, is entirely artificial. Not a backdrop, either.



Anita Louise as Titania. Her train required 91,000 yards of cellophane.



Perc Westmore working on the donkey's head—a most delicate job.



Bob Montgomery holds forth on what to do in case of fire

An Amusing Story About Robert . . .

BY KAY OSBORN

It was the day before Christmas and Bob Montgomery was in no mood to be serious. Since Bob usually takes his interviewing very seriously, he was in no mood to be interviewed either. I could see that the moment I walked into his attractive new dressing-room, (pine panneled and decorated in excellent early American). His secretary was tying red satin bows on fifty (at least) imposing bottles of Scotch — and Bob was seated on the floor examining the contents of a large basket full of expensive-looking bottles — champagne, brandy, sparkling burgundy and so on. I went "Oh!" and "Ah!" and Bob said, "Do you like it? It's for Ray June, my cameraman, because he likes nice things."

And then because I could think of nothing as smart as that to say back to him, I didn't say anything.

"Sit down and have a glass of sherry, and don't ask me a single question unless you want to get thrown out! And don't cry about it either, 'cause I'll give you a story some other time, I promise. In the meantime, it's Christmas, or practically, and I haven't yet decided what to give the fire department."

A sip of the sherry had already loosened my tongue and tightened up my brain cell. "Why don't you give them some of that fire-water?" I suggested.

"YOU KNOW what I really should give them?" he said. "I should give them a swift kick in the pants for having spoiled one of the most peaceful, comfortable evenings that I ever contemplated. And also for having punctured my ego in a very cruel fashion. A lot of people have respect for us movie stars. Wouldn't you think a fire department would? Didn't I tell you about the fire I had up at my place last month?"

"I haven't been to a good fire in ages," I said. "Tell me about it. Christmas is so depressing. Maybe a good fire will cheer us up."

"Well, it was this way," said Bob.

And this is the way it was, in Mr. Montgomery's own inimitable manner of speaking:

One evening, Mrs. Montgomery's sister, Martha Bryan, was visiting us. They were downstairs in the living-room chattering—you know how women chatter—and I just *had* to get away from it. I went into my library upstairs. How calm and still it was there —a man's haven. I was reading peacefully, luxuriously, when the house phone beside me buzzed. I picked it up. "Yes?" I said cooly.

It was Betty. I had known it would be Betty. "Bob, dear, don't you think you had better come downstairs?"

"Betty, I said, "I am reading." My tone was very definitely final, and so was the click of the receiver as I put it down. That'd show them! I went back to my book. But the buzzer sounded again in less than a half hour. That would be Betty again, or maybe Martha. It was Martha. "Oh, Bob, why don't you come downstairs? Please hurry."

"My dear sister-in-law," I said. *"I am reading!"* Still controlling myself nobly, I put the receiver down again, very softly. The softness and gentleness of my refusals would impress them much more than any belligerence.

Well, this went on for at least two hours, and all through it, I somehow managed to keep my dignity intact, "No, Betty, I am reading. No, Martha, I am reading." It was like a

(*Continued on page 74*)



Mr. Montgomery is one gentleman with a grand sense of humor.





Cary Grant took Janet McLeod to the "Tobacco Road" opening the same day that Virginia Cherrill filed her divorce suit, but now the divorce is granted and Cary is back in circulation. Next, the Cagney clan sees the Bike races. Front row, the James Cagneys, back row, brother Bill and wife (Boots Mallory).





It isn't Robinson Crusoe, pals, it's that old wag, Jack Oakie, trying to scare the horses at the Santa Anita track but Toby Wing spoofs him. Next to them, Nancy Carroll attends a night club opening with Van Smith, her favored escort.



Dick Powell tells Adrienne Ames Cabot and husband Bruce a good story at a recent party. Below, Sally Blane steps out to the Third Mayfair Ball with Cesar Romero and Hollywood wonders if it is a new romantic team to notice.

Picture News



Who's going with whom . . . ? Regina Cannon keeps you current on Hollywood's heart beats





M. Chevalier and Kay Francis deny it's love but they certainly turn up places together! Above, they attend "Folies Bergere" première.



Jean Harlow's "reading in bed" divorce from Hal Rosson was granted without protest. Here is Jean in court with her mother, Mrs. Bello.

Well, an enjoyable time must have been had by *someone* at the elaborate party Kay Francis threw recently, but we doubt if that someone was the hostess. Miss F. suffered a cold in the "doze" and, after the ball was over, repaired to a hospital. Next day she rated a berating from the Health Department, which inquired as to how she could be so selfish as to spread flu germs among her guests who, in turn, would doubtless pass 'em to all and sundry. But before Kay departed for the sanatorium, she had a few words with a newspaperman whom she claimed had been uninvited by her. She even went so far as to accuse a friend of bringing the representative of the Fourth Estate. The friend was duly peeved, demanded an apology for being responsible for a "crasher" and, having received a retraction, turned on her satin, spike heel and departed in high dudgeon. Then, the writing fraternity went into a huddle and claimed it had befriended the hostess in times of stress and accident and it was a heck of a way to reciprocate favors received; that is, by insulting one of their members. Well, the whole business was fraught with "the nerve of you" and "how dare *you*" and what-have-*youse!* We'll venture to predict that Miss Francis will think a long time before she stages another pah-ty, or else, she'll curb her temper or cure her cold or do just about everything she didn't do the last time.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of the lady known as Kay, she and Maurice Chevalier are thataway—or, more accurately, are *still* thataway. Just before the Frenchman departed this land of equal rights and unequal fights, the pair enjoyed a three-hour dinner at the Café Roxy, after which the young woman saw the object of her affections off on the train. This romance is sorta recurrent—say, like hay fever.

■ ■ ■

M-G-M is mighty proud of Robert Taylor, the youth who is going places cinematically at a rapid pace. He seems to be going in the same direction socially, too, for Bob is seen here, there and almost everywhere with the town's most pulchritudinous. Immediately before she departed for Europe, he squired Isabel Jewell to a cocktail party, from which he took her to the choo-choo and then dated Jean Parker at the King's Club for the evening. What? No Virginia Bruce?

■ ■ ■

Since Isabel Jewell's name is up for discussion, the poor child was on the verge of tears at leaving Hollywood. Her romance with Lee Tracy seems definitely and permanently over and, those in the know claim that Isabel is taking a broken heart to mend in foreign ports. The gal is a great favorite. Even the hard-boiled columnists go out of their way to put in a word for her. Just as she was about to leave, one of 'em remarked, "I read in a contemporary's column that you were out with Tracy



And did you know . . . ? The inside whispers, the peppy gossip is jotted down for you!



Despite continued denials of a marital split-up, Leslie Howard dines out with Merle Oberon at the ultra-swank Stork Club in New York.



Hollywood has accepted Ida Lupino as Tom Brown's best girl since Tom broke up with Anita Louise. Ida is a lovely heart-mender for a lad.

All photos by Scott

the other night, but I'm sure I saw him with somebody else."

To which Miss Jewell sobbingly replied, "That's just the trouble—*I* wasn't with him."

■ ■ ■

Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis also are said to "care." Anna-hoo, the pair are as inseparable these days as ham and eggs, pork and beans or Crawford and Tone. Incidentally, Tullio button-holed a cameraman t'other evening and reprimanded, "That picture you took of me was horrible. You should have had it retouched. Remember, I am an arteest and must have protection." Tch, tch, as if a mere photographer would have a sense of values!

■ ■ ■

"The Call of the Wild" company was in a dreadful dilemma—in fact, it threatened to be a major calamity. Though Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie and several others were in the cast, one important role was not filled. The story called for a jack-rabbit, but one could not be found for love or money! Finally, after much brow-beating and heavy thinking, the director hit upon the solution. Taking a meek old tabby cat, he tied on some floppy paper ears—and it looked as wild as any jack-rabbit you'd ever hope to see! After all, "The show must go on!"

■ ■ ■

Will Rogers and Will Hays have something else in common. They're both ardent standard-bearers for the white flag of purity! The gum-chewing Will was passing on the rushes of his latest picture, "Doubting Thomas," not long ago, and looked very doubtful indeed at some shots of Helen Flint, Fox's newest import from the New York stage. The upshot was that Miss Flint was recalled for retakes—with a good inch added to the décolleté of her gowns!

But in spite of the turmoil and titters that the decency squad and their ilk have stirred up in Hollywood, it's been proved to be good business. The public these days are just as enraptured with "little women" as they were with the gay, fallen ladies of yesterday.

■ ■ ■

An eye witness to the arrival of Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Lady Ashley and party at Miami Beach, reports that Doug had more than a little trouble covering his irritation at the play everyone made for her ladyship. It seems Douglas expected the "fem" public to make a great dash for him but little did he wot what admirers of titles his fan public is—so-o, her ladyship was literally mobbed while Doug stood by with a wan smile on the face!

Sylvia, Lady Ashley to us, is a handsome gel in the tall, blonde, willowy-English manner. On a shopping tour, our eagle-eyed



Super mud-pie game! Shirley Temple puts her immortal imprints on cement of Grauman's Chinese Theatre forecourt.



Mr. Lee Tracy gives Scotty the bird for taking a picture of him and his best new gal at the Bike races. She's Hilda Title.

witness said that Sylvia went in for the conservative but that Doug tried to urge the more bizarre nicknacks on her at every turn.

■ ■ ■

Five-carat star sapphire rings mean nothing in Anita Louise's young life—so Hollywood and Kelly Anthony discovered recently. For the blonde actress calmly returned said nicknack when Kelly's wealthy dad insisted that his daughter-in-law-to-be give up all thought of career after the wedding bells and become a homebody. Anita looks so fragile and sweet, that one is pleasantly surprised to hear that she has a mind of her own!

■ ■ ■

That cocktail party which Henry Willson gave in honor of Fred Stone and his daughter, Paula, threatened to be a week-end party. Finally Henry announced that as soon as his guests left, he was going to drop in his tracks from sheer exhaustion—so they unwillingly departed. Everyone and his stand-in was there, but the unique part of it all was that that this is the first time in Hollywood history that everyone knew who the host was!

■ ■ ■

Three dozen guesses about who's the biggest trial and tribulation to the Paramount postmen? None other than that dimpled, blonde, Toby Wing. Yessir, that gal gets more fan mail than Dietrich, Colbert or Mae West! Though she doesn't appear in many pictures, still statistics show that practically every member of the stronger sex who sees her, has a weak moment and writes to tell Toby how irresistibly cute she is. But there's always the tragic side to even the happiest situations, and in this case it's that Toby writhes at the thought of being "cute." She wants to be intensely dramatic and emotional!

■ ■ ■

Now that Spring's arrived, Miriam Hopkins is beginning to "commute" between Hollywood and New York. She admits that she's crazy—about both places! And it's really an awful problem, she explains, to find yourself yearning for California the minute you get settled in New York, and vice versa. Evidently the only place Miriam can find real happiness is enroute.

■ ■ ■

That little boy of Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown is in a state of bankruptcy at present. You see, his fond parents gave him a small bank awhile ago, with the idea that every time there were loose pennies around, they should be dropped into it, thereby building up a neat little nest egg for the offspring. But the other day, curiosity got the best of them after Sally bet Harry that there was at least twenty dollars in it. So in the dark of night, they hastily pried it open—and found just $1.73! That's the way with banks these days.

■ ■ ■

Frances Dee and Joel McCrea make and break more records than anyone in Hollywood. Sounds like they don't have much else to do, doesn't it? But this is really a practical idea, since the records are the lines which they must memorize for their various

One of Hollywood's newest and handsomest twosomes—Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern see "Tobacco Road."



It's Universal's 30th Anniversary and Esther Ralston is squired by William Morgan, her very best beau.



Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hull at the Trocadero after his brilliant opening in the stage play "Tobacco Road."





Our own editor, Mary Burgum, lunches with Gloria Swanson and Jeanette MacDonald at the Vendome Café.



Gracie Allen helps a poor old radio comedian, Jack Benny, while George Burns wonders if she has any "cents!"

pictures. Can't you just see—and hear—one of the McCrea's quiet evenings at home? Frances' record at the moment being one that's mostly shouting and laughing, while Joel's is a tense, dramatic bit, with a few sobs thrown in—and their new son joining in with agonized howls!

■ ■ ■

Gene Raymond is back in Hollywood, slightly the worse for wear and tear, but grinning happily. He's just completed his first personal appearance tour—and did his fans turn out in a big way! In Chicago, the theatre door was shattered by a stampede and in Detroit sixteen girls "rushed" his dressing-room and departed with every detachable item in the place for a souvenir—including Gene's tie. "But, really," Gene assured us, "it was all the most hectic, happy time of my life!"

■ ■ ■

Frances Dee has never put much stock in these fortune tellers who do such a thriving business in Hollywood. But one afternoon, at the insistence of a friend, she succumbed to the lure of a crystal gazer. The seer looked long and hard into the glass ball, then said in a hushed tone, "I see a man in uniform . . . he is near your automobile . . . something will happen that will cost you money . . ."

Frances paid the required money, and chuckling over her gullibility, went out to her car. There, leaning against it, was a copper—who gave her a ticket for parking too long!

■ ■ ■

Paul Kelly has for years had a suppressed desire for—of all things —a part in a "Western"! Most actors wrinkle their Grecian profiles in disdain at the mere mention of such things, but Paul jumped at the chance to be in "When a Man's a Man," and ride a bucking broncho across the sage-brush. You see, Paul was brought up in Manhattan and horseback riding is the height of luxury to him.

■ ■ ■

For nonchalance you can't beat Fred Keating. After the big apartment fire in Hollywood the other day, in which several film folks lost valuable property, the actor and a friend were talking over what they would do had they been caught in the burning building. His friend said he'd grab his purse and account book and run, but Fred said all he'd grab would be his cane, without which he is lost. Imagine the debonair appearance *that* would make—Fred sauntering out of the flames, clad in polka-dotted pajamas and swinging a cane!

■ ■ ■

Tullio Carminati has always admired Charlie Chaplin, considering him the most gifted of any actor on the screen. It was beyond his wildest dreams, though, that he would ever meet the famous man—but lo! on his arrival in Hollywood from Italy, Tullio found himself in the same party as Chaplin. Later that evening, Chaplin sat next to him on the long drive home in their hostess' car, and chatted glibly all the way. But Tullio didn't understand one word of English!

■ ■ ■

It's a long climb from a coal miner to a movie star, but that's

Mary Ellis and Tullio Carminati at "Tobacco Road" opening. They're very old friends reunited.



Carole Lombard hurries into "Tobacco Road" performance with the attentive Bob Riskin.



The Hal Mohrs find time to take a belated honeymoon. She's Evelyn Venable, of course you know.



what George Murphy has accomplished—and his pals back in Portage, Pennsylvania, are prouder of the fact than he is. George was a mining engineer, but worked for a long time in the soft coal mines at Portage, then suddenly decided to give acting a try for an avocation. Now it's his vacation, and coal mining's his avocation.

■ ■ ■

Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien are Hollywood's Happiest once again. Since they lost their baby a while back, this happy-go-lucky couple suddenly changed into heavy-hearted people. But now they're almost their former joyous selves because—of course!—and sometime in the early summer.

■ ■ ■

Garbo seems the name of a myth, doesn't it? But *now* it's the name of a social butterfly! Greta is finally listening to the pleas of her few close friends who have been urging her to get out and around and have a good time. The Garbo legend is dissolving into thin air as a result, for though she isn't exactly kicking her heels and giving vent to gutteral hotchas, yet she is being seen around at favorite nite spots, laughing and talking and evidently having a swell time. What next? First Garbo Talks—then Garbo Laughs, and now—Garbo Laughs in Public!

■ ■ ■

Mebbe you've heard rumors of "the power of love?" But this happens to be a fact about Ruby Keeler and how the emotion reacts on her. When her little sister had to go to the hospital for a tonsil operation, Ruby decided she'd have an operation, too, just to keep her company! So she had a bone fixed in her foot, but before it was healed (no pun) hubby Al Jolson remarked that he'd like to take in the races out at Santa Anita, but not having Ruby along made it kinda lonesome. So what? Ruby calls for an ambulance, a wheel-chair and a pair of crutches and goes right along with Al to keep him company!

■ ■ ■

Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are really thataway, in spite of all Hollywood's supercilious, cynical sneers. In fact, that grand sense of humor which so attracted them to each other, simply thrives on their neighbors' attitude toward their romance. We'll betcha wedding bells will soon be clanging! Of course, the fact that Jean's divorce from Hal Rosson isn't final in California until next year, may delay things.

■ ■ ■

Anita Page has always been known as "mamma and papa's girl" in Hollywood, as she is the most closely watched over gal in town. But she gave the family the slip not long ago, and dashed down to old Mexico with Nacio Herb Brown, where she not only married him but divorced him—not on the same trip, though. Well, Anita's sudden spurt of independence surprised her as much as anyone, and she also found that it was rather fun. The result is a new Page gal—and that mind of her own has added charm to her other attractive features, so much so, in fact, that local seers are prophesying a bigger and better screen future for her.

■ ■ ■

From being one of the town's most ardent and indefatigable night-clubbers, Glenda Farrell has suddenly developed into a home-body that can't be budged from her fireside by anything less than the homestead burning down around her ears. You see, Glenda's just had her new house completed, which she helped to design, and which she furnished all by herself. "There's no place like home," is not just an idle rumor she claims.

■ ■ ■

Movie actors and boy scouts both should have "Be Prepared" for a motto. Consider the case of Jean Dixon, for instance. In the picture "Mister Dynamite," she suddenly learned that it was necessary for her to play the piano in a scene that had to do with the solving of a baffling murder mystery. The scene could not be "faked," either—with the result that Jean spent an entire day and night with a music instructor learning the necessary movements and timing.

■ ■ ■

But Esther Ralston proved that no boy scout had anything on *her*. It was in the same picture, and she was required to jump off a balcony railing. Esther surprised everyone by doing the perilous jump without a moment's hesitation, but with grace and agility. You see, when just a little girl, she toured all over the country in a vaudeville act with her family, who were known as "The Seven Ralstons," an acrobatic troupe. Esther, by the by, is seen constantly in the company of one Bill Morgan, and the gossips have it that you'll hear wedding bells any day now.

■ ■ ■

Station KFWB, the Warner Brothers broadcasting station, had its tenth birthday party recently. All the Warner stars and officials turned out en masse to celebrate. Dolores Costello Barrymore and Monte Blue, who opened the station ten years ago, were there to say a few words.

Dolores looked beautiful but sad, and it is known among her friends that she is very unhappy about John continuing to absent himself from home. It is quite evident that the separation is more than a business one, especially since Dolores did not rush to his bedside in New York when he was ill upon his arrival from England. It is really sad that this marriage seems headed for the rocks but perhaps it may yet be smoothed out.

■ ■ ■

PERSONAL ITEM: Myrna Loy, please come back to the screen soon. All your fans are waiting eagerly for that promised sequel to "The Thin Man" and you've never been a holder-outer before. Where are you anyway, huh?

■ ■ ■

For a young man who vehemently says that he has no time for romance, Gene Raymond certainly gets himself talked about plenty! Just as Hollywood was getting all steamed up about his beauing Ann Sothern around, Gene quietly appears the other evening with Janet Gaynor, thus throwing everyone into a state. However, there might be a bit of publicity coincidence about two-soming with Ann in that they are doing "Hooray for Love." What do you think? It's a good old Hollywood publicity gag, you know.

■ ■ ■

Mary Ellis paused only long enough in New York en route to England, to see a few dozen interviewers and to have an over-zealous press agent pull a fast one on her. We were sitting in her apartment when the phone rang. Mary hopped up and ran for the phone in the next room. We couldn't help hearing her rather astonished answers to questions being put to her at the other end of the wire. When she came back, she sat down and giggled. "That is the most premature arrangement for a house-

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin, complete a postponed honeymoon!



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell celebrate Warner's tenth year on the air.



Jack Doyle, new cinema-throbber, takes Judith Allen to night club opening.



party I ever have had made for me," she exclaimed. "My English agent wants to know when I can entertain members of the English press for the week-end in my Sussex country home—and I don't even sail until tomorrow!" And they say English picture methods are behind ours!

■ ■ ■

Rarely has there been such regret at completing a picture, as was evidenced on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" set. All the gang seemed to hate to put away their Shakespearean togs and more than one felt it would be a great loss not to be able to caper about in the beautiful woodland setting.

Joe E. Brown, Jim Cagney and Dick Powell are such Shakespeare hounds that they are planning to form a "Midsummer Night's Dream" club, the purpose of which is to do a stage version of the drama each year. All the cast members and the technical crew have promised to join it.

Even screen stars get bitten by the Shakespearean bug—it used to be reserved for the climax to a stage career!

■ ■ ■

Jessie Matthews, who made such a hit with her dancing in "Evergreen" must have been hearing all the American suggestions that she be teamed with Fred Astaire. Anyhow, Jessie is stalling Gaumont-British on re-signing for more pictures over there, and is said to be listening to more than one bid from Hollywood. Astaire and she would make a grand dancing pair. And 'tis said that RKO realizes it and has offered the highest bid so far.

■ ■ ■

It's not likely that you will be seeing Lilian Harvey in American films soon again. La Harvey, despite her pleasure at doing her last picture with Columbia, is slated for a good contract with her old love, UFA. She will return to them upon completion of her present London engagement. No doubt Willy Frisch had more than a little influence upon her re-signing for German pictures.

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich told the New York press that she wouldn't wear trousers while she was in town because she thought it might shock everyone. Little did she think what a jolt she gave the same members of the press with her bizarre, white-faced make-up and heavy, lacquered lashes. She's much too good-looking to affect such a radically different cosmetic mask.

Speaking of the Dietrich, this amusing comment was heard at a luncheon of fashion editors and publicity women. Dietrich was expected to be one of the guests of honor but did not show up. However, midway of the luncheon, Irene Dunne appeared and was introduced by the inimitable Elsa Maxwell. One member whispered audibly, "How thrilling. It's much more exciting to have Irene Dunne than Dietrich!" RKO's "Roberta" had put Irene in the "glamor" group as far as this fashion expert was concerned!

■ ■ ■

Those rumors of a possible reconciliation between Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill can be checked off permanently. Virginia received a California decree on March 26th. Virginia, pleading illness, had only a brief session with the judge, just long enough to list some of her grievances against Cary. Cary, meanwhile, has been beauing several local beauties about town. (*Continued on page* 123)

The opening of the new Café Roxy found Jack LaRue and Renee Torres in a smiling tête-à-tête. The girls all smile like that at Jack, he's a real charmer!



You don't have to guess who this smiling lady is at the right—of course, the nimble Mr. Fred Astaire's mother. Fred is showing her the town.



Right, Alice Faye steps out with Vic Orsatti in Rudy Vallee's absence. Below, Virginia Bruce and Eddie Lowe exchange smiles.



Randy Scott is taking Vivienne Gaye places again. To the Cocoanut Grove.



The Gary Coopers and Sandra's ma, have an argument!





Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	0	3★	3★	2½★	3★
All the King's Horses (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Babes in Toyland (M-G-M)	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½☆	4★	3★	4★	4★	4☆	4★	4★	4★
Babbitt (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2☆	3★
Baboona (Martin Johnsons)	3★	3★	3☆	3☆	3☆	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	0	3★	4☆	3★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2☆	2★	2★	1★	0	2★	2★	2★	1☆	2★
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	3★	1★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2☆	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3☆	3★	3★	3★	3★	3☆	2½★	3☆	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2☆	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½☆	2★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★
Bordertown (Warners)	3☆	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3☆	3☆	4★	2★	0	4★	4☆	3★	4★	3★
Bright Eyes (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4☆	3½★	4★	3☆	3★	4☆	3☆	4★	4★	3★
Broadway Bill (Columbia)	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	4☆	5★	3½☆	4★	5★	5★	4★	4★	4★	5★	5★
By Your Leave (RKO)	3★	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	
The Captain Hates the Sea (Columbia)	4★	2★	3★	4★	4☆	4☆	2★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3☆
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3☆
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3☆	2☆	2☆	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	4☆	3★	3☆	2☆
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	3☆	4☆	4☆	3☆	2½★	4★	3★	3★	3☆	4★	4☆	3☆	3★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4☆	4☆	4½★	4½★	3½★	4☆	4½☆	4½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4½★	4☆
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3☆	3☆	3☆	3★	2½★	0	2☆	3★	0	4★	3★	4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4☆	3☆	3☆	4★	3★	3☆	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5☆	5☆	5☆	5★	4☆	5☆	5☆	5★	5☆	5☆	5☆	5☆	5☆
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4☆	4☆	3★	3☆	2½★	4☆	4★	4★	4★	4☆	4★	3★	3★
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2☆	3☆	2½☆	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★	0	2☆	3★	2☆	2★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2☆	2★	2☆	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2☆	3★	2★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2☆	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	3☆	3★	3★	4★	3☆	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★	0	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	0	3☆	3★	3★	3★	3★

Read famous critics' ratings of current pictures—5★, extraordinary; 4★,

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.



Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Father Brown, Detective (Paramount)	2★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Firebird (Warners)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	2★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Gambling (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	1★	3★	2½★	2★
The Gay Bride of the Rackets (M-G-M)	1★	2½★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	0	2½★	2★	3★	0	3★	1★	2★	2★	2★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Gentlemen Are Born (First National)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	1★	2★	3★	3★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	2★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	0	0	0	3★	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
Great Expectations (Universal)	4★	0	0	4★	0	0	0	3★	0	0	3★	0	4★	3★	3★	3★
Helldorado (Fox)	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Hell in the Heavens (Fox)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★
High School Girl (Foy)	1★	1★	1★	1★	0	1★	1★	2★	2★	1★	2★	0	0	0	1★	1★
Home on the Range (Paramount)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	0	2½★	3★	1★	0	0	2★	3★	2★	2★
I Am a Thief (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	0	1★	0	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★	0	0	0	0	2	2★
Imitation of Life (Universal)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	4★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	4★	3★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	2★	2½★	1★	0	0	0	0	1★	2★	1★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★	0	0	2½★	0	2½★	0	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	0	3★	2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
It's a Gift (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Kansas City Princess (Warners)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	2★	1★	2★	2★

(*Continued on page 82*)

very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, no review or review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons



4 UNUSUAL STORIES

HOW "SEQUOIA" WAS MADE

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT



Once Malibu, the deer, and Gato, the puma, were on friendly terms, it was up to Jean Parker to work her way into their hearts. Feeding them religiously every day did it.

The day after the preview of "Sequoia" in Hollywood a friend of Russell Hardie met him at the studio.

"I saw you in the picture last night," his friend said.

"Did you?" asked Russell, genuinely amazed. "How could anyone even notice the human actors in that picture? I didn't even see myself. I was too busy watching Gato and Malibu."

If you've seen "Sequoia"—and if you haven't you're missing one of the rare treats of the cinema—you know that Russell Hardie is one actor who speaks the truth.

In fact, "Sequoia" is one picture about which the truth may be told. I was disappointed when that marvelous film of the love between a puma and a deer—the deadliest of natural enemies—was released that M-G-M did not give us a little introduction, telling how the picture was made. For the story of its making is almost as beautiful as the story in the film itself. In fact, it's the same story.



WHEN Vance Hoyt's book "Malibu," from which "Sequoia" was taken, was first bought, the studio planned to do its usual faking. The shooting schedule was twenty-one days. In order to live up to that schedule, trick camera shots would have to be used, for the story required that a baby puma nuzzle its dead mother; that a puma and a deer become friends; that a deer stamp out the life of a snake with his front feet.

Obviously, if no trickery were used, these things could not be accomplished in twenty-one days. So they planned to resort to the split-screen shot, a process whereby one-half the film is masked, a fence is placed lengthwise (*Continued on page 96*)

There were no "fake" shots in this remarkable film

4 UNUSUAL STORIES

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE

Frank Morgan's love has withstood every possible test

Frank Morgan said it might be a good idea if I didn't call him and his wife "the happiest married couple in Hollywood." So many couples have been called that just before the divorce papers were filed. Not that Frank is afraid. He is afraid of nothing concerning his romance. He knows that the beauty and depth of his marriage is something which cannot be shaken. For their tremendous relationship is built upon a firm rock, hewn out by suffering and heartache.

You see them in Hollywood today, living in a charming house across the street from Freddie March's home. They're just rounding the twenty-one-year mark of marriage and yet every small trip they make together, every week-end spent in the country is a second honeymoon. You know that they adore each other. But what you don't know is the amazing story of the early days of their romance. For Frank Morgan has never told it before. MODERN SCREEN feels proud to be able to give you this real-life romance.

Alma and Frank met the night she was graduated from a private school in New York. At the party at Sherry's after the graduation exercises, Frank asked her for a dance. "Just cut in any time," she said. He didn't like that. It was as if someone had said, "Come to see us any time you're passing by." So he didn't dance with her.

A FEW WEEKS later they were at a party together. And in spite of the fact that he thought she was a snippy kid and she thought he was pretty proud of himself some mysterious destiny drew them together. They sat out a dance, wandered onto the porch steps of a house whose occupants they didn't know. While they were talking, a little boy rounded the corner of the house, and said, "Come look, Mummy and Dad." And then he realized that the couple to whom he had spoken were not his mother and father. He apologized. The young couple laughed. "Do you suppose that's an omen?" Frank asked. It was.

They saw a lot of each other after that and they knew almost without (*Continued on page 121*)



Alma and Frank Morgan aboard the "Alma M."



Frank Morgan—the greatest picture-stealer of them all.



Elsa Lanchester, MacDonald, Frank in "Naughty Marietta."

4 UNUSUAL STORIES

You heard a press agent's story of these film scandals



If publicity men had handled the Arbuckle case, Fatty would have been cleared.



Bebe Daniels, jailed for speeding, had the incident turned into a farce by press agent.



Valentino's marriage to Rambova caused trouble but his press agent saved the day!

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

BY ALAN ST. JAMES

IF A motion picture star kills her husband tomorrow morning, a five-dollar bet will get you fifty that one of the first three people on the scene will be the studio publicity trouble-shooter.

Unheralded and unsung—and darned glad of it—are the members of this small band of laborers in the vineyard of Cinemaland. To the rest of the motion picture industry their work is almost as mysterious as the real-life mysteries in which they are involved. To the men themselves it is a hybrid cross between a swell game and a confounded nuisance.

Don't get the idea that these industrious gentlemen are paid their salaries by the Hollywood studios to obstruct the course of justice.... Not at all. But motion picture personalities, the stars and starlets, represent enormous financial investments to the producers. Nothing is so fragile as a Hollywood reputation; compared to it gossamer has the textile strength of sailcloth. The newspaper-reading world is always ready to believe the worst about any screen player, and, even if the subsequent evidence establishes the complete innocence of the victim, there is still a large percentage of the skeptical public that will stick its tongue in cheek and murmur something about "where there is smoke there must be fire."

It is better to avoid unfavorable publicity at the outset than to try to establish innocence afterward. Hence, the afore-mentioned trouble-shooters. Every big producing organization has one or more of them on the payroll and there have been busy seasons when they earned many times as much as they were paid.

The requirements for the profession are many and exacting. First of all, it goes without saying that the candidate must have brains. Next, and almost as important, he must have personality. Thirdly, he must know everybody of importance—and many who are not—in Hollywood and Los Angeles newspaper, screen, civic and political circles. He must have had practical experience both in swaying public opinion and in the ways of moviedom. He must be able to keep his mouth shut, drunk or sober. And he must be available twenty-four hours a day.

POLICE captains and managing editors are the play-day pals of these lads; criminal lawyers and mayors' secretaries answer to their first names. Even the bosses of the film industry are shrewd enough to fraternize with these men—for who knows where (*Continued on page 84*)

4 UNUSUAL STORIES

The Lowdown on Hollywood Chorines



A line-up on Warner's lot of the fairest chorines from nearly every state. Pretty, wot?



Here's a perfect Hollywood chorus lovely, Ethelreda Leopold from Warner's "Go Into Your Dance."

BY HAMMEL SCHMIDT

"ALL ready girls! In your places!" The scene is the huge barn-like dancing stage at Warner Bros. studio. The shouting is that of dance director Bobby Connelly's assistant. The occasion was the "call" for dancing girls to be used in the musical numbers of Rudy Vallee's latest picture "Sweet Music."

A disillusioned pianist (all studio pianists have that "What a life!" Ned Sparkian expression on their faces) puffs away on a perennial cigarette, barely allowing his weary fingers to brush over the keys for the necessary notes.

Feminine robes, fur coats, wrap-arounds, start flying in the general direction of a row of chairs along the side of the wall. A half-hundred of the most breath-taking examples of feminine pulchritude walk, glide and wiggle their ways saucily to the center of the dance stage. Among them, beauty queens who have won every beauty contest from the sun-tanned shores of Alabama to the snow-covered villages of Alaska. An array of luscious loveliness that would cause any Sultan to hock his kingdom for the privilege of having them in his harem. They are seductively bedecked in scanty gingham rompers, bathing suits, or a dozen and one what-cha-ma-callits designed especially by the wearer for rehearsal wear.

The moment was a critical (*Continued on page 101*)

They're high-steppers before the camera only!



(Below) Joe Morrison takes care of Dixie Lee in chivalrous fashion in "Love in Bloom." (Right) "Private Worlds" features Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert.

REV

. . . A TOUR OF

Alert, up-to-the-minute reviews of the screen's latest offerings

★★★★ Private Worlds
(Walter Wanger-Paramount)

Whether this picture is a tribute to Mr. Wanger's business sagacity or not is beside the point, for its production proves that the gentleman is serious about bringing "better things" to the screen.

The theme deals with the idea that each and every one of us lives in a little private world of his own, crowded with inhibitions, frustrations, secret loves, etc., with the story itself unreeled in a hospital housing mental defectives. Thanks to Director Gregory La Cava, there is nothing morbid about the characters or situations, and the picture is studded with such fine performances that it is difficult to decide who rates the first gold star. Suffice it to say that you are going to be enthralled by Charles Boyer—charming, debonaire, suave and sincere. Once again Claudette Colbert comes through with a beautiful, simply delineated characterization. Then there are Helen Vinson, Esther Dale, Jean Rouverol, Sam Hinds and Big Boy Williams —all excellent. The tale abounds in love, intrigue and suspense and rips the veil from us poor mortals, showing how petty we can be.

★★★ Go Into Your Dance
(Warners)

If you're a Jolson-Keeler fan, you're going to go for this celluloider in a big way, for when Al isn't doing his mammy-singing, Ruby is hard at it with her buck-and-wing routines and then, just for good measure, they do their stuff together. The backstage story and other characters are sacrificed for Ruby and Al, with a double-dealing, jealous torch singer and a pair of gangsters left up in the air. Maybe beautiful girls, pretty tunes and clever dance routines, expertly created by Bobby Connelly, are more interesting than plot in this instance. First-rate acting performances are given by Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly, who appear all too infrequently. Helen Morgan is literally and figuratively the "heavy," and is permitted to lilt only one indigo tune. The picture itself is fast-moving, wise-cracking and elaborately mounted and should prove a money-maker for the Brothers Warner and the Jolson family.

★★★ LADDIE
(RKO)

You won't regret seeing this picture, though there's not a thrilling or breathless moment in it. The story is as quiet and simple as its scene—a rambling old farm in Indiana, where Laddie's God-fearing but gentle parents have brought up their large family.

John Beal is "Laddie," but does not live up to the reputation which he acquired from his film début in "The Little Minister." Gloria Stuart is appealing in crinolines and poke-bonnets and gives a convincing performance as the distraught damsel, while Dorothy Peterson, as the mother, is splendid in her role. But the biggest applause goes to the littlest player, six-year-old Virginia Weidler, who is going to make Miss Temple look to her laurels from now on. Personality-plus is in every action of hers, and written all over her serious, small face with its twinkling black eyes.

★★ Love in Bloom
(Paramount)

This picture deserves mention for one small (as to stature) reason —Dixie Lee. For the rest of it, we regret to say, is just too, too bad —and this in spite of the fact that Joe Morrison, erstwhile heart-throbber, and Gracie Allen and George Burns, famous giggle-getters, are among those present.

The plot, if any, has to do with a wrong-side-of-the-track gal aiming to marry the judge's son. The suspense, as you can imagine, is something terrific.

Well, it was nice to meet Dixie Lee, anyhow. If she isn't going places in pictures, the industry must be nearsighted.



(Left) Ruby Keeler does her steppin' and Al Jolson does his mammy-singin' in "Go Into Your Dance." (Below) John Beal, Virginia Weidler, Gloria Stuart in "Laddie."

NEWS

TODAY'S TALKIES

BY REGINA CANNON

Read MODERN SCREEN'S Movie Scoreboard, page 42, for famous critics' ratings of current pictures.

★★★ Princess O'Hara
(Universal)

While this picture is not particularly potent as either a laugh or a tear-inducer, it has sufficient of each to put it in the above-average-entertainment class. There's the Sweet Young Thing (Jean Parker) who would rather be independent than comfortable, the racketeer who in reality is a softie (Chester Morris) and Henry Armetta playing H. A. in his usual gay, inimitable manner.

The story itself is reminiscent of "Little Miss Marker," that is if lit-tul Missy had been permitted to live long enough to grow up, for the heroine is purer than that highly-advertised brand of soap. Although the idea seems stereotyped, the tale itself is an "original," the originality asserting itself in an unexpected finish, which will surprise and delight you. You'll like Chester Morris in this tale. Miss Parker, too, does a creditable piece of work and Mr. Armetta—well, you know Mr. Armetta—he just couldn't be anything but good.

★★ Living on Velvet
(Warners)

Even Frank Borzage's direction could not save this stupid story of a woman who loves a ne'er-do-well and marries him to help him stand on his own feet. It's all very noble of Kay Francis to sit alone, silently weeping, as George Brent reels through the reels. He's just a lit-tul rascal is Georgie, what with busting up "V" formations in aerial shows and running a roadster into a crowded amusement park! Of course, an awful lot of his antics could be charged to arrested mental development, but for purposes of "characterization," he is checked off as the Peck's Bad Boy type; you know, the mischievous prank-player. Well, let it be said that it would take someone with a deal more charm than Brent to put it over. As to Miss Francis, she is indeed the popular conception of a socialite plus the valedictorian of a diction school. And her little backless bungalow aprons are something to attract at least the iceman! Warren William plays the benevolent friend who is a hound for punishment and rates almost as much of it as does—say, the audience.

★★ Let's Live Tonight
(Columbia)

If you're shopping for some pure, unadulterated romance, this picture will be worth the price. Lilian Harvey is the essence of love's young dream, fragile and lovely in diaphanous chiffon with diamonds aglitter in her golden curls. The suave Tullio Carminati is the cause of her girlish heart going pitter-patter, wooing her as he does with his devastating accent. 'Tis true, he loves her and leaves her, but that is only to prove that the course of true love never runs smooth—or something.

Monte Carlo, fragrant gardens and yachts adrift on moonlit waters—the setting is completely there. And if you're not subject to attacks of nostalgia or sea-sickness, you should find it all highly agreeable entertainment.

★★★ Hold 'Em Yale
(Paramount)

If you have good strong ribs, you'll be safe at this show, for we give you fair warning the picture is a strain on 'em. It's packed with hilarious situations, quite a few wise-cracks and competent comedy performances by every player. In fact, you'll find yourself laughing right through the dry spots of the story from force of habit.

Patricia Ellis surprises with an intelligently played dumb heiress, who has cost her poor papa, George Barbier, many a dollar and not a few gray hairs because of her susceptibility to any man in any uniform—be it doorman, postman or policeman. Cesar Romero causes the biggest rumpus, though, when he dazzles Pat with a rented aviation suit, then leaves his distraught "gang" (*Continued on page 118*)



"I LOVE my HUSBAND, but—"

Norma tells why five men have stirred her. Reading from top to bottom . . . Bob Montgomery because he typifies every girl's beau . . . Clark Gable is a great lover . . . Herbert Marshall has charm . . . Freddie March has intensity . . . and Leslie Howard has sex magnetism!

BY FAITH SERVICE

I could have loved these other five men, too! says Norma Shearer, one of Hollywood's happily married stars

Norma was a flame the other day.

Every exciting woman is half a dozen other women combined in one. Sometimes one mood is uppermost, sometimes another.

I have seen Norma in many moods . . . as the vital and efficient star preparing for a new production . . . as the gracious hostess . . . as small Irving's competent mother . . . as a girl lazing on the beach. . . .

The other day the actress was uppermost in Norma. She wore a tea-gown of some incredible shade of pale flame, gold ornaments at the throat, gold-girdled, gold-sandalled. Her lovely, rich brown hair hung loosely to her shoulders. We talked together in her new dressing-room on the M-G-M lot . . . a dressing-room all crystal and strange green, pervaded with that same pale flame shade . . . there was something in the atmosphere that day that suggested the perfumes of applause and roses, romance and strange adventuring.

Norma said, suddenly, "I shall always find men attractive. An actress, an artist should live colorfully and dangerously in his or her imagination. And, if one is in love with one man, loves deeply, that should make all men seem more attractive.

"The same is true of children. Very often children, as a whole, may



Norma believes that every actress should live colorfully and dangerously in her imagination.

not arouse your interest until you have a child of your own. And then, when you do have a child, when you have grown to love it tenderly through its different enchanting stages, you find yourself responding spontaneously to *all* children, appreciating all of their little moods and eccentricities.

"I first fell in love when I was eight. *I have been in love with someone ever since. . . .*"

Adrian appeared at this revealing moment to show Norma some of the dramatic sketches he has made for the elaborate costumes of "Marie Antoinette" which is to be Norma's next picture. And for which she is having headdresses made, sketches drawn, materials carefully selected.

When he had gone, Norma poured sherry into two tiny jewelled glasses and said, "I remember when I was in the second grade at school . . . there I met the first object of my affections. He had red hair and didn't know that I was on earth. And then, a little later, a soft young cheek held close enough to mine for me to feel the warmth . . . asking eyes and tender goodbyes and funny little twisted gold rings worn on the 'right finger'. And still later, in New York, a little more grown-up, getting my first thrills when I was taken out by a young sophisticate, terribly impressive, with shiny black hair and dancing feet, he was a Wall Street boy. Then, hot summer nights on the Biltmore roof, Park Avenue and a rich man's spoiled son with football games and tête-à-tête teas at the Ritz . . . more farewells and promises 'never to forget' . . . and then, Hollywood!

"Hollywood with men who have been chosen from all parts of the world for their charm, their appeal.

"I have been fortunate. I can think easily of five men whom I have found attractive, each in a different way. Five men with whom it was easy to pretend that I was in love . . .

"There was Leslie Howard . . . Leslie, true spiritual, who can wear the lace frills and bend the knee with such grace (*Continued on page 95*)

Claudette Colbert is fighting for her life—her individual life, her private life

(Left) Lovely Claudette Colbert who has the good sense to remain a human being when it would be a darn sight easier to be temperamental and high-hat. (Above, left) With Joel McCrea in "Private Worlds"—another triumph for Claudette. (Above, center) Her performance in "It Happened One Night" won for her the Motion Picture Academy Award for 1934. (Above, right) Paul and Daisy Lukas, Claudette's closest friends.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF *Claudette*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is fighting for her very life these days. Not for her physical life. But, just as important, or even more important in the long run, for her individual life, her private life.

Some girls in Hollywood ask nothing beyond their stardom; they're entirely satisfied to live for their careers. Others keep right on living their own lives, doing whatever they want to do without any regard for the way the spotlight in which they live distorts their actions. They have thick skins. They can take it.

Claudette belongs in neither of these groups. Away from the studios she is temperamentally unsuited to everything a movie star should be. Stardom in itself never would satisfy her. She needs many real and warm interests. But it is with difficulty that she maintains these interests. For when the things she does, while living her own life, remaining true to old friends, and indulging in simple pleasures are misconstrued and falsely colored, it concerns her.

Not long after Claudette had finished "The Gilded Lily" and before she started work in "Private Worlds," Daisy and Paul Lukas suggested that she drive to San Francisco with them. They had to meet Daisy's brother who was arriving from Hungary.

Claudette was delighted to go along. She felt the need of a few days' holiday with such congenial friends and she looked forward to a change of scene after weeks of intensive work in the studios.

On their way home they were stopped for speeding. The officer took Paul's name and then learned that the car he was driving was Claudette's. They had taken her car because it offered better luggage accommodations.

"I'M CLAUDETTE COLBERT," Claudette offered in explanation from the rear seat where she and Daisy Lukas were riding. The officer smiled. The fine was paid. And they went on to Del Monte where they stayed for the night and continued on to Hollywood the next day. When they arrived the newsboys were shouting headlines: "Colbert and Lukas caught speeding; movie stars returning from San Francisco caught near Del Monte."

The story went on to say that Mr. Lukas had been driving Miss Colbert's car and that, unfortunately, the names of the other couple were not learned.

"It was pretty!" Claudette said, laughing and trying to be a good sport. "Very pretty! Well, the next time I'm in a car and we're stopped I'll know what to do. I'll introduce every last member of the party to the policeman. And hope for the best."

This may sound amusing and fairly unimportant. But it is neither of these things. It happens too often in the first place. Besides, the impression it creates is decidedly unpleasant from a personal viewpoint, as well as unfavorable professionally.

As Claudette went on to say, "The real danger about such things is that after a time you become afraid to move. You realize the unbelievable complications which can arise from the most casual expeditions and they cease to be worth the difficulties they're likely to occasion.

"Whereupon you take what recreation you must have within motion picture circles where you have some protection. You cut yourself off, bit by bit, from the life that should be your reward after you've worked hard. And, worst of all, you alienate yourself from the very life you're jolly well going to need when your career is over."

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

It was this experience and a dozen others, too similar, which brought Claudette to New York this spring. She came eager for an interlude of life as it used to be. She wanted to see her old friends. She wanted to go to the theatre. She wanted to go to the new night clubs.

WE SAT in her suite high above Fifth Avenue. The rooms were filled with flowers and more arriving all the time. Two telephones never stopped ringing. Claudette had won the Motion Picture Academy Award for her outstanding performance in "It Happened One Night" and everyone wanted to interview her and photograph her. Shops wanted to send up models of their new summer clothes. There was a stream of messengers arriving with de luxe catalogues extolling the pipe organs and tennis courts and eighteenth-century antiques it was hoped she would order for the new home she is building. There were long telegrams telling her how enthusiastic Hollywood was over her work in "Private Worlds" previewed the night before.

Claudette stood in the middle of the floor and brushed her hair behind her ears. With the light behind her she looked very dramatic, in spite of the fact that she wore simple, dark blue lounging pajamas and her only make-up was lipstick.

"And," she said, laughing, directing the maid to place in a corner a flowering shrub which had just arrived while the two telephones rang and she slit the yellow envelope of still another wire, "and I came East to get away from it all." It seemed ironical that she could not.

The lighting accentuated the reddish tones in her hair. She always insisted upon (*Continued on page 75*)

WOMEN SHOULD BE WEAK

Gloria Stuart, once a free-thinker and independent spirit, finds happiness in dependence and desire for protection

BY RUTH BIERY

"At some climax in our lives, we revert to type, that is to the type of person we were born to be. Always remember this in writing a novel."

This observation came from a brilliant woman who is on the editorial board of one of the most conservative book publishing houses in America. And even though several psychologists have given me the same thought, I don't think I actually believed it. I didn't grasp the meaning of it until recently, after a talk with Gloria Stuart. And I don't suppose that I'd have believed it even then, if I hadn't known Gloria Stuart long enough to realize that she was speaking the truth when she said to me, "I have decided what I really want in life is to be a weak woman!"

Gloria Stuart—a weak woman! Even now I smile as I phrase that expression in relation to Gloria. For Gloria, in the past, has been about as weak as a cactus thrusting itself sharply through the stubborn desert sand. And yet as a little girl—and that's where we have to begin in order to understand the amazing change in the Gloria of today.

Until Gloria was nine years of age, she lived with her mother and father in the country—for Santa Monica, California, was then "the country." It had not donned its sophisticated smartness yet as a fashionable suburb of Hollywood. It's small, farm-type houses rambled helter-skelter among wheat fields and untenanted beaches.

"Our family was beautifully happy. Close to the earth. My mother and father were idealists, living life fully because it was a sheer joy for them to live it together. I can remember my father saying, again and again, 'There are only three things in life that make it worth while: Happiness, health and consideration for others.' He didn't speak about money because he never thought about it. He didn't have much. He worked for a living and that was all sufficient. There were many, many families in those days like my mother and father; many homes in which children were reared upon love rather than upon ambition.

"Then—" Gloria paused to sigh, "father died." Another long hesitation. "I wonder if anyone can understand. Mother had been just mother to me. The family had been just the family. Now the head of all this was gone. I entered high school at twelve. Too young. I joined a fashionable sorority and at fourteen I was smoking incessantly. I could and would sit and spout about free souls by the hour. I knew more about it, to hear me talk, than Judge Ben Lindsey in person. I didn't know what I was talking about but I thought I did. Philosophy became a passion with me and when I went to the University of California in Berkeley, I majored in it."

A DAUGHTER of the new school. A girl who would have headed a suffrage parade, waving a striped flag, thinking she had found the reason for woman's existence. A modern, self-sustained, independent free-thinker at the time when free-thinking had become one of the bywords among women.

She could have graduated with high honors. She was considered one of the most brilliant youthful philosophers at the University of California. But Gloria decided, in her second year, she didn't care about graduating with scholastic honors. So she joined the Bohemian group, that we-live-as-we-please and think-as-we-please contingency that adds color and excitement to the routine of any large campus.

Her ideas of freedom had deepened, rather than lessened, since her high school days. Love, she thought, held too important a place in the lives of most women. It made them weak, dependent upon male beings. A woman's place was not in the home, protected by broad, selfish shoulders but in the world of action and emancipation. Gloria's declamations against *weak women,* in those days, reverberated around that campus and were quoted on other campuses. Marriage was as certain slavery for the female as ownership had been for the blacks before Abraham Lincoln had freed them.

"I only married my first husband as a concession to my family and its traditions." Her eyes twinkled briefly as she says it. "And I didn't want children. I had an actual physical fear at the very thought of them. I epitomized, to myself, what I considered a strong woman."

GLORIA'S theories were consistent, as consistent as a truly shrewd intelligence could make them. They reached even to the economic side of life, where so many theorists become practical. She and her young sculptor-husband went to Carmel-by-the-Sea to live because that was, and is, the Utopia for free spirits. They had no money but they didn't care about money. They both worked. He on his sculptoring and she on her writing, and acting. She (*Continued on page 104*)

Above left, is Gloria Stuart, the calm, poised star the screen sees. Above right, is Gloria as the happy, contented Mrs. Arthur Sheekman, with her husband, the man who showed her how worth while it can be to be "A weak woman!" And right below, Gloria with John Beal, reading "Laddie," in which they appear together.







Harlow

Beauteous Jean steps through the paces of a hot new dance called "La Trombosa" in "Reckless"

Beginning at the lower left and moving up and across the page, you see Jean and her partner, Carl Randall, in several moods of "La Trombosa." It will out-rhumba the rhumba when you get to know it. First Jean and Carl step forward in a sinuous glide. Then a pause with Jean giving Carl one of those burning looks! Whoops, just try this counter balancing idea above. Then above right, Jean and Carl do a real back-bender, reversing positions, and gracefully strut from view, at lower right. And just for an encore, Jean poses alone.

Dances

THE INTERVIEWER'S *dilemma*

BY REGINA CANNON

FRED ASTAIRE is privately known among the Hollywood writing fraternity as "the interviewer's dilemma" —for reasons which I hope will be made obvious. Fred is quiet and conservative, yet he is neither dull nor priggish. His home life is peaceful and contented, yet neither humdrum nor dreary. Fred likes to attend parties, though he arrives late and leaves early. He doesn't smoke, he doesn't drink, he doesn't "play around" —unless the camera is grinding and the sound track registering his verbal "passes." He has danced before the crowned heads of Europe and the bald heads of America. He remains unimpressed, but not at all blasé. He has played "command performances" and the honky-tonks and, if the audience is attentive and appreciative, he has neither complaint nor preference.

Fred Astaire distinctly "isn't the type," yet he is the latest contender for highest box office honors. He isn't handsome by any standards of male beauty, but he's got "it." He isn't romantic, yet the "come hither" is there in large and potent doses. Poor Fred Astaire! All he can do is dance and act—and there aren't many, standing way up thar on the celluloid platform, who can do either, let alone both.

IT WAS written, somewhere, that he is shy. He isn't. He has too much *savoir-faire* to you, and "perze" to me, for that. He's been around, you see. Everywhere. A lot. So, as a male shrinking violet, he's a great, big flop. He likes people unless they sit in Row B when he is dancing and give him that "Go on now, I dare you to be good" across the footlights. Instead of that attitude summoning an incentive to please, it merely brings on an "And nerts to you, too" mood, which he can't or won't shake off.



Below, Fred and Ginger Rogers stepping off in "Roberta."

Fred Astaire's a genial guy but very short on small talk



Left and right, Fred with Schnitzel—and by himself in a slightly pensive mood.

Left and right again—Fred on a day when everything was swell. He throws backgammon doubles like *that!*

The day I saw Fred Astaire he was in a particularly gay mood. The exhibitors' reports on "Roberta" had just come in and he had had a letter from his sister, Adele, all the way from London. They were dancing partners for years, if you recall. Fred read excerpts aloud and timed them for chuckles. They came all right—I mean the chuckles. He touched lightly on the temperament of co-workers who had tripped the light fantastic with him. The suggestion was made that, of all of them, Miss Astaire must have been the most tractable and pliable. Fred, who adores her, emitted a hoarse laugh that might have emanated from the sleek throat of a prize entry at the Santa Anita race track—say, Spark Plug. At any rate, the general idea gleaned was that most women are difficult when on the ballroom floor, professionally.

FRED had what is known as a hard life during his early youth. He was never hungry; he was never cold. But he knew work, gruelling practice, with himself as his brutal taskmaster—and he was on intimate terms with disappointment. He danced because he couldn't help it. He never sat down and thoughtfully figured it out as a profitable career, nor as the open sesame to fame and its attendant adulation.

It all began years ago when he tagged along after Adele to dancing school. Most of the pupils, like Barkis, were willing, but showed little (*Continued on page 103*)

And that's why he's become a trial to most interviewers



"If you can't think of anything to say, listen; there's no surer route to popularity. Once people take a liking to you, you'll talk," says Harlow, above. "Shy people," advises Myrna Loy, below, "should accustom themselves to talking to one person at a time."

Miriam Hopkins, above, says, "Forget yourself when conversing and talk only of those things in which you're interested." Sylvia Sidney, below, proffers this bit of advice, "Say what you have to say without allowing your listeners to get ahead of your story."

The stars have had to learn ways to

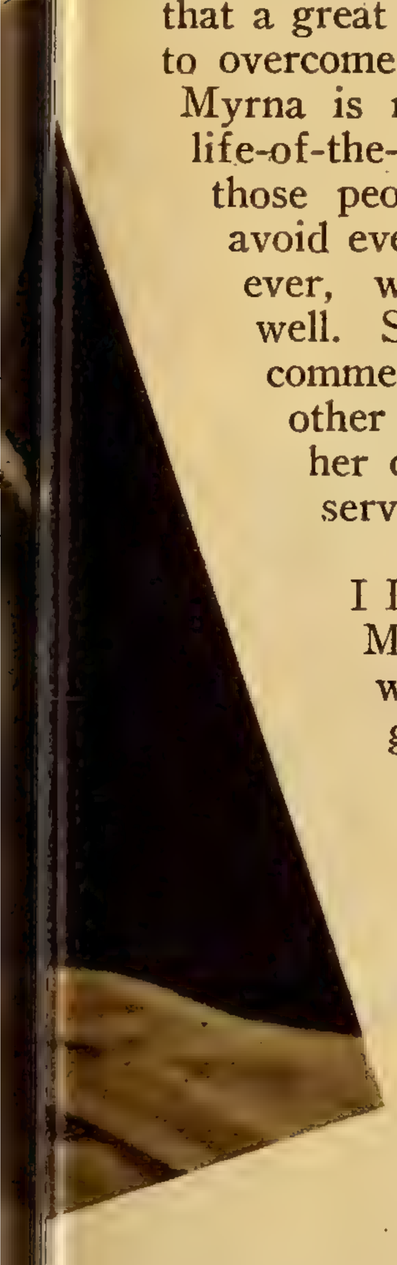
YOU CAN LEARN HOW TO TALK WELL

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

TO TALK well is very important. To be able to relate things so that you hold your listeners' interest. To be articulate concerning your own ideas and your individual emotions. To have your conversation fluent and provocative, not halting and dull. And, as a result, to be an infinitely more attractive personality. Surely all this is greatly to be desired.

Greatly to be desired and within everyone's grasp. That's the marvellous part of it. Within everyone's grasp if only they'll take the trouble to grasp it.

"The sound of your own voice in a room full of people can be so horrible," Myrna Loy says, with an understanding which proves Myrna didn't always talk as easily as she does today. "But it does help some, I think, to know that a great many people have been obliged to overcome this fright."



Myrna is naturally quiet. She isn't the life-of-the-party type. She isn't one of those people who feels it her duty to avoid even a momentary silence. However, when Myrna talks she talks well. She flavors even her most casual comments with her point of view. In other words Myrna isn't inhibited about peppering her conversation with personal reactions and observations.

I LUNCHED with Myrna the other day in the M-G-M studio commissary. Next to our table was the long table at which the directors gather at noon. It was very nice to mark the warmth and fellowship with which these men, many of whom have worked with Myrna, greeted her. And to mark the ease with which she returned their greetings.

"You must have known difficulty in talking to people once," I taxed her that day. "Otherwise you couldn't possibly know that horrible sinking feeling which comes at the sound of your own voice when everyone in an entire room suddenly seems to stop everything he is doing or saying to gimlet you with his eyes."

"I did indeed know that horrible sinking feeling," she said. "Even now remembering certain experiences, I feel a little ill.

"As a matter of fact," she went on, "it was when I began to resent the unhappiness my self-consciousness was causing me that I was prodded into action, that I determined to do something about myself.

"I trained myself. Step by step. First I talked to one person only. Then I ventured to talk when I was one of a group of three. Then when I was in a group of four. And so on. Until I defeated that frightful fear I had known.

"And as it began to disappear I found myself thinking more of what I wanted to say and less of myself or my audience. As a consequence I began to say whatever I had to say to better effect. And this assurance did me a world of good."

Smart Myrna! Smart because she admitted to herself the disadvantage she was at, took herself in hand intelligently, and didn't expect to accomplish a miracle overnight.

Rule one, then, if you would learn how to talk: If you're prone to self-consciousness don't attempt to entertain a room full of people. Accustom yourself first to talking to one person at a time, then to two people at a time, and so on and on.

COMING AWAY from Hollywood this last time I feel, as always, that I have been visiting in the most inspiring place in the whole world. Hollywood has no ancient wonders such as the catacombs of Rome. And I'm not prepared to compare the modest California Sierra Nevadas with the Swiss Alps. It isn't because of any sights that I find Hollywood so inspiring. It's because of the people, the film people. Mentally and physically they stand at a high point of development. They are a group of people who have made the most of themselves as human beings. They have developed and improved themselves in a way which must give anyone observing them pause.

And because, among many other things, the film people have taught themselves to talk well, realizing this to be a darn important part of the business of being a personality, they're able to offer invaluable pointers.

Miriam Hopkins was lying on the sunny beach in front of the Santa Monica Beach Club. Her swimming suit showed her to be at absolutely the right weight for her. Under her beach parasol lay a French book. That morning she and her French teacher had spent a couple of hours in French conversation. There also was a telegram from a firm of decorators pertinent to the New York house, previously belonging to the late Elizabeth Marbury, which Miriam bought. *(Cont'd on page 78)*

overcome shyness and self-consciousness and so can you

MEET NELSON EDDY

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY



The preview audience expected to heap new laurels on Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta" (which they did) but to their surprise they found a new star—Nelson Eddy.

Unnoticed for two years, he's a wow in "Naughty Marietta"

Over at Culver City's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios they are wondering if they have a singing prophet, a tin god or an actor with "high ideals" under contract. The enigma's name is Nelson Eddy. He is blond, blue-eyed, stands at least six feet tall, has a round, robust baritone voice that wows the ladies and their gents, and for six months of the conventional twelve he hies himself to the hinterlands to sing for doting thousands.

On the night of February sixteen, after almost two years of waiting around Hollywood, killing time, eating noonday meals in the busy studio commissary, wondering when he'd really start to work (he had minor singing roles in "Dancing Lady" and "Student Tour"), being photographed variously, reported engaged and married to at least two blondes (neither of whom he had ever taken out socially), chafing at idleness like any ambitious, forceful fellow in his thirties (born 1901), he gave Hollywood the jolt of the month by wowing the Grauman's Chinese Theatre preview audience with the excellence of his performance as the melodious hero of Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta."

The distinguished audience, made up of fellow stars, executives, directors, and press dignitaries, had come to the preview prepared to applaud loudly the efforts of their favorite, Jeanette MacDonald (who came through with a beautiful performance) as "Marietta," and to cheer the expert work of Director W. S. Van Dyke, who filmed the picture with his customary gusto. What they remained to do, was to marvel at the performance of this "dark horse" among baritones who had been knocking about the studio so long that he had twice been mistaken for a desk.

Well known in the concert world, on the radio (Firestone Hour), in operatic circles, but unknown to insular Hollywood, the ovation that Eddy's performance invoked on the night of the formal preview of his first important film appearance was not one of (*Continued on page 93*)



All your de - mands, dear, I will sup - ply,

THE STORIES BEHIND THE SONG HITS

BY DENA REED



Harry Warren and Al Dubin turn out the hits for most of Warner's musicals. They've got the song-writing formula down pat.



Ruby inspired Al and Harry to write "An Old-Fashioned Cocktail With an Old-Fashioned Girl" for the Jolson-Keeler "Go Into Your Dance."

Your boy friend's waiting to take you to the movies, and you're busy dolling up. You're happily humming a hit tune from a recent musical picture while you're slipping the new print over your head, but have you ever wondered how that number came to be written? Who or what inspired the composers of the ditty? How did they think up the tune's tricky title?

Well, Boopa Snoop, our musical fly on the wall whose business it is to investigate such matters, buzzed back the following reports from some of our better known composers, among whom must be included Harry Warren and Al Dubin, the Siamese twins of songland, who turn out hits faster than Childs does wheat-cakes. They are responsible for such infectious numbers as "Lullaby of Broadway," from "Gold Diggers of 1935," "I'm Going Shopping With You," from the same picture, and "She's A Latin From Manhattan," from the Jolson-Keeler opus, "Go Into Your Dance."

Harry, or maybe it was Al (everyone gets them mixed up), says that it's all really very simple. "Sometimes the story of the picture suggests a song. Sometimes the title or an incident suggests it. Sometimes an idea will come out of thin air, but very often it's a funny story that the song writers have heard or maybe a bit of sentiment which they share.

"Now take 'Lullaby Of Broadway' for example," said Harry. "Al and I got a sudden longing for Broadway. It hit us right in the stomach. We were homesick for the white lights, the actors hanging outside the Palace Theatre, and the automats and the flea shows. We couldn't go home so we did the next best thing. We eased our hearts and lined our purses at one and the same time by writing what we chose to call

(Continued on page 87)

You'll be surprised to learn how hits are written



Tan Camel's hair top-coat with natural Lynx collar and tie belt.



Rosalind Russell in beige suit, brown accessories.



Rosalind's three-piece white pajama ensemble, blue trim.



Navy blue going-away costume with lace-edged jabot.

WHAT ARE YOUR *Wedding* PLANS?

Hollywood often marries in haste but it has grand ideas about weddings in the traditional manner

BY ADELIA BIRD

Hollywood stages the most glamorous weddings in the world . . . on the screen! But off-screen . . . the most casual! A real bride all done up in satin and a veil sets the town's heart aflutter, and the bride, literally is showered with more attention than a Princess Marina. The lack of more weddings in the traditional manner is not due to a lack of romantic interest in the idea. Quite the contrary, most of the unmarried stars I have talked to have indicated a sighing wish for all the pomp and music. It's that old bogey "production" that precipitates most of Hollywood's brides into a hasty flight to Yuma or some similar Western Gretna Green. No one has time for the trappings of a wedding, if you want to get married it has to be between "shots" on a picture or a short breathing spell between productions. Often as not, it's merely between dinner and breakfast next morning!

However, whether or not you are going to be one of those impetuous brides whose feet rush through the corridors of the municipal building to a justice of the peace, rather than wait to tread majestically down some church aisle, you must have more than a romantic interest in wedding plans.

What are your plans? Since I can't guess what sort of wedding each of you may be planning, I am going to talk about three types. There's the big church one with all the flowers and music, or the small home or church chapel one, and then, the aforementioned or Hollywood type at the justice of the peace. Don't dismiss the latter casually, either. It is just as important to look bride-like at a civil ceremony as it is at a church affair. After all, there is always the bridegroom to be considered and I have never met a husband yet who did not have an uncanny way of remembering every detail of his wife's wedding costume, years later.

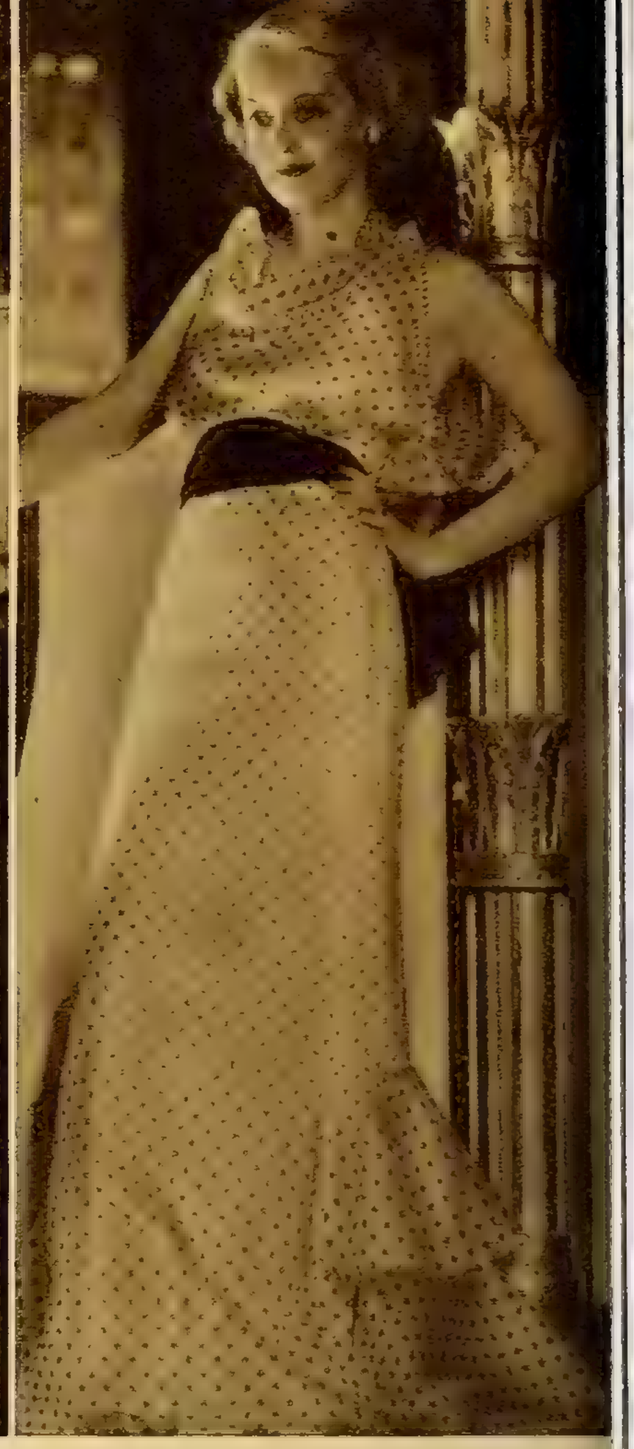


Rosalind Russell is the perfect picture of a lovely bride in Adrian's ice blue satin creation. The tulle veil is the same shade as the gown and is held by a small coronet of pearls.











Reading from left to right above, Anita Louise's blue tulle over taffeta gown. The perky collar and bow are of white piqué. A grand bridesmaid's gown. Mary Astor in a pink silk suit with tucked lace blouse. Pink hat with dark band. Good costume for informal wedding, or for a going-away costume. Verree Teasdale in a gown for the bride's attractive mother. Lace blouse over a full chiffon skirt. The wide belt is silk cording in two contrasting shades. A sheer, cool evening gown for the trousseau. Bette Davis wearing polka dotted organdy. The sash is velvet. And at the lower left, Genevieve Tobin carries a taffeta muff which offers a suggestion for your bridesmaids! It's an evening accessory which can be converted into a wedding one by the addition of flowers pinned to it—with charming results.

The big church wedding calls for quite an elaborate outlay in costumes and decorations. It is for you who feel you can make a grand gesture on this great occasion. You have to have attendants, ushers, scads of flowers and, usually, a nice reception afterwards. You pick the loveliest of white gowns, wear the family's heirloom lace veil, and have your bridesmaids dressed so as to make a perfect setting for your dazzling whiteness.

ROSALIND RUSSELL, who was busy being a bride in M-G-M's "Reckless," took some time off to pose in a whole wedding wardrobe for you who are going to have a conventional church or home wedding. You see her in full wedding regalia on page 65. Adrian designed her gown, and it is a dream . . . romantic and yet quite simple enough to be in the best of taste.

Ice blue satin instead of the traditional white is Adrian's choice in fabric. The tulle veil is in this same cool shade. A straight peplum, giving the effect of a two-piece gown, is topped by a bodice which is trimmed with two flat, suspender-like bands of the satin. The neckline is cut high in a cowl effect and the sleeves are fitted and tucked.

The skirt, slender through the hips, flares out into a great train at the back. Rosalind's veil is held by a small coronet of pearls which is set so far back on her head that it is not visible in this picture. The shower arrangement of the lilies-of-the-valley in her bouquet is particularly charming, combined as it is with shiny dark green leaves.

Rosalind has posed on a stairway to show you how lovely this gown looks in a home setting. For a church wedding, she suggests that her bridesmaids be dressed either in soft old blue or the same ice blue as her gown. Possibly net, tulle or lace for the fabric. For a home wedding one attendant would suffice and she might wear a period gown in any of the stunning shades of the season, such as, coral, Mimosa yellow, Parma violet or dusty pink.

For a going-away costume, Rosalind has two suggestions. One is a navy blue silk, shown on page 64. The lace-trimmed jabot and organdy collar give it just the right amount of femininity to offset its tailored lines. With this she wears a small (*Continued on page 91*)



MISS DE MUMM'S TAILORED HOSTESS COAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE DEMONSTRATES
THE COOL ELEGANCE OF THE NEW PIQUÉS FOR SUMMER

"Camels certainly make a difference—"

SAYS

MISS MARY DE MUMM

IN NEWPORT, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most fêted of the younger set during the New York season.

"Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference," she says. "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I'm a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular."

People do welcome the renewed energy they feel after smoking a Camel. By releasing your latent energy in a safe, natural way, Camels give you just enough "lift." And you can enjoy a Camel as often as you want, because they never affect your nerves.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, *New York*



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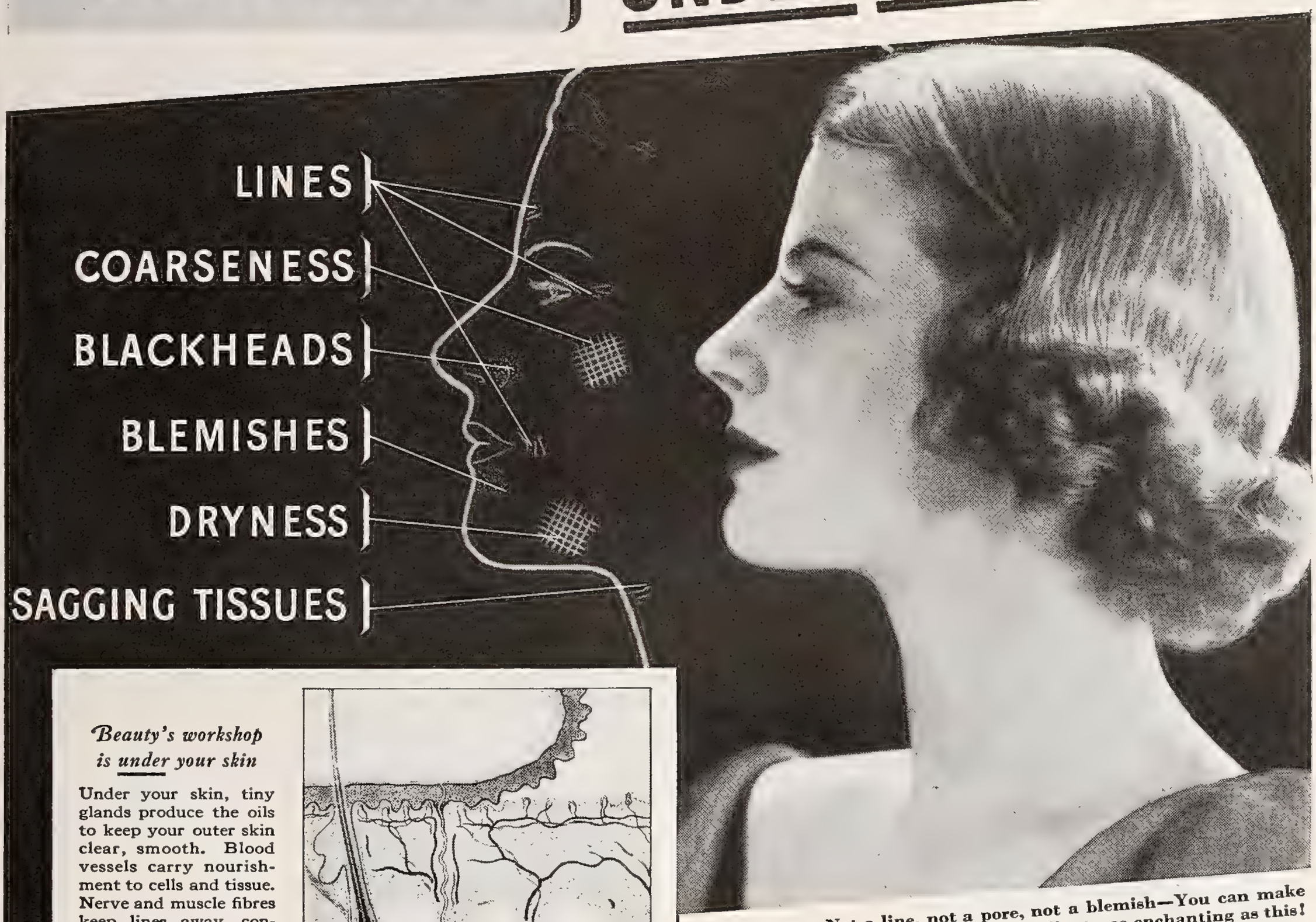
CAMELS ARE MILDER!...MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND



Ethereal

You, who remember the heyday of the Vernon Castles, will feel a nostalgic twinge upon looking at this arresting picture of the beautiful Del Rio. Irene Castle used to wear just such airy costumes and posed with similar moving gracefulness. Dolores wears this thrilling gown in "In Caliente." Yards of pleated chiffon form the great skirt, while the bodice is of heavy crêpe. It's the picture-of-the-month, don't you think?

TO AVOID THESE SKIN FAULTS } Keep your UNDER SKIN active



Not a line, not a pore, not a blemish—You can make your skin as clear and radiant—as enchanting as this!

Beauty's workshop is under your skin

Under your skin, tiny glands produce the oils to keep your outer skin clear, smooth. Blood vessels carry nourishment to cells and tissue. Nerve and muscle fibres keep lines away, contours firm—*if* you keep them all active!

PRACTICALLY every fault that mars the skin you see in your mirror had its start in the *under* layers of your skin! . . .

Blackheads come when pores are clogged by secretions *from within*. Lines form outside when *under* tissues begin to grow thin. Dryness comes when oil glands fail. Tissues sag when nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.

Beauty's workshop is right there in those deep layers of the *underskin*, where tiny blood vessels and glands carry nourishment to cells and tissue all the time.

How to wake up a Slowing Underskin

When skin faults begin to spoil your looks, try the Pond's way of bringing back the under tissues to vigorous action.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed light oils, goes right down into your underskin. First, it floats out of your pores every particle of lingering grime and make-up. As you pat it on briskly, it stirs the lazy circulation. Stimulates laggard glands. Invigorates failing tissues.

One application alone will prove to you how effective this cream is. As you continue to use it, you will actually be able to watch little lines soften—blemishes and blackheads go. Coarseness—dryness will be relieved. A new freshness will glow in your skin and its texture will become fine and smooth.



DONNA DEGNA MARCONI

who inherits on her father's side a distinguished name, and on her mother's side is descended from ancient Irish Royalty, is extraordinarily beautiful. She has used Pond's Cold Cream for years, and says: "It wipes away little lines. I've never had a blemish since I began to use it."

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every night* to flush your pores clean of every single impurity, and stimulate your underskin. *In the morning*—often during the day—repeat this treatment. It will make your skin so smooth that your make-up will go on more evenly than ever before.

Try Deep-Skin Treatment

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and germ-free. It actually promotes the natural functioning of the underskin.

Just send in the coupon below with only 10¢ and see what this wonderful cream will do for you.

Mail this Coupon—for **Generous Package**
—see this cream bring beauty to your skin

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I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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B R I G H T

EYE DEAS



by Jane Heath

So—YOU know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. Kurlash costs only $1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.



Something Blue

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette,* the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), $1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.



Something New

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. Lashtint Compact may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at $1.

Kurlash

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Carole Lombard today—a vivid, sparkling person with talent.

The same Carole, as she used to be—drab and wide-eyed.

Modern Screen Dramatic School

DIRECTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

HOW CAN I make my personality a definite force? How can I feel at ease with people when I'm playing a role upon the stage, or when I'm called upon to speak publicly? How can I move gracefully? How can I acquire poise?

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I wish you could have seen many of the stars when they first came to Hollywood, as I have seen them. Those girls and boys who got their first lucky break (about which I talked to you last month) were, at one time, actually drab and colorless. They developed their personalities *after* they came to Hollywood. And if they did it, so can you.

Carole Lombard—that vivid, sparkling, brilliant personality—was once a shy little creature afraid of her own shadow, particularly her own shadow on the screen.

Joan Crawford—everything that Joan has today—her power, her forcefulness, her tremendous drive—she has developed herself.

Marlene Dietrich—and no matter what you think of her personality you must admit it's dominant and definite—was a timid little German girl afraid to ask for a telephone in her dressing-room. Look at her today. She is really a figment of her own imagination.

Clark Gable—if you had known him six years ago you could not possibly have imagined that one day he would be the screen's greatest lover.

How has this been done? In two ways. Mentally and physically. The physical tricks are definite and tangible. They consist of learning to walk, to stand, to move gracefully and to speak correctly (I've already spoken at length about speech). I'll tell you more about these tricks in a moment. But first I want to talk to you about the mental attitude of developing a personality. That is really most important.

The dictionary says that the noun "personality" means "the state of being a person; personal identity. That which constitutes distinction of person." So, if you are drab, colorless, meek and timid, decide that you will make yourself into a personality. First of all get a mental picture of what you want to be. Do you want to be strong and forceful and vital? Do you want to make people (*Continued on page 98*)

How to become a dramatic personality



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MILDRED NELSON, DOROTHEA ROTH, Chicago, Ill.; DOROTHY HUBER, New York City; JEANINE KIRKWOOD, Baltimore, Md.; MARGARET WHITE, Springfield, Ill.; VIRGINIA WILSON, Albany, N. Y.; A Robert Donat Fan, Boonville, N. Y. — Here's some super-special news for you! Soon after you read this, the object of your questions, Robert Donat, will be in our happy land ready to start work with Jean Muir on "Captain Blood," the first picture under his brand new Warner Brothers contract. At present Mr. Donat is in England making "The Thirty-Nine Steps" with Madeleine Carroll for GB Productions. This will be his third film—the first was "The Private Life of Henry VIII" in which he played the part of Thomas Culpepper; and the second was "The Count of Monte Cristo" which satellized him immediately. Robert Donat (pronounced Doan-at) is an Englishman, born in Withington, Manchester, on March 18, 1905. In 1921 he made his professional debut and spent several years in stock and repertory theatres, and just recently completed a seven months' engagement in London in "The Sleeping Clergyman." He has brown eyes and auburn hair, stands 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, is modest, soft-spoken and has a grand sense of humor. His favorite foods are English roast beef, American ham and eggs, bean soup and apple pie. He is married and has two children. You can reach him at the Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

BYRON ERB, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.—Victor Jory is 32 years old, and his next picture after "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be "Party Wire," with Jean Arthur, for Columbia.

HELEN SHARPINSKI, Bronx, N. Y.; L. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; D. C. MILLER, Callery, Pa.; BLANCHE SHERWOOD, Flushing, N. Y.; R. H. ROSEN, Newark, N. J.—Myrna studied to be a sculptress. That was when she was still Myrna Williams. And if she hadn't been good enough to attract the attention of Rudolph Valentino, who gave her her first part in "What Price Beauty" ten years ago, she wouldn't be Myrna Loy today. Aside from the fact that she was born on a ranch in Helena, Mont., on August 2, 1905, and studied at the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles, that was the real beginning of her career. Of course you remember her "vamp days" and have probably traced her evolution up to her present status of "ideal American female." She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, with dark hair and eyes, and weighs 125 pounds. She loves dancing, collects painting and sculpture, swims, plays tennis and rides. You can reach her at her contract studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal., where she plans to make a sequel to "The Thin Man" as yet untitled. Miss Loy has never been married, and her mother and brother, David, live with her in Beverly.

TWELVE VAGABONDS, Jamaica, N. Y.; FLORENCE MOIR, So. Ozone Park, N. Y.; ROSARA KASIR, Richmond Hill, N. Y.—The part of Oskie Berry, Dick Powell's room mate in "Flirtation Walk," was taken by Ross Alexander. It is not his first picture by any means, for he made his screen debut in 1930 in "The Wiser Sex" with Claudette Colbert. In 1934 he was in "Social Register" and "Gentlemen Are Born." His next will be "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for Warners, where he is under contract. He is married and will be 28 on July 27.

VIVIAN CROSBY, Toledo, Ohio—Colin Clive was also in "The Key" and "One More River" in 1934. His next will be "The Bride of Frankenstein." He is 35 years old and is married to a non-professional. Frances Dee's latest picture is "Becky Sharp" which will be all in technicolor. She will also be in "She" with Randy Scott. As far as I know, Lanny Ross will not be returning to Hollywood any time soon—if at all. Elizabeth Young is not scheduled for any picture at present. Nick Foran will be seen in "Ladies Love Danger," formerly entitled "Secret Lives." "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will follow the Shakespearean original very closely. You'd better read "A Dream Comes True" in this issue.

LILLIAN TRUTKO, Akron, Ohio; MRS. DANIEL J. BATES, Brooklyn, N. Y.; ESTHER LANDER, Detroit, Mich.; MARY RUSSO, New Haven, Conn.; JAMES R. GRAY; MARY BERKLEY—In an apartment over his father's saloon in New York City, James Cagney was born on July 17 in 1904. You have probably heard of Bill Cagney, too—well, he is Jim's brother, and there are three other children in the family, besides. After James graduated from public school, he entered Stuyvesant High School, at the same time earning his way in the world by being an office boy, then a bundle wrapper and finally a bell hop. Then he entered Columbia University and decided to become a caricaturist. However, his family reached a point where they had to have more money than he was making from his drawing, so he gave it up and began his stage career, first as a chorus boy, then in vaudeville, stock and finally Broadway. A Warner Brothers scout saw him and Joan Blondell in "Maggie the Magnificent" and signed them both to contracts to make the film version of that play, "Sinners' Holiday." That was only the beginning. Mr. Cagney likes to dance, play tennis and swim. He keeps fit by daily workouts in a gymnasium. He is happily married to Billie Vernon, who was his partner in his vaudeville days. True to form, he has red hair and blue eyes and is inclined to be freckled. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He, too, is under contract to Warner Brothers Studios, and after "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be in "The G Men," with Ann Dvorak.

RUTH GREEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The part of Della Street, secretary to Warren William in "The Case of the Howling Dog," was taken by Helen Trenholme.

DOROTHY MILLER, Buffalo, N. Y.; PATRICIA LIND; "FANCY," Atlanta, Ga.; MYRTLE LARBOUR, Marlboro, Mass.; MARGARET ANDERSON, Oklahoma City, Okla.—James Dunn, who was skyrocketed to fame in "Bad Girl," was born in New York City on November 2, 1905, was educated in the public schools of New Rochelle, N. Y. and worked in a brokerage house for 3 years, after which he abandoned business for the stage. He toured "the sticks" with a stock company and a year later was back in business, selling automobiles. Then he took another stab at stock and made enough money to enable him to play the stock market. This sally was a hopeless failure, but fortunately for him, he landed the lead opposite Helen Morgan in "Sweet Adeline," which brought him his Fox contract. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 157 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He is always on the go, is enthusiastic about automobile racing and is working to get his airplane pilot's license. He has never been married, and lives with his mother, to whom he is devoted. After "George White's 1935 Scandals" he will be in "Man Proposes" with Mae Clarke. His address is Fox Studios, Movietone City, Hollywood, Cal.

DOROTHY D. RICHARDSON, Lowell, Mass.—Otto Kruger was born in Toledo, Ohio, September 6. He is the son of Bernard Alben Kruger, an accountant, and Elizabeth Winers Kruger. He married Sue Mae MacManamy in 1919, and they have one daughter, Ottilie Ann.

ELIZABETH ALLISON, Adolphustown, Ont., Canada—No, a thousand times no. It was Robert Armstrong, not Nat Pendleton, who played the part of Dopey in "Sweet Music."

PHILIP MACY, Peru, Cal.—Arthur Byron played the role of the self-disappearing chief of state in "The President Vanishes," and a nice job he did of it, too. You can reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., where he recently completed a role in "The Casino Murder Case," and will be seen next in "Public Hero No. 1." He is also scheduled to appear in "Murder in the Fleet," which will be Frank Shields' first picture.

GERTRUDE SYLVIN, Fall River, Mass.—Yes, both Warren William and Warner Baxter are married. The former is 38 and the latter is 42. Clark Gable is 34.

MARGERY BEESON, Wahpeton, N. D.; RUTH HORST, Bennington, Vt.—You can reach Tom Brown at the RKO-Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. And you can reach Anne Shirley at the same address. The part of Diana in "Anne of Green Gables" was taken by Gertrude Messinger. Jean Parker's latest picture was "Princess O'Hara."

(Continued on page 123)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 123. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



Robert Donat's fans impatiently await his next picture.



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An Amusing Story About Robert

(*Continued from page 34*)

phonograph record. At last Robert, our butler, appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Montgomery, if you will forgive me, sir, the ladies say . . ."

"Robert! Can't you see I am reading!"

Now I like Robert but at that moment I could have killed him. He seemed to sense it. "Yassir!" he said, and began to retreat toward the doorway.

I returned to my book. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him still standing there, shifting nervously from one foot to the other. Then I heard him take a deep breath, as he prepared for the plunge. "Mr. Montgomery, there is something we all think you should know . . ."

"Robert! For the second time, can't you see . . ."

"But, Mr. Montgomery, if you will excuse me, sir. The house is on fire!"

I jumped to my feet. "You big idiot, you! Why didn't you tell me before!"

"Because, sir," he said, as he started running off down the hall, "because, sir, I could see—you were reading!"

I went down the stairs, three steps at a time, sniffing the air. I couldn't smell a thing. And the girls weren't around. I followed Robert out on the lawn. "It's the roof," he said.

AND sure enough it was the roof . . . our lovely roof, crackling and blazing and going up in smoke. I dashed back into the house to the phone. I remembered that on the front page of the phone book it tells you what to do in case of fire. Those instructions had always intrigued me. I opened the phone book, and read them again, carefully. (A movie star has to do everything strictly according to Hoyle, even when his roof is on fire.) There were the familiar, important sounding words, "In case of an emergency (as though any fire weren't an emergency), dial the operator and say, *'I want to report a fire.'*"

Ah! As I picked up the phone, I felt a keen satisfaction, like a man who's been rehearsing a speech for years and at last gets a chance to speak it.

Still keeping my eye on that first page of the phone book, I dialed the operator. She answered and in my best voice-that-indicates-that-something-important-is-about to-be-said, I said, *"I want to report a fire."* I spoke very deliberately, using excellent diction.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I said, *'I want to report a fire,'"* between my teeth, this time.

"Oh, you want to report a fire. Oh, well! What's your address?"

I told her.

"And the name?"

"What difference does that make? I've given you the address. Can't you hurry, my house is on fire!"

"I'll have to have your name."

"Robert Montgomery."

"Oh, hello, Bob, how are you? I saw you in a swell picture the other night. Say, Bob, I've got a little sister and she's dying to have a picture of you. Do you suppose . . ."

"This is Bob Montgomery," I said frigidly, "and *I want to report a fire."*

"Okay, Bob, just a minute, Bob. Keep your shirt on, Bob." And then she gave me the fire department.

"Hello," said a sleepy voice.

"Hello. This is Bob Montgomery."

"Oh, hello, Bob, how are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you? Hey, what is this anyway? *I want to report a fire."*

"A fire? Really? Where?"

"Here, at my house!" I gave *him* the address, too."

"Oh, *that* one. Somebody up there already turned in an alarm about ten minutes ago. Don't worry, Bob. We'll be right up, we're just leaving now, as soon as the boys get dressed."

"Thanks, old fellow, that's mighty decent of you," I said. "But don't bother to make it formal. Black ties will do," and I hung up.

I went upstairs, climbed out on a balcony, and from there up on to the roof. I stood there looking at the fire, waiting for the fire engines. I had to admit it was a *pretty* fire, even if it was getting bigger. The row of crackling flames against the sky reminded me of the torch procession in Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Very artistic.

At last they arrived. And you know how fire engines always affect you. I suddenly got very excited and wished I had a rubber coat and hat, too. They propped up the ladder, and I grabbed the ends of it and held it steady, while the first fireman climbed up. Reaching the top, he brushed me aside and said, "Hey, get out of the way, you."

THEY passed up the hose. I reached for that, too. But the second fireman nearly knocked me off the roof. "You're in the way," he said.

"Damn it," I said. "It's my fire."

But nobody paid any attention. They began "sprinkling" the fire with a stream of water that was about as powerful as a drip out of a leaking water faucet. "You *never* put it out that way," I said. "Can't you give it more water?"

"Do you want your house to get wet?" one of them snapped at me.

"Well, if you don't mind, I'd rather have it get wet than have no house."

So they gave it more water.

"Don't you think you'd better use a hatchet, around the edges, to keep the smouldering part from spreading?" I finally suggested. They couldn't fool me. Firemen had always used hatchets in every movie fire I'd seen.

"Not a bad idea," they said. And somebody passed up the hatchets.

At that moment I realized that not one of my neighbors had come to see my fire, the stuck-up so-and-so's. I guess it wasn't big enough for them. The only persons who seemed at all interested were Betty and Martha who were standing out at the front gate, looking up at us. I waved to them. Good old Betty and Martha. This would give them something interesting to talk about. I wished, too, that I could do something spectacular, but the roof showed no signs of caving in.

When the last spark had been smothered, we came down to the ground, and I saw that Betty and Martha were both wearing their mink coats, and that they carried something all bunched up in their arms, under their coats. The dears, they had been calm enough to carry out our valuables. I felt proud of them. Even if the house had burned to the ground they would have saved our jewelry and silver.

Then they opened their coats, and I could see that each girl carried two revolvers.

"Revolvers! Of all things that should have been carried out, you had to take the revolvers! What in the devil did you



Bob Montgomery visited Jim ("Bottom") Cagney on "Midsummer Night's Dream" set.

do that for?"

"Well, we were afraid that with all the smoke and heat and everything, they might accidentally go off!"

Disgusted I went back into the house . . . back to the library and my book. All through the house I could hear the firemen mopping up. They were at it for hours. I thought if we let them alone long enough, maybe they'd do the dinner dishes.

"Excuse me, sir," said Robert from the doorway, "but the fire chief . . . he asked if he could have your autograph."

I just looked at him.

"Yes, sir," he said, backing out. "I'll tell him, sir, that you're reading!"

BY this time I felt rosy and warm. It was the sherry or the fire, I couldn't tell which. I pulled myself together and reached for my hat.

"What do you want your hat now, for?" Bob asked.

"If that wasn't a 'story' you just told me, I'm going to eat it," I said.

"Oh, come now, I told you I'd give you a serious interview some time to make up for this one."

"Sorry, old fellow, I couldn't use it. Thanks just the same."

He was still mumbling about what to give the fire department as I went out.

The Private Life of Claudette

(*Continued from page 53*)

leaving it as black as it grew for years. But the cameramen fussed so about the shadows it threw upon her face and the difficulty of lighting her properly that at last she gave in and dyed it red.

Claudette's maid came in to say a Mary Whiteman was on the phone.

"Mary Whiteman!" Claudette looked worried. "Mary Whiteman? I wonder if she's that pretty little critic?"

On the phone while she tried to place Mary Whiteman she explained that she didn't have a minute to herself for the next several days. No, no, looking even more concerned now, she wasn't being high-hat.

"She seems to know me well," she said when the conversation ended. "She wanted



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me to lunch with her. Mary Whiteman? Who can she be? That name's familiar!"

It was an hour later before she remembered. "Ye Gods," she cried, "Mary Whiteman is a girl I've known for years. Whiteman is her married name. I had an announcement last autumn and sent her a present. She's one of the very people I've counted on seeing!"

She flew to the telephone. "Mary!" I heard her say. "This is Claudette. Yes, darling. I know. I'm so stupid! I didn't place your new name. Why didn't you say Mary Meredith?"

It was obvious enough that this old friend hadn't given her maiden name because she thought Claudette should have remembered who she was and that she had been only too quick to believe Claudette was being high-hat. The pity is that often it is a star's friends themselves who make the old relationships impossible.

"Remember," Claudette taxed me, "how when I went to Hollywood I boasted about the way I would run my life. Little did I know. . . ."

I remembered well. In fact all day I'd been remembering that afternoon in Claudette's dressing-room at the Long Island Studios.

"Even if I do have real success," she had told me that day, "outside of working hours I'm going to live my own life. Just as a stenographer does when she closes her desk at night."

"I'm going to keep my own friends. I'm going to do the things I've always done. I hope I've learned something from watching others. I'm not going to give up my very life and then be sunk when my career is over. I'm not going to allow myself to be forced into the regulation movie star mold."

SHE was so confident that day. But having seen other men and girls unable to live up to similar brave words I knew that she spoke with the voice of inexperience. Once you attain stardom in Hollywood a great deal is at stake. It becomes easier to meet unjust demands than to risk the publicity of lawsuits. To give up old friends, irrespective of how fond of them you may be, rather than keep on explaining why you can't always see them and protesting your friendship.

However, I must say Claudette is managing better than I thought she would. She hasn't given up by any means. She's still fighting. She's not resigned to the compromises she constantly is forced to make.

Recently she gave up a house in which she had lived for several years. And it is likely that being a star she was required to pay more rent for that property than anyone not in pictures would have been asked to pay.

The room she used for a bedroom she had had done over, very charmingly. It wasn't extreme. It was restrained in feeling even to the marble fireplace she had installed. However, the landlady insisted this room be put back as it was when the house was rented, that the walls be painted cream. Claudette called in the painters. Whereupon the landlady changed her mind and said she'd have the walls pale green.

"Certainly," Claudette agreed politely. She had been warned by her manager not to have any unpleasantness, whatever the cause or cost.

The painters started to work. The landlady called again. She wanted the walls cream, after all.

During the years the Colberts had lived in that house some dishes and glasses had been broken. It was only a natural breakage, but it was demanded that every last one be replaced. The glasses no longer could be bought in Los Angeles, so they sent to New York for them.

Then a small ink spot was discovered on a yellow damask chair in the library, a dreary room never used by the family. In fact I never remember seeing the door open. Claudette was asked to recover the entire chair.

"That was the last straw," she told me. "I told my manager I wouldn't do that chair over. 'Let her bring suit,' I insisted. 'I don't care if it does cost me more than the upholstery would. I must have some rights even if I do work in motion pictures.'"

It wasn't the cost a lawsuit would entail, her manager pointed out. It was the publicity it would receive. He reminded her what the headlines would be. "Movie Star Sued. Landlady Claims Claudette Colbert Destroyed Property."

She gave in. She could see people reading those stories, shaking their heads, believing that it had been one of those proverbial wild Hollywood parties that had ruined a poor woman's house.

To make matters worse the landlady later told Claudette's secretary that Mrs. Colbert and Miss Colbert needn't have gone to all the trouble they went to replacing and repairing things. She hadn't expected them to do that at all—a check would have covered everything.

Nicely, no doubt!

TWO o'clock that afternoon, Claudette had an appointment to pose on the hotel roof while a well known columnist pointed out the skyline to her. She got dressed and at about fifteen minutes before two sat down to luncheon, which she had served in her suite. The photographer arrived before the columnist, left his equipment and went downstairs.

In the meantime the columnist was announced. "Pull up another chair," Claudette said. "Perhaps he'll have a cup of coffee with us."

The columnist didn't arrive. Ten or fifteen minutes later the photographer reappeared with the editor. They looked worried. The photographer, it developed, had met the columnist in the hall and explained that Claudette was at luncheon. Apparently he had given the columnist the impression that for the moment no one was welcome in her suite. In any event the columnist had gone away. A bellboy came up with a note from him later on. It read, "Sorry I had to run along."

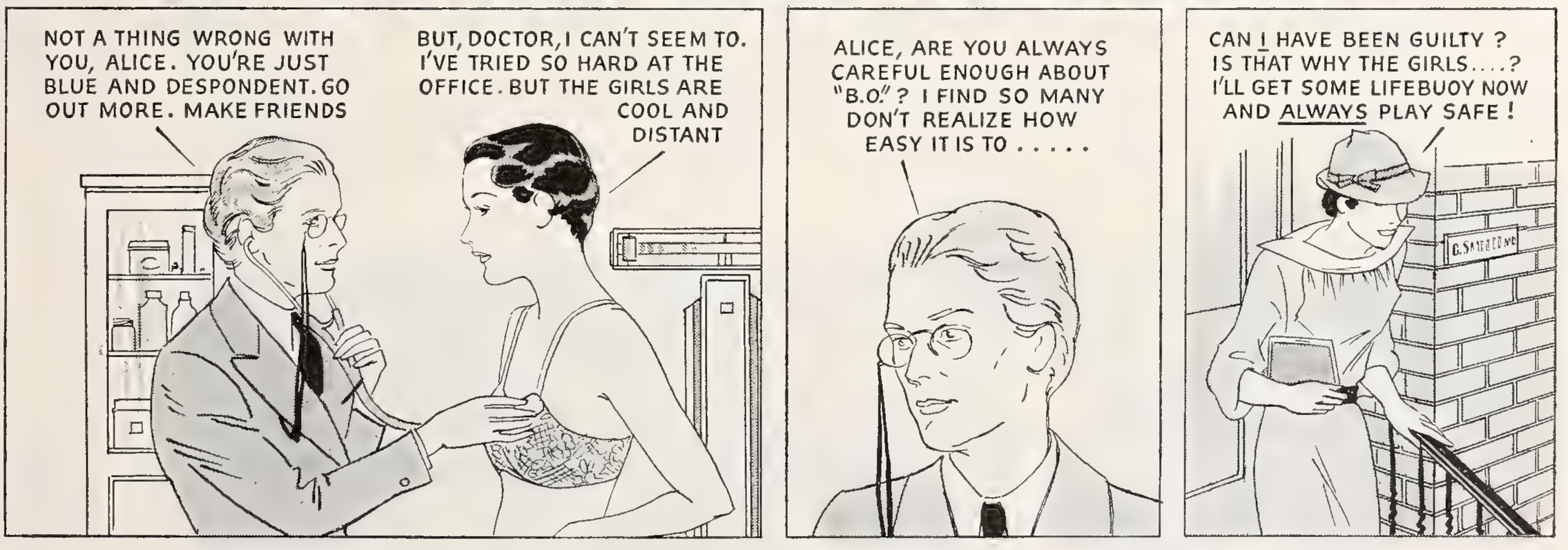
I was curious to see what Claudette would do. It seemed to me it was her turn to become angry and temperamental. But she didn't. She went to the telephone and called the columnist's secretary. She explained to her exactly what had happened. Through no fault of her own she had been judged an up-stage, high-hat movie star, a pampered darling who couldn't be disturbed at luncheon. But she refused to remain in this unpleasant position. She saw to it that she was judged as an individual, not as a star. And as things turned out she was right. For instead of the unpleasant breach which might have resulted, the columnist sent her flowers.

"Come on," she said a little desperately later that afternoon, "let's get out of here. Let's take a taxi and see Katherine's baby."

Claudette, you see, will have much more than money left when her career is over. For, even more important than the generous portion of her salary which she saves every week, she is saving her friendships and her interest in simple pleasures against the day when she is through in the studios. It isn't proving easy to do this. But she's doing it nevertheless. She's fighting for her life, her individual life, her private life, for the life she knows she's going to need later on.



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You Can Learn How to Talk Well

(*Continued from page 61*)

This New York house brings me to Miriam's flair for conversation. For here after the theatre at night Miriam's friends —artists, writers, scientists and theatrical people, for the most part—gather. Besides talking extremely well, keenly and colorfully and amusingly, Miriam also has the gift of bringing other people out. And these midnight gatherings in her house on the East River promise to develop into as brilliant a salon as existed there when Elizabeth Marbury, credited with having the only real salon in America, was alive.

ALL of which becomes twice as amazing when you realize that naturally, Miriam Hopkins is shy. Very shy.

"I think," she said thoughtfully, "that the mistake we're most likely to make is to talk about things we know little or nothing about and care even less about.

"For instance, there's no use in discussing the European situation unless you're sincerely interested in it and either have some personal experience pertinent to it to relate or else are so full of some observation you've made regarding it that you can't keep still. In which case you'll be interesting.

"Otherwise it's better, far better, to talk about rice pudding.

"Conversation, when you're really interested in what you're talking about, can be the greatest boon in the world, especially when you're shy. It can do for you what a role does for a player. It can offer you an opportunity to forget yourself."

Lying there in the sun Miriam was a perfect illustration of the very point she made. For as she became enthusiastic and intent upon what she was saying, the quick little mannerisms with which she invariably fights her shyness disappeared. She actually forgot herself in her interest in her subject. And while the manifestations of shyness with which Miriam is blessed happen to be charming, she undoubtedly has a better time when this shyness passes.

So! Rule two:

> Talk only of those things in which you're interested, remembering always that you're a hundred times more attractive talking about something you know about than you possibly could be talking about something you don't know about.

JEAN HARLOW is another Hollywood girl who learned how to talk entertainingly, without becoming muddled in self-consciousnesss.

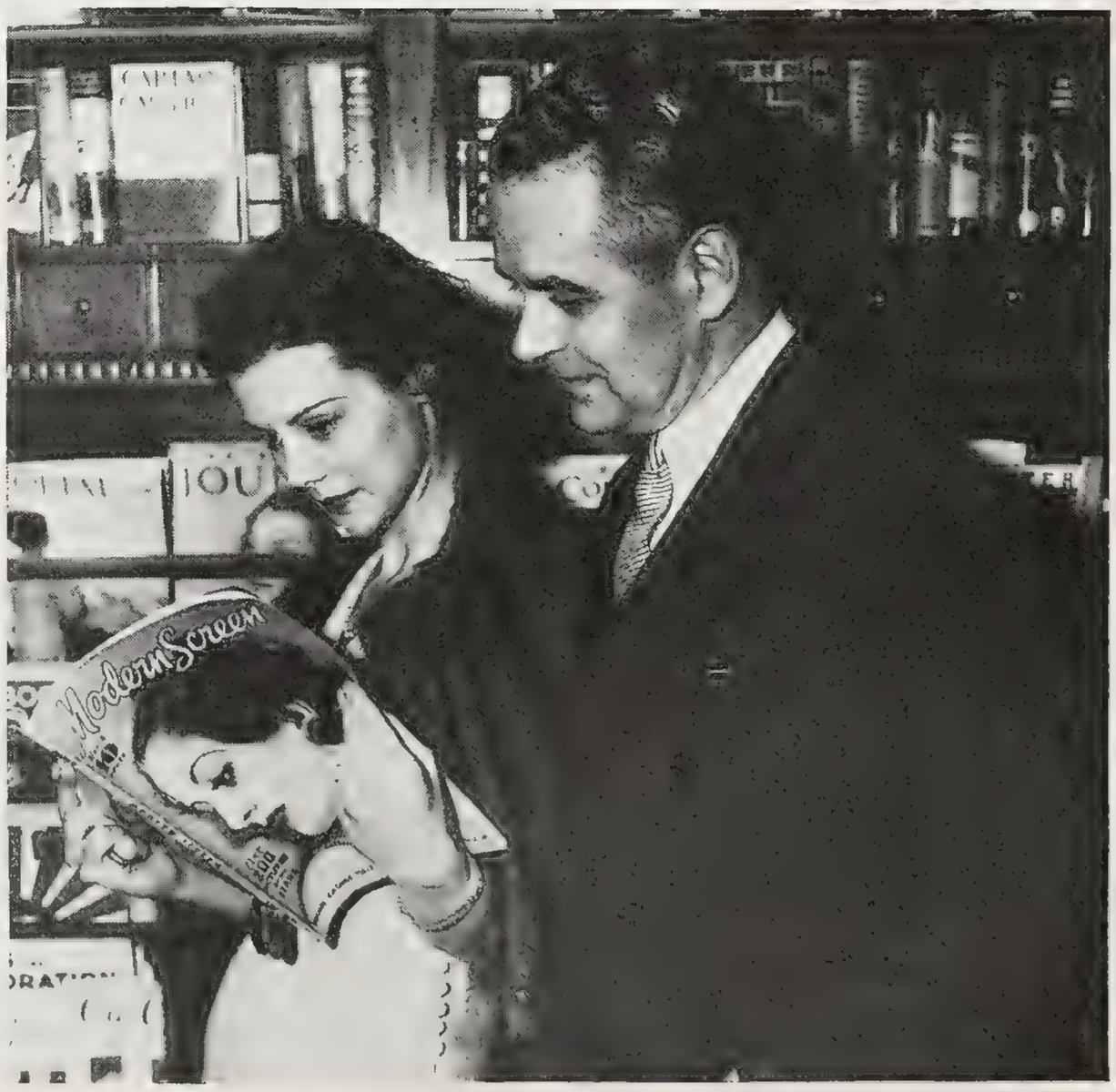
"Always," Jean admits, "I've found it difficult to talk with the people I like a lot. Because I'm naturally an idol worshipper, I suppose."

That I count an enlightening remark. For, after all, if we weren't impressed with people, even if it's only subconsciously, we wouldn't mark what we said to them or how we said it or whether we were interesting. We wouldn't feel any obligation in the way of making conversation in their presence in the first place. We'd be as offhand and at ease and independent as we are in the midst of our families.

"I remember a party Gloria Swanson gave," Jean went on. "Gloria's someone I've always admired tremendously. She's so colorful and glamorous. So beautiful, too.

"Consequently at Gloria's party I couldn't open my mouth. I mean I literally couldn't open my mouth. It refused to obey my will. You've heard of the little fellow who asked his mother if his arms were sewed on or tacked on. Well, my mouth might as well have been sewed or tacked closed.

"And even if I could have forced sounds out of it I wouldn't have been able to think of one thing to say. I had stage fright at a dinner party!



Newlyweds! Helen Mack and her new husband, Charles Irwin, look over our favorite mag in the Ambassador Drug emporium!

"Well, I remember giving myself time. I didn't try to force myself. I just sat. And listened. Nodded at appropriate intervals. This saved me.

"Someone always will talk. And you always can listen. In this way you earn popularity. And then, warmed by the evidence of people liking you, you'll find something will melt or snap or come to life inside of you, and you'll talk without difficulty."

Rule three then:

Don't try to talk if you don't feel like it and can't think of anything to say. Let someone else talk. You listen. There's no surer route to popularity. And once you feel popular you'll talk all right. Never fear!

NORMA SHEARER also says "Listen!" But there's quite another reason behind Norma's admonition.

"I can think of nothing which has helped me more in learning to talk than my work in the studios," Norma told me. "For it taught me to listen. On the screen if you don't listen attentively it becomes very evident. And you give the undesirable impression of standing there waiting for your next line.

"The same thing applies socially, I think. If we will listen when someone is talking to us instead of thinking, 'Oh, what *am* I going to say when he's finished!' there's an excellent chance that something that's said will lead us to a natural comment."

"How else has your work helped you to talk?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "in the last several years I've learned thousands of lines. They've been colorful lines, amusing and gay, too. Certainly they have enlarged my vocabulary, helped me to acquire a nicer word sense.

"Those who aren't actresses can acquire the same results, however, by reading. While you may not actually memorize phrases or words by reading you do gain fluency. It also implants a greater variety of ideas and impressions in the mind. With the result that you have more to say in time and are likely to say it to better advantage."

Rules four and five:

Listen attentively when someone is talking instead of going into a twitch wondering what you're going to say next.

Read. In order to acquire ideas and impressions and a greater fluency with words and phrases.

AND now if I may be allowed a personal observation I'd like to talk about a woman I met in a shop the other day. Neither I nor the gentleman who was with me knew this woman more than slightly. She showed us some wooden plates and earthen bowls she was buying for a cellar tap room she was furnishing in her Rhode Island farm house. She commented in passing upon Austria where she had spent the last few years.

"What an interesting woman!" the gentleman I was with said, when we had made our way through the revolving doors and were in the street. "She certainly is getting a kick out of fixing up that tap room, isn't she? See her eyes shine?"

Actually it wasn't so much what this casual acquaintance had said which had made her interesting and a colorful talker. It was her animation. She was enriched by the radiance everyone has when they're keen about something they're doing, when they bring enthusiasm to whatever they are talking about.

All of which reminds one of Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia isn't at all a voluble person. She's quiet, usually, unless the conversation interests her. But when she's interested, she may be counted upon to enhance what she has to say by the warm timber of her voice, the impulsive little gestures she makes with her pretty hands, and the shine in her green eyes.

Another thing. Sylvia always gets to the point. She never is slow with her speech. She doesn't meander to establish a date if this date isn't important to her story. She isn't one of those people who say, "It was three years ago. No, it must have been four years ago. Because three years ago the baby had croup and we didn't go out during the holidays. Although, come to think of it, it wasn't during the holidays, it was later, after all."

Sylvia says what she has to say. She doesn't give her listeners time to get ahead of her story, to anticipate what she is going to tell them. Neither does she repeat herself so that she loses attention.

However, Sylvia didn't always talk with ease.

YOU know," Sylvia said, "how you can start a story, but then, after a sentence or two, there's a little 'awk' sound in your throat. . . .

"That used to happen to me. Whereupon I'd shut up like the old clam.

"But not forever. Only long enough to find fresh courage, when I'd force myself to say something else that I had to say. As time went on I got further and further along in my stories before that 'awk' happened in my throat. After a time, there were some evenings when it wouldn't overtake me at all. And finally it disappeared entirely."

Certainly if you're one of those people who has difficulty in talking because of self-consciousness, you have a fight on your hands and the sooner you begin to battle with it the better. You simply can't quit!

And this brings us to three more rules —six, seven and eight:

Bring enthusiasm to what you have to say, so the brightness in your eye and the timber of your speech and the impulsive gestures of your hands will enrich your conversation.

Say what you have to say without giving your listeners time to get ahead of your story or to turn in boredom to their own thoughts.

If you find an "awk" in your throat when you start to talk, because of self-consciousness, finish what you have to say the best you can. But don't let this experience stop you from talking the next time you want to say something.

It is so important to talk well. For being a good talker is likely to serve as a passport to success in both the business and the social world. And it is, after all, only by being able to express those things in which we're interested, those things we feel, and those things we think, that we give people a chance to know us. It isn't, certainly, because we happen to wear a green dress or part our hair on the side or have blue eyes or because of any other equally superficial thing, that people are drawn to us and seek to know us better.



—the blush of good health may start on the tennis court—but I know that if I'm to keep in 'championship' form I must watch my diet, too. That's why Shredded Wheat and milk are in first place on my breakfast menu."

Shredded Wheat teamed with rich milk and juicy fruits or berries is a high scoring diet combination. Gives you a perfect balance of Nature's vital health elements—in their most delicious and digestible form.



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It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx, which I can prove:

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

(3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer—your money back, without question, if you don't agree that I can beautify your eyes.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with my Winx Cake Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason,* return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Louise Ross



The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 13*)

carrots and very small peeled white onions. A little water (giving the vegetables a little longer to cook) and diced potatoes are added. The stew continues to cook until potatoes, vegetables and meat are tender. Dumplings are a delicious addition to an already succulent dish.

Another grand meat-and-vegetable combination is one that Blanche bakes in the oven, all at the same time. It consists of pork chops, with sage dressing cooked in the same pan with yams and apples, accompanied by baked tomatoes, stuffed and topped with some of the dressing. This is simply swell I discovered when I tried out Blanche's recipe in my own test kitchen. The sweetened juices of the apples and the yams season the chops, and the sage dressing imparts a delightfully original flavor to both chops and tomatoes.

Another recipe is one I have named in Bing's honor, "Crosby Casserole." This is Blanche's idea of a perfect way to combine thrift with nutrition. Like all good cooks she has her own pet ideas along these lines. So, when the Crosbys sit down to roast lamb (or roast beef, pork, veal) on Sunday, Monday's dinner will consist of the same meat, skillfully masquerading (with the ever-present vegetables) under a feathery crown of biscuits.

Even young Gary Crosby, two years old in June, is allowed to sample the vegetables of this dish. That is if he can tear himself away from the dilapidated fly-swatter (!) (that is his favorite toy of the moment) or from Duchess, the Crosby spaniel who lavishes her affection and kisses on everyone. Of course the twins, Dennis Michael and Philip Lang, crying lustily in their nursery, are too young for this thrifty delicacy.

WHEN Bing returns from a fishing trip with his crony, Richard Arlen, Blanche immediately gets out her skillet and chopping bowl. Mindful of the ever-important vegetables, she makes up Baked Fish à la Constantinople, which is equally good whether the fish used is swordfish, sea-bass or yellow tail. This is a dish fit for a Sultan, indeed, whether the Sultan of Song or the Sultan of your domicile. You'll find the recipe on this page.

Old-fashioned Pot Roast with Vegetables is a great favorite, in the Crosby household. Blanche's version calls for onions, carrots, tomatoes, celery and other things. You may recall that a couple of months ago I gave you a recipe for the kind of pot roast Clark Gable favors, which is cooked without vegetables of any kind. I'm not going to take sides in this controversy but I do advise you to send for the Crosby version, too, and see for yourself which you prefer!

In order to get the recipe for this Pot Roast all you have to do is to fill out and mail the coupon at the end of this article. The free leaflet this month includes, besides the Pot Roast, recipes for the Crosby Casserole and the Dixie Pork Chop combination. By sending in your coupon promptly you will also receive a recipe for "Mississippi Special"—a rich, toothsome dessert that rightly has no place in this treatise on lowly, healthful vegetables. However, as it is Bing's favorite sweet, I am going to throw discretion to the winds and include it in the leaflet.

As a fitting reward for consuming lots of vegetables, Bing's favorite sweet might be served as a Grand Prize to your own favorite male or adored youngster. But perhaps, if you follow some of the recipes for meat-and-vegetable combinations à la Crosby, no reward will be necessary since all are so appetizing in themselves. Anyway they're well worth the small amount of effort it takes for you to secure your own attractively printed set—FREE!

Here's the fish recipe:

BAKED FISH A LA CONSTANTINOPLE

3 to 4 pounds fresh fish (sea-bass, yellow tail or sword fish)
6 carrots
3 large potatoes
2 large onions
¼ cup olive oil
3 large tomatoes, sliced
½ cup chopped parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 lemons

Peel carrots and cut into quarters, lengthwise. Peel and dice potatoes. Cook together 10 minutes in boiling, salted water. Drain thoroughly. Meanwhile cook peeled and sliced onions in olive oil in a skillet to a deep golden brown. Place the fish in a deep baking pan. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Arrange onions and parboiled vegetables in pan around fish. Cover fish with tomatoes, sliced. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, remaining teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and paprika. Over this lay thin slices of lemons. Bake, uncovered in hot oven (400°F.), 45 to 55 minutes or until fish is tender.



Genial, dancing Jack Buchanan, star of "Brewster's Millions."

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.
MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Please send me Bing Crosby's recipes for June, 1935.

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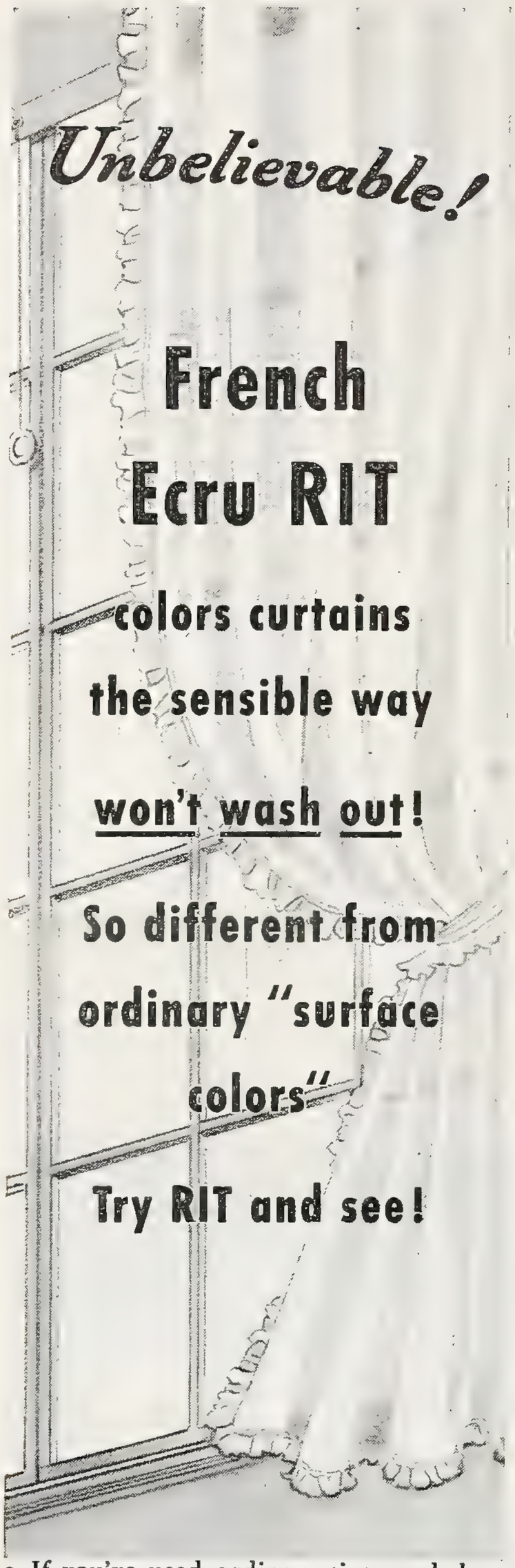
Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(*Continued from page 43*)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Kentucky Kernels (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	1★	0	0	4★	2★	3★	2★
Kid Millions (Sam Goldwyn)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Lady by Choice (Columbia)	4★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	2★	1★	1★	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	1★	2★	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	0	4★	4★	3★	3★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	0	0	4★	3★	0	2★
The Little Minister (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	0	0	2★	3★	3★	3★
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Uni.)	3★	3★	2★	4★	2★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Marie Galante (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	0	1★	2★	2★	2★
The Marines Are Coming (Mascot)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1★	0	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	0	2★	3★	2½★	0	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★
Menace (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	4★	3★	3★	3★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Mills of the Gods (Columbia)	2★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	0	0	2★	0	2★	2★	0
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Music in the Air (Fox)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
The Mysterious Mr. Wong (Monogram)	1★	1★	0	2★	0	1★	0	2★	0	2★	0	0	0	0	2★	
The Mystery of Edwin Drood (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	0	2★	2★	2★	2★
Night Life of the Gods (Universal)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
One Hour Late (Paramount)	3★	0	0	2★	0	0	0	2★	0	0	0	0	0	0	2½★	0
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
Outcast Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	2★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The Perfect Clue (Majestic)	2★	0	2★	2★	0	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	0	0	0	2★	2★	2★
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	0	0	5★	5★	4★	5★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	0	2★	2★	3★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Red Hot Tires (First National)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	0	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★	0	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	0	5★	5★	5★	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	4★	2½★	3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	0	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	4★	2½★	3★
The Silver Streak (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	General Ratings
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★	0	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★
There's Always Tomorrow (Universal)	3★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★	0	4★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
365 Nights in Hollywood (Fox)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	1½★	3★	2★	0	0	3★	2★	2★	2★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	0	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	0	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	0	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Wednesday's Child (RKO)	2★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	4★	3★	3★	0	3★	3★	3★	3★
We Live Again (20th Century)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★	0	2½★	2★	2★	0	2★	3★	4★	3★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	0	2½★	0	2½★	3★	2½★	0	0	3★	3★	2★	2★
While the Patient Slept (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	0	2½★	2½★	1★	0	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★
The White Parade (Fox)	4★	0	3★	0	3★	3★	4★	3½★	0	4★	0	0	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★	0	2★	2★	0	3★	0	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	0	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	0	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★





• If you've used ordinary tints and dyes that have to be applied each time you wash your curtains—you won't *believe* that French Ecru Rit lasts through many washings—looks bright for months.

The secret is a patented ingredient in Rit that makes the color *soak in deeper.* When you take your curtains down for housecleaning—TRY Rit and be amazed at the difference.

FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

For *all* tinting and dyeing, Rit is easier, quicker and more economical because more lasting. Even dark colors can be applied without the old-time prolonged boiling that weakens fabrics. Sold everywhere.

FRENCH ECRU RIT FOR CURTAINS



NOT A SOAP!

Rit is a convenient *scored* wafer; easier to measure; won't sift out of the package

What Really Happened?

(*Continued from page 46*)

lightning will strike?

How do they work? Here are a few examples out of the now-harmless past:

All the world knows the tragic story of Wallace Reid, best beloved of the stars. After a long and valiant struggle, he succumbed to the ravages of drug addiction at the age of thirty-two, the world learned this at the time of his death. But if it had not been for the tireless efforts of a handful of studio publicity experts, the world would have known all about it at least two years before the tragic end. Reid would have been ruined professionally at the height of his career and his employers would have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in potential revenue.

Many of Reid's studio friends suspected the true condition and a few of them really knew of his dope addiction at least two years before the end. But Reid denied it emphatically to studio authorities, and there was no proof.

Then one day a quietly-dressed young fellow presented himself at the studio gate and asked for Wally. Word was relayed to Reid and he okayed the stranger's admission to the set where the actor was at work. But he did not know that a group of State Narcotic Board detectives were following. When they closed in on the stranger, he tried to toss away a cigarette case filled with neat little bundles of heroin. Under cross-examination he admitted he was delivering them to Reid. And the latter admitted they were for him but insisted he was using them in "scientific experimentation."

THE dope peddler was hustled off to jail. In less than an hour a shifty-eyed lawyer called on Reid and informed the latter unless he raised five thousand dollars at once as a "defense fund" for the peddler, that gentleman would tell plenty.

Enter the publicity experts. A hurried search uncovered a friend of the incarcerated peddler. He was drafted as spokesman and dispatched to the jail house. He was instructed to tell the accused man that he would be released on bail and every effort made to defend him if he would get rid of his shyster attorney and place himself completely in the hands of the "suppress agent." Eventually he agreed.

The next move was to enlist the services of the best criminal lawyer in town. Through his efforts bail was reduced materially. Since Reid's name must be kept out of it, at all costs, a studio executive was persuaded to loan the necessary bonds which were posted.

Now arose an unexpected complication—the young wife of the peddler was about to become a mother and the father-to-be had no means of support. The press agent in charge called on Mrs. Reid (Dorothy Davenport) and explained. From her own household allowance, she supported the expectant mother and when it was necessary for the girl to go to a maternity hospital, Mrs. Reid paid all of the bills.

But the agent for all of the arrangements was the aforesaid press agent; the Reid name must not be linked with the case in any way. To this day the heads of a certain lying-in hospital in Los Angeles believe the child born there was the illegitimate offspring of the publicity man who conducted the negotiations and ostensibly paid the bill!

The case was scheduled to be heard by a Federal judge who was famous for the lengthy sentences he dealt out to drug distributors. An effort was made to soften him a bit by playing on his sympathies in this particular instance but without result. So it became necessary to pull a thousand strings and have the case transferred to an equally honest but more lenient judge.

Eventually, because it was the first offense and because of the young wife and child, the peddler received the extremely light sentence of only six months in a local jail (and a very comfortable one, as jails go). Deeply grateful for all that had been done for him, he protected Wallace Reid's name until the day of his death. And that came the day after Reid passed away; the peddler died a suicide twenty-four hours after the actor's death.

Fly-by-night publishers periodically have fattened on the troubles of the motion picture industry. But one offender was neatly halted in his tracks and effectually handcuffed for all time without a whisper of unfavorable publicity.

This "publisher" had accumulated a half-dozen of the more commonplace whispered tales of the Hollywood of a decade ago. These had been embellished imaginatively and the names of the principals thinly disguised by such childish subterfuges as the changing of "Betty" to "Letty."

This collection of obscenity was duly printed, bound and offered for sale on the newsstands of the country. Fortunately for the menaced film folk, an advance copy fell into friendly hands before the edition was actually in circulation.

The "suppress" agent went to work. The "publisher" was shrewd enough to ship his merchandise by railway express across the country, instead of using the parcel post. But he made one serious slip; he *mailed* a copy of it to the copyright bureau in Washington, D. C. That error laid him low.

The studio representative promptly got in touch with an old friend, an assistant in the office of the U. S. District Attorney. Here was a clear violation of the law covering the sending of obscene matter through the mails. Federal agents

(*Continued on page 86*)



Margot Grahame, English star, who just finished "The Informer" for RKO.

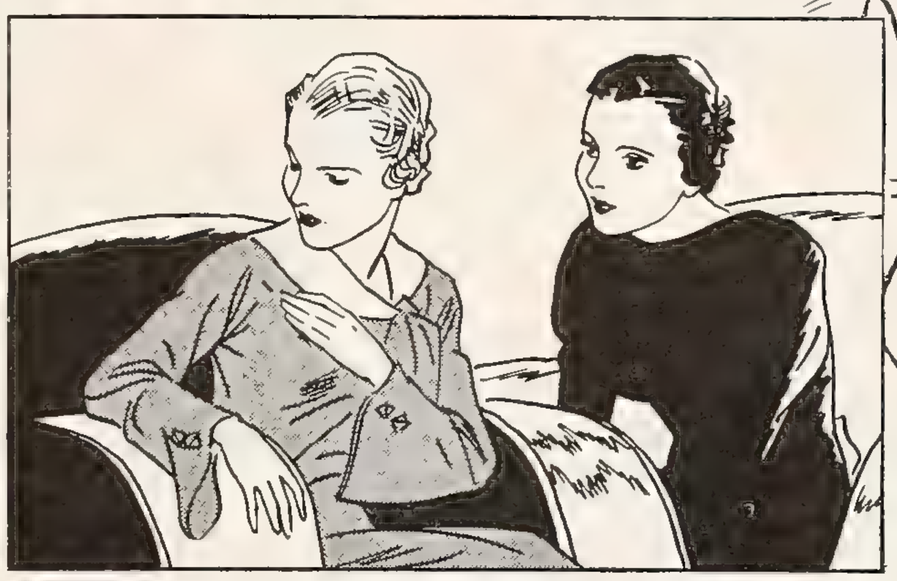
Helen didn't mean to be CARELESS





MARY: Why does Helen have such a poor time at parties?

JANE: The men simply won't dance with her—it's a shame she's so careless.



HELEN: Just look, I've spoiled another dress under the arms! In spite of everything I do, I can never feel safe in a warm room.

MARY: Why don't you use Kleinert's Dress Shields? You'll never need to worry again—they're *guaranteed* to protect your dress.



(Next day)—

HELEN: What kind of Kleinert's Shields do you recommend?

SALESCLERK: They're all good but I think you would be especially pleased with their new Blue Label BOILABLE shields—hot soap suds get everything so sweet and clean.



(A week later)—

HELEN: There! I've put Kleinert's Dress Shields in every dress I own. Mary says they will prevent friction and weakening of the fabric as well as perspiration stains.

JANE: I'm so glad you insisted on Kleinert's—it always seems silly to accept a substitute when genuine Kleinert's cost as little as 25c a pair. Well—I must run along home—be sure to come early tonight, it's going to be a good party.



Regardless of anything else you may do, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields to protect your dress. When *genuine* Kleinert's Dress Shields cost as little as 25c a pair, why should you risk your dress by even one careless wearing. Women who dress well have discovered that clothes last longer and look better if the underarms are protected from friction, staining, and weakening of the fabric by perspiration chemicals.

When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl . . . Washable . . . Some are pinless . . . From 25c to $1.00 each . . . All Notion Counters.

Kleinert's
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DRESS SHIELDS



"WHEN I first saw Clopay 15c Window Shades, it was hard to believe they cost so little. They actually look many times their price. Dainty chintz-like patterns. Plain colors are exceptionally attractive."

Clopays are amazingly durable, too. Cannot crack, pinhole or ravel on the edges. Patented creped texture also makes them hang straight, roll straight, wear longer. Attach to old rollers in a jiffy without tacks or tools. Used daily in over a million homes. See CLOPAYS at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to the

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1420 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



New **FABRAY**
Out-does Oilcloth

"As much as I save on CLOPAY Shades—I am even more astonished by value in FABRAY! It looks and wears like oilcloth, yet costs ⅓ to ½ less. Better still, it will not crack or peel. The many designs are simply stunning and the colors and patterns in extremely good taste."

FABRAY is entirely new—has the same surface as oilcloth, yet can be creased or folded without cracking or peeling because its backing is solid, tough fibre instead of scrim. As easy to wash as tile. FABRAY in all standard table and shelf widths is at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 10c for 2½-yard roll of shelving—state color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1426 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

(*Continued from page 84*)

were dispatched to locate and confiscate the plates from which the book was printed.

But now arose another difficulty. If the case went to trial, all of the evidence would be part of the court records and as such available to every newspaper in the world. So this is how this problem was solved: The "publisher" was haled into the Federal building and the seriousness of his crime thoroughly explained to him. The plates were stored in the Federal archives as evidence. If one copy of his book was sold, out would come the plates and into jail he would go. That ended that.

Not always are the trouble shooters infallible. When word of the mysterious death of William Desmond Taylor was flashed to the studio where he had been an ace director, a studio representative galloped to the scene arriving neck and neck with the police and ahead of the newspapermen. Unfortunately for one of the two feminine stars whose names were dragged into the case the studio man did not know all the details of the household arrangements. True, he did manage to see that a certain group of letters reached the District Attorney without passing through the hands of the press but he overlooked an incriminating bit of apparel and other small items of evidence which later proved embarrassing. The authorities convinced themselves that neither of the ladies involved had killed Taylor but a great deal of damage was done.

There are veteran publicity trouble-shooters in Hollywood today who insist that, if the studio authorities and lawyers had acted on the publicity men's advice, Roscoe Arbuckle would have been cleared immediately of the ugly charge brought against him in connection with the death of a minor motion picture actress in his San Francisco hotel suite.

Here was no case of covering up anything; the tragedy had happened. But the press agents argued that Roscoe should be allowed to tell his side of the story. The lawyers insisted that he remain silent; that the case be tried in court. The press was hungry for news and an ambitious prosecuting attorney and his assistant saw that the news services received plenty of material. But it was all on one side. Arbuckle's silence, according to the publicity boys, convicted him in the public's mind, before the case ever went to trial.

As proof of their contention that public opinion could have been swayed, they cite the following very different but parallel case wherein a timely statement turned the tide:

AN interlocutory decree of divorce was granted to Rudolf Valentino and his first wife, Jean Acker. Under the California divorce laws, neither party may re-marry until the expiration of a year, when the decree becomes final.

Before the year was up, Valentino fell in love with Natacha Rambova and wished to marry her. After a series of consultations with his lawyer, the actor was advised that he could be married in Old Mexico without legal complications. So across the border the pair went and were duly married by a Mexican jefe. They returned to the U. S. and hied themselves to Palm Springs, California, for their honeymoon.

All might have been well but for the ambition of an assistant district attorney of Los Angeles County. Scenting headlines, he announced that Valentino had committed bigamy.

Valentino heard of this in the early hours of the morning and drove the rest of the night in order to be at the district attorney's office in the morning to clear himself. But again a lawyer, with characteristic professional caution, warned Valentino not to talk.

Immediately there was a terrific hue and cry! Valentino was a fugitive from justice, the assistant D. A. shouted in bold-face headlines. Valentino was nothing of the sort but his silence made it appear so.

Finally, the publicity trouble-shooter persuaded the studio authorities to let him take charge of the case. Here was the screen's great lover accused of bigamy. It looked simple enough to the press agent. So with the star's approval, the publicity man drafted a Valentino statement for the press which read as follows:

"I married Miss Rambova because I love her more than anything in life. I did it on the advice of my lawyers who told us we were violating no law. If we have done wrong, we will separate until my divorce becomes final and then be remarried. But right or wrong, whatever I have done, I have done for love."

That was too much for the Valentino fans. So he had done it for love! They welcomed him back, marriage and all. Public opinion made a martyr of Valentino; he was being persecuted for love! The case was quietly dropped.

OCCASIONALLY it has been possible to turn adverse winds into favorable breezes by ballyhooing the entire incident to the point of sheer farce. Bebe Daniels' brief sojourn in the bastille, some years ago, on a speeding charge serves as a perfect example of this technique.

Hollywood is in Los Angeles County which adjoins Orange County in Southern California. At the time this happened, the latter was famous for its war on reckless motorists. Speed traps dotted Orange County's fine highways and an honest and courageous judge handed out jail sentences to one and all, regardless of the business, social or political affiliations of the offender.

Touring across Orange County, Bebe made the grave mistake of bearing down a little too hard on the accelerator. Wheeeeee! And there was the charming Bebe face to face with a visit to the hoose-gow!

Once again the studio trouble-shooter moved into action. But there was precious little to be done. The judge snorted at the suggestion of a fine or a suspended sentence. Bebe Daniels or Jane Doe—they were all alike to him. Ten days in jail and no maybe about it was the final edict.

Then one of the publicity lads came up with the winning suggestion. Of course Bebe would serve her sentence! And every man, woman and child who could spell out simple English would read about it before, during and after her incarceration!

Bebe went to jail to the tune of the greatest publicity blast the motion picture industry had known up to that time. Friends, sympathizers and admirers from the four points of the compass deluged her jail quarters with flowers, books and candy. A friendly jailer even permitted her to have a phonograph. The press was flooded with photos of the star en route to jail, behind the bars, with the matron, eating prison fare, chatting with other traffic offenders, etcetera, etcetera. Her jail diary was featured in many newspapers throughout the country. Her stay in jail eventually developed most of the features of a three-ring circus. The studio even cashed in on this publicity avalanche, subsequently, by starring Miss Daniels in a picture called "The Speed Girl."

The Stories Behind the Song Hits

(*Continued from page 63*)

'Lullaby of Broadway.' In it you'll recognize (we hope you will, anyway) the milk wagons going through Times Square at dawning, the honking of taxis' horns, the ermine-coated and swallow-tailed gentry and you'll even recognize the hired silk hats that they wear when you sing, 'The rumble of a subway train, the rattle of the taxis, the daffydils who entertain at Angelo's and Maxie's . . .'"

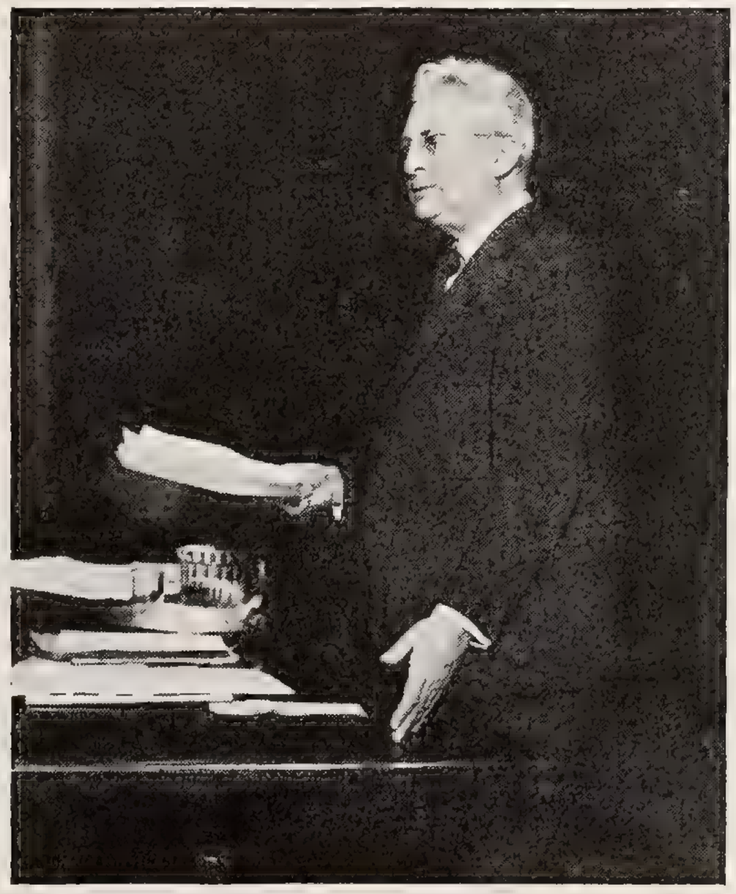
"Yeah," put in Al, "and don't forget the swell looking theatre doormen. Gosh, please don't make us tell you any more about it. We're liable to break down and weep on your shoulder."

IT wasn't homesickness, however, that inspired these two prolific boys to spin another hit-no-errors, for "Gold Diggers of 1935." There's a tune from it called "I'm Goin' Shoppin' With You." But let Al, who has completely recovered, tell you about it.

"There's a scene in the picture between Alice Brady and Gloria Stuart in which Gloria puts up woman's eternal cry that she hasn't anything to wear. It looked like a good spot for a song, so Harry and I put our two curly heads together, but we couldn't think up an idea. One day Busby Berkeley, who directed the dancing, came in late for rehearsal. We asked him why he was tardy. Whereupon he excused himself by saying that he had been out shopping with his missus. You see," Al's voice took on an apologetic note, "he's been married only a few months and he's still foolish enough to go along on a shopping tour with a woman."

"So-o-o-o," it was Harry's turn, "Bus's tardiness was good for something. It gave us an idea for a song. We wrote 'I'm Goin' Shoppin' With You,' which goes like this: 'Whenever you go shoppin' to buy a dress that's new, Honey, I'll keep my eye on the dresses you try on, 'Cause I'm goin' shoppin' with you . . .'"

The songs which Al Jolson sings in "Go Into Your Dance" were inspired by the star. The boys just had to build the



Here is the man responsible for those lovely lyrics in "Roberta," Otto Harbach.

"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Every time I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet—and I won't be good! I'm mad!"



"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water—and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"



"Hurray! When I'm under that dandy powder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"





"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin—I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



Here is something that will make your job of keeping sweet just twice as easy. It's a new kind of deodorant. No need to spread it on or rub it in with the fingers. No need to dig into a jar. No waiting for it to dry, and you can use it right after shaving.

This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick—applied as easily as a lipstick. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odor for the day.

Its name? Perstik. And because it is the size and shape of a lipstick, it is easy to keep in your purse for use during the day or evening. If you have ever—even for a single moment—suspected the presence of under-arm odor when away from your boudoir, you will appreciate having a Perstik with you in your purse at all times.



Department stores and druggists throughout the world feature Perstik. 50c. Or send 10c for trial size to "Perstik, 467C, Fifth Avenue, New York City."

Perstik
THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

numbers around Al's personality, which is a comparatively easy thing to do when the subject is someone like Jolson. All they had to do was to write a new kind of "Mammy" song for him called, "Mammy I'll Sing About You," and they let him do the rest, permitting him to change the lyrics when he thought they didn't suit him.

"But 'She's A Latin From Manhattan,' from the same picture, was inspired by Ruby Keeler, Al's missus," said Harry. "In the picture Ruby's supposed to dress up as a Spanish señorita. I visualized little Irish Ruby with her pert nose and Erin blue eyes all togged out in a colorful Spanish skirt and a mantilla. Somehow the two didn't mix, you know, like Irish potatoes and Spanish onions. And there, little children, was our idea for 'She's a Latin from Manhattan,' Tho' she does the rhumba from Tenth Avenue . . . Señorita Donahue.'"

"'A Good Old-Fashioned Cocktail With A Good Old-Fashioned Girl,' also sung by Ruby, was inspired by the way Ruby and Al used to hold hands between pictures. Can you imagine a husband and wife married as long as they are still showing affection in public? We thought Ruby was pretty old-fashioned, and it gave us an idea for this ditty: 'If you're feeling kind of lonely and you feel you need a pal, Have a good old-fashioned cocktail with a good old-fashioned gal . . .'"

SAM COSLOW turned out all the hits for Carl Brisson's initial starring picture, "All The King's Horses." There's a story behind one of the important numbers called "A Little White Gardenia," too. Evidently there are movie fans in England who are as violent as those we have in America. For Carl Brisson, while starring in British pictures, was the daily recipient of a white gardenia via florist delivery, sent by an unknown admirer. Carl happened to tell the incident to Coslow and, presto, the seed for "A Little White Gardenia," was sown, which starts out with "For I bring a little white gardenia, as refreshing as a day in May . . ."

"When My Prince Charming Comes Along," from the same picture, was Sam Coslow's nice way of paying a compliment to the star of "All The King's Horses." Brisson is Sam's idea of an airmail answer to a woman's prayer.

Otto Harbach, the grand old man who has been ringing the bell and bringing home the bacon for nigh on to twenty-seven years, gets his ideas from situations only. Otto needs no man, beast nor incident to inspire him, though he may need a couple of birds, as you'll discover if you read on. Otto inserts numbers for shows only when a musical number presents itself automatically.

"My songs are naturally produced. If you saw 'Roberta,' you'll recall the band of music which was part of the plot. With an orchestra right on the stage, a singing number is obviously necessary. I don't like this business of putting a scene in an office and suddenly having the boss open his mouth to yodel a love song to his stenographer. To me that's ridiculous and far-fetched. There may be rhyme to a situation like that but certainly no reason.

"People have asked me many times how I got the idea for 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.' They thought that my wife might have been learning to smoke and had got some in mine. No, I'm afraid that would have inspired a calling-down, not a title. The idea for the song came from the plot of the story. The Russian princess is in love with a man, who, she thinks, loves another. She is miserable. I said to myself, 'Let me see if I can't think of some expression that sounds like a Russian proverb and would fit a situation like that.' I thought hard and then I manufactured one, 'When Your Heart's On Fire, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.'"

Harbach is a very thorough mechanic. He applies more of the technique of the business man to his songwriting than that of the artist. Many years ago he wrote "Love Nest" by simply comparing it to a dove nest. To make that scene stand out, he went to the director and asked him to train a couple of doves so they'd fly around the stage and come back to their nest.

"The director said he had enough to do to train the human birds, so I went to work and trained them myself. I got the idea of putting some food in the nest so that they'd always fly back there. It never failed to work. By the time the play was over, we had enough doves for ten road companies."

"Lovely To Look At," another hit song from "Roberta," was written especially for the picture by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh. These two tunesmiths conceived the idea for "Lovely To Look At" by watching the fashion show scene, one of the most beautiful in the picture. Both agreed that the mannequins, parading their clothes, were not only lovely to look at, but lovely enough to be loved. With that inspiration, they sat themselves down and wrote "Lovely to look at, Delightful to know and heaven to kiss . . ."

"HUNKA DOLA," written by Jack Yellen, Cliff Friend and Joseph Meyer for "Scandals of 1935" and which is sung by Alice Faye, Lyda Roberti and Jimmy Dunn, was inspired by a charming maid, aged two. The boys were having trouble. George White, who conceived both the names and steps of Black Bottom, Charleston and other dance routines, invented another dance for "Scandals," but he couldn't think of a name for it. The boys had written the music, the steps had been invented and practiced, but what were they to call it? They thought and thought and thought but no title could they think of. They decided if they couldn't feed their brains, they might as well feed their stomachs. So they went into a restaurant. A woman and a small girl sat opposite them. The former munched on a roll. "Wanta hunka dola," said the little one.

Jack turned to Cliff, Cliff turned to Joe and they raised one glorious "whoop." "Hunka Dola" was the perfect title for a dance number.

Sammy Fain and Irving Kahal, who composed the lyrics and music for "Goin' To Town," had as swell a time as a guy with binoculars at a nudist colony. Their subject was Mae West and all they had to do was to think of her and write a song around her. Nevertheless, "Now I'm A Lady" was inspired by the original title of the picture and by an incident which happened on the set.

"It was a blue Monday, and we were all in the dumps," said Sammy. "The censors (remember them?) had just banned 'Belle of the Nineties.' Everyone was discouraged except Mae who kept her good spirits. 'The Liberty Bell and I are very much alike,' said Mae. 'My Liberty's half cracked, too. But it means that from now on, I'm a lady.' That gave her the idea for a picture and gave us the idea for a song."

So you see how it is! An idea may come from the air, a personality or a situation. The next time you hum a tune, think of the poor writers who had to wrack their tired brains to get the inspiration. Think of them and give them a great big hand.

Do You Believe This Story?

(*Continued from page 31*)

I said, "Tell me about . . . the house, please. . ."

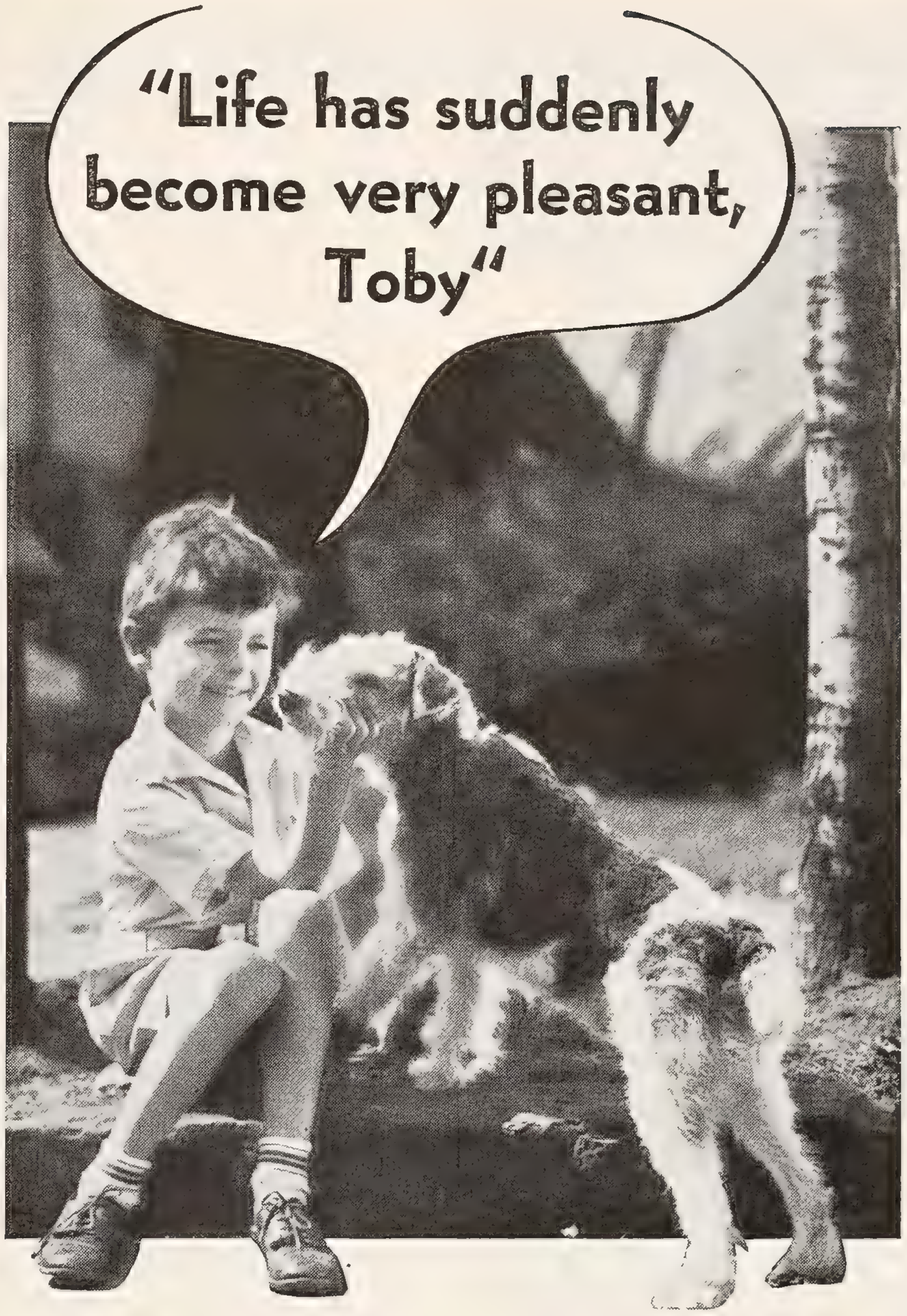
He said, "Your fancy may crawl away from the telling of such a tale. Your readers may not believe. But in order to tell you about the house I must go back a little way. You know that I am married a fourth time. Yes, you know that. You have heard about my—my other wives. You know that I come from the black mountains of Hungary where, in the arms of my old nurse, I heard the tales of vampires and saw their victims. Ah, yes, as I grew older and could take notice of things about me I saw many a young man and young woman pale and sicken and seem to die with no cause given. I had a skeptical mind. I read widely. I made a brave attempt to laugh off such nonsense. Folklore gone mad, I told myself. I would shake off the charnel-house odors of such foul superstitions. . .

"And then, I met the woman. Her age was indeterminable. She was an actress. She was not outstandingly beautiful. Her hair was a pale brown. Her skin was deathly pale at times; at other times it was a blood, blood red—that was when she had been fed. Her mouth was thin and ravenous. Her teeth were tiny, and pointed. She had been married many times. There had been many lovers. One never asked what had become of them. Men feared her—and went to her at her command. Husbands left their wives because of her.

I HAD a wife, too, and two sons. Yes I have two sons of whom I have never spoken. They are grown boys now. I have never seen them since I—I left. I have never, from that day to this, sent so much as a picture postcard home. Nor have I had one. How should I? I burned all my bridges behind me when I left more than fifteen years ago. It was safer to have no communication of any earthly kind. I wish I could say that I did not care, that the thought of those two young men of mine did not matter to me. But I do care, it does matter. However, to get back. . . . At that time I was living the normal life of a young man of the town. I had played Romeo, with some success.



"Hot Dog!" growls Bonzo as he trys to snatch a bite from Betty Furness.



For this little citizen a sombre world has suddenly brightened.

His mother has given him his first taste of Fletcher's Castoria — the children's laxative. And did he *love* it!



That delicious taste is *important*. It means no more of the struggles that a bad-tasting laxative causes — that all too often upset a child's nerves, his digestion, his whole delicate little system.

That's why even the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children!



It is also prepared just as carefully for a child's *needs*.

It contains only ingredients that are suitable for a child—no harsh, purging drugs that so many "grown-up" laxatives contain. Fletcher's Castoria will never cause griping pains. It is not habit-forming. It is completely, perfectly *safe*. It is very gentle—yet very *thorough*.



Rely on Fletcher's Castoria whenever your child needs a laxative—from babyhood to 11 years. Get a bottle today—look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher.* Save money—get the Family-Size bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years



MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids will make YOUR eyes lovely enough to sing about—

Poets and artists have always paid high tribute to the most important feature of woman's beauty —her eyes. The fascination of long, dark, curling lashes, softly shaded eyelids, and well-groomed brows have made even the plainest woman appear charming and most attractive.

Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now darken your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, with Maybelline Mascara, and presto—the artist in you will bring out the poet in HIM!



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

*Ben Jonson

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

I was said to be of outstanding appearance. I had a genial disposition and a happy outlook on life.

"Then I met—her. The very first time I was introduced to her I broke out into a deathly cold sweat. My heart and pulse raced and then seemed to stop, dead. I lost control of my limbs and faltered in my speech. I was never happy in her presence. I felt always sick and dizzy and depleted. Yet I could not remain away from her. She never bade me come to her, not in words. There was never any of the conventional trapping of assignations. I simply went to her, at odd hours of the day and night, impelled by an agency I neither saw nor heard.

"I lost weight. I hardly slept. I had seen other young men fade and wither before my eyes and had heard the village folk whisper the dread cause. But when it came to me, I did not know it for what it was.

"It was my mother who forced me to flee the country and never to return to it again until that woman and every trace and memory of her vanished from the sight of men. . . ."

"This that I am telling you is the truth. It can be verified if you are curious or incredulous.

"I came to America. After a time, my health returned to me. I tried, on two other occasions, to find human love, to marry and have a home as other men have. You have heard the results. One marriage lasted twenty-four hours . . . The other . . I can only say that she, the faithful one, was there and gave me to understand that if ever I felt love again, attempted marriage, she would stand between me and fulfillment.

"For many months, for years I dared not think of love or of marriage. I was determined to stay alone.

AND then I met my present wife. She was my secretary. She, too, is of Hungarian descent. She was born here. She, too, was raised on the folklore of the country side, the tales of vampires and ghouls and unspeakable things.

"She loved me, she has told me, at first sight. Something in her ached for me. I did not love her—not at first. I had put love from me. Then, day after day, as she worked for me and with me, did little things for me I had not thought to ask her, a craving for companionship, for a woman in my heart and in my home once more took hold of my very vitals.

"But I wanted to put her to the test. For weeks before I dared to tell her that I loved her, wanted to marry her I—I tortured her. They were not nice things, the things I did to her. I cannot speak of them. Perhaps it was to test her . . . perhaps it was an attempt to placate that —that other one. Whatever it was and however shamed my heart, I caused her such suffering as made the tears stream down her face for hours and hours at a time . . . but she never faltered, never turned away from me.

"And so, nearly two years ago we were married and we found this house.

"We thought, 'We will make it safe against invasion of any kind. And so we have locks on all the doors, locks that cannot be unlocked by any hands but mine. And no one is admitted to this house unless that person is well known to us. No appointments are made over the phone. We have five hounds and one of them is white and his name is Bodri. *He knows.* The windows, as you can see, are screened and barred and locked. On the landing of each stairway is a large cushion upon which one of the hounds sleeps at night . . . no footstep, human or otherwise, can mount or descend these stairs without their knowing it.

"And there are times when they howl in the night . . . howl fearfully though no eye, not even mine, can see what they are howling at.

"And so, in spite of all these precautions which you, yourself, can see, *the house is haunted.*

"I knew it, first, when the dogs began to howl. I knew it when I first saw the white fur rise on Bodri's body, saw his ears flatten and his red eyes dilate.

"I knew it when, in the dead of night, there came the sound of something dragging around the house.

AND then, that first night in this house and every night thereafter the bat has come. The first night I saw that bat, monstrously big and with but one eye, flattened against the window. . .

"It began to be a monomania with both of us—to kill that bat. We had the feeling that if we ridded ourselves of that thing we would be free. We told Bodri to get it. We even hired exterminators to come up and watch for the creature and kill it. We had all kinds of men here lying in wait for it. They finally told us we were imagining it—there was no bat visible. We knew that they thought we were mad.

"Months went by and then, one night, Bodri got it. We heard him howling in the darkness. He came into the house and he had it in his mouth, limp, dead, hideous beyond words. With a sick heart and shuddering flesh I went into the garden and there, in the dead of night, I dug a grave for it. I dug a hole deep enough to bury the Giant of Tarsus. I went back to the house, and to bed.

"The next night came. We had a little festive dinner, my wife and I. We drank wine and were very gay. We even talked of the time when we might go back to Hungary, back to Lugos. In the midst of our happy talk, it happened.

"My wife heard it first. I could tell that she had heard it by the look on her face. I went to the window. The bat was back again. Not the same one, you say? But yes, it was.

"I went out into the garden with Bodri beside me. I dug up that deep pit again. The bat was gone. The ground was undisturbed but the bat—was—gone."

Lugosi rose and walked over to the hearth over which hangs his mother's coat of arms. He said, simply, "I swear that what I am telling you is the truth."

I rose to go. Mr. Lugosi walked with me to the door, unlatched it, took me through the garden, unlatched the gate. He said, "This is a strange tale to have told you. In the town of Lugos it would not be thought so strange, nor disbelieved. So often and so frightful is this sort of thing over there, even today, that the townspeople of Lugos often keep their dead for days and sometimes weeks to be sure they have died a Christian death and not the hideous, half-death of the vampires. But I hope," Lugosi said, with that slight bow from the waist of his, "I hope I have not frightened you . . ."

I drove away. I was grateful for the sunshine. I tried to think. What rot! What utter nonsense! I couldn't—not quite. I thought of this man who lives here, in Hollywood, who walks the streets and works in the studios and is charming and courteous and kind. But walks, always, with make-up or without, with that pallid face and those white, preternatural hands and smileless smile.

This, at any rate, is the story he told me. I have not exaggerated. I have not dramatized.

You may draw your own conclusions.



Madeleine Carroll as the beautiful queen in the British film "Farewell to Love."

What Are Your Wedding Plans?

(*Continued from page 66*)

stitched fabric hat trimmed with a rhinestone ornament.

Another choice is a suit designed for her by Adrian. It is a two-piece beige suit with the jacket collarless and tucked in an unusual way. Adrian adds a wide brown suede belt over-laced with a rope of the beige woolen. A brown felt hat, brown gloves, shoes and bag complete this. For actual traveling, Rosalind tops this suit with a tan camel's hair coat trimmed with lynx. Be sure to make note of the smart lightweight airplane luggage which is piled up alongside this coat . . . a perfect selection for your trousseau luggage.

Rosalind suggested that we show her a stunning three-piece pajama ensemble rather than a fluffy bridal negligee because she thinks it is the sort of thing you would all like to have whether you are planning a trousseau or not. Heavy white silk crêpe for the Norfolk-type jacket and full trousers. The robe of the same material is made very tailored in double-breasted effect. Both the pajama jacket and the robe are piped and buttoned in a bright blue shade. Rosalind adds a polka dotted Ascot in the blue as an individual detail.

I have been thinking so much about weddings and trousseaux that everyone I see, I get talking on the subject. I had tea with Frances Drake, the other day and she only needed a slight prod to start off on plans for her own wedding. No, she isn't even engaged, but she would like to have a real wedding when she finally makes up her mind to be married.

"Of course," she said, "the very fact that there is a beautiful old lace veil that belonged to my grandmother in our family, will probably be the very reason that I shall join the dozens of other Hollywood stars that have run off to Yuma and have been married in any old costume they had on! This veil is still in England but it has been promised to me whenever I want it. I like to design my own clothes, some of them are a little eccentric, I'm afraid, but I like unusual cut, line and color. For my wedding dress, though, I would like something quite medieval . . . you know, a high neckline, long, tight-fitting sleeves and the satin



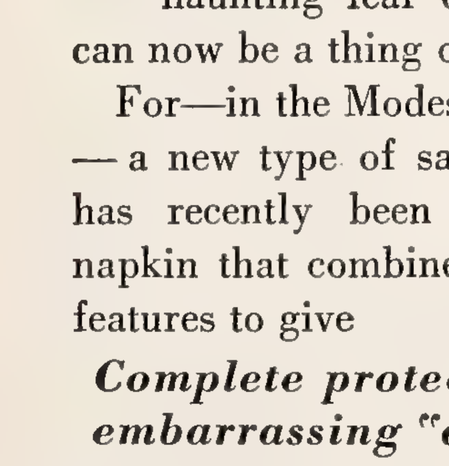
WOMEN . . . rejoice! Your old haunting fear of "accidents" can now be a thing of the past!

For—in the Modess laboratories—a new type of sanitary napkin has recently been perfected. A napkin that combines three *safety* features to give

Complete protection from embarrassing "accidents"!

You can actually *see* and *feel* every one of the three new features. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't be risking a penny . . . see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you wear the new "Certain-Safe" Modess you'll understand how and why it brings you dependable protection against . . . (1) striking through, (2) tearing away, (3) incomplete absorption.

Wear the new Modess once, and you'll ask for it always!



SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from habit...here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear enough napkins to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return box and remaining napkins to Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE



Office work is hard on white shoes. Dust and dirt smudge them. But



With Shinola, the dirtiest shoe can be cleaned white as new in a jiffy! And



Properly applied Shinola White does not rub off on clothes or furniture. ★



10¢
AT ALL STORES

★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

fitted through the body, flowing out into fullness toward the hem. The veil could be held by a small Juliet cap of pearls. And don't laugh, but for my bouquet I should like forget-me-nots and tea roses!"

I didn't laugh because it sounded perfectly charming to me. Frances has such an interesting face, she is pretty, too, but there is something more than just mere prettiness in her face and I could well imagine how lovely she would look in the costume she described and in her grandmother's veil.

ROYER, Fox's clever designer, talked about wedding finery, too. He likes brides to look romantic above everything else. And he, like Frances, prefers to choose his style from old-fashioned sources. He described a wedding party which he had designed for a Spanish picture they were doing at Fox.

"I made the bride's gown in a heavy, luminous satin," he said. "The design was quite simple and conventional but very feminine. The dress was trimmed with an appliqué of lace at the neckline and her veil was net, appliqued with medallions of the same lace. In the wedding scene, she had to wear the veil back from her face, but I had a small veil that completely covered her face when she first appeared. The maid of honor wore a lamé dress made with puffed panniers at the hips, short puffed sleeves and a fitted bodice. Rather a shepherdess effect, you see. A Watteau hat trimmed with flowers for her headgear. The bridesmaids were in tulle and satin, also somewhat on the shepherdess style and wore the same type of hat as the maid of honor. And, the flowers, they were the best fun because I attached them, near the handle, to a Bo-Peep crook."

I saw a picture of this wedding party, later, and I can tell you it was very stunning. I forgot to mention that this was an all-white wedding except for the silver lamé of the maid of honor's gown.

To get back to our own weddings, however. If you are not going to plan for a formal ceremony, there is the alternative of the small home or chapel service. Ginger Rogers, when she married Lew Ayres, had a wedding of this kind. She was married in church but did not wear satin and a veil, of course, it was her second marriage and she couldn't correctly wear full bridal array, but even so, her costume was perfect for the bride who doesn't want to be too formal. Ginger wore pale green lace with a fitted bodice and full skirt. Her hat was trimmed with the same lace. Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian, her only attendants, wore simple, long afternoon dresses in beige and blue respectively. It was simple, charming and very smart.

Any long-skirted, feminine type of afternoon gown is quite charming for the informal wedding. The color should always be a pastel or some soft shade.

And now for the bride who runs off to the city hall. Any simple silk dress or good-looking suit is appropriate. You can wear a corsage, or carry a small bouquet. Rosalind Russell's navy blue silk with the jabot is an excellent type of costume for a civil ceremony. A soft ensemble in a plain and printed combination of fabrics is another suggestion.

Besides Rosalind's gown and trousseau, I have picked several other costumes on page 66, that fit into the wedding picture. Anita Louise wears a heavenly bridesmaid's dress. It is a soft blue tulle over a taffeta foundation. The shirtwaist detail of the bodice and the white piqué collar and tie, are some of those nice paradoxical touches which very feminine dresses often affect this season. Pleating of the tulle makes cuffs, and jabot.

Mary Astor wears a silk jacket costume which is suitable either for an informal bridal costume or for a going-away dress for the bride who marries formally. It is made in pink rough crêpe, the box jacket having sleeve fullness at the elbow. A lace blouse, finely tucked, and in the same shade, accompanies this. Mary's hat is a rough pink straw banded in deep blue ribbon.

For the bride's mother at the formal wedding, no costume could be more perfect than Verree Teasdale's lace and chiffon one in eggshell white. The blouse, with high collar and jabot, is of the lace. The skirt of chiffon has full godets to give it a graceful movement. Verree's wide contrasting belt is brown and yellow silk cording.

A lovely summery evening gown for your trousseau is that of Bette Davis. Yellow and brown dotted organdy, girdled in brown velvet. The whole silhouette is one of crispness and youthfulness.

And Genevieve Tobin holds up a taffeta muff for your inspection. This is not only a grand summer evening accessory but it is also a nice detail for your bridesmaid's costume. Flowers can be pinned to this, making it an individual and refreshing change from the usual arm bouquet seen at most weddings.

I can't half cover the subject of weddings in one article. There are so many ideas, so many interesting angles to discuss. However, I have prepared a leaflet for you on "The Trousseau from Lingerie to Linens"—this covers the number of things you will need for both yourself and your new house. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request and it is yours for the asking. Write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Coupon for ordering patterns illustrated on page 8

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I am enclosing..... (in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No.....Size..... Pattern No.....Size.....Pattern No.....

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(Please print in pencil)

Meet Nelson Eddy

(*Continued from page 62*)

loud huzzahs, cheers, glove-splitting applause. Rather, it was one of bewilderment, surprise, that swept into a wordless, motionless, breathless appreciation, as an artist's artistry spun out upon the screen. It must have been a triumph for Eddy, sitting with his mother in the row behind us. For nearly two years he has had to smile good-naturedly as he heard people say, "Nelson Eddy? Oh, yeah, he's that singin' fellah they got out at Metro."

HE went into the theatre as just another concert baritone attempting to crash pictures. "I never thought films the medium for me," Eddy told me previously. He left the theatre a success, the raves of the critics ringing in his ears. In the short space of two and one half hours on the night of February sixteen, public favor had made an idol of him. Admiration showed in the faces of the audience as it swept up the aisles, sighted him in the middle center, stared at him. Actors who had passed him with a short nod the day before, waved at him lavishly, fraternally. "Good old Nelse!" Executives, critics, producers, beamed genially upon him.

The public will soon be clamoring for more Eddy pictures, and Eddy wants to wander around America's far places, singing like a medieval troubador.

"Whadaya want to go out in the sticks for, when you can make a lot more money by staying in Hollywood, acting and singing for the movies, and we're willing to pay the price?" they ask him, puzzled.

"Because I've promised my audiences that I'd sing for them, that I'd come again this year, and I don't want to break faith with them," patiently explains Eddy. "Already doorbells are being punched and solicitors are going from house to house selling tickets for my concert. I've worked fifteen years to get to the point where the concert list of, we'll say, Kalamazoo, reads, 'Nelson Eddy, Baritone, and three others.' When I started concert work, the bill read 'Rachmaninoff and three others,' and I was one of the unnamed. It *means* something to me.

"I guess you don't know just what it is to small-town dwellers, people who seldom get into the big cities for entertainment, to have the winter and spring concert season to look forward to. Women are already buying new evening dresses in Kalamazoo, dressmakers are taking orders. It's a big event in the lives of these people, and I wouldn't fail them."

YEAH," ask others, "but what do you do? Have you got a band? Do you get up with a baton and direct the boys, and then sing the choruses, like Rudy Vallee, or Buddy Rogers? Or have you a vaudeville act?"

"Neither," answers our idealist, patiently. "All I have is an accompanist. He plays the piano, and I sing . . . German *lieder*, operatic selections, classics, ballads, just about anything."

Actually, the studio has less of an anomaly under contract than they pretend. They know that Nelson Eddy is a likely runner-up for the title of "favorite American baritone" along with Messrs. Tibbett, Werrenrath, Robeson, John Charles Thomas.

As he tells the story, Eddy's entrance into the movie maelstrom was ex-



Almost unheard of . . . these results in a noted U. S. hospital

IN Hospitals in this country, astonishing results are being obtained with the new Fleischmann's Yeast: 93% of constipation cases corrected in one clinic; 83% of indigestion cases relieved in another; 89% of skin cases of digestive origin in another. Typical cases from one hospital's records are:

CASE OF T.E. MAN. AGE 30.

Suffered from chronic constipation. *Used strong cathartics habitually.* Tongue coated. Showed obvious symptoms of autointoxication from bowel wastes.

Eating three cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily gave improvement by end of first week of the treatment. *Easier bowel movements daily without laxatives.* Felt better.

CASE OF K. M. MAN. AGE 62.

Had used strong cathartics and enemas for chronic constipation for 10 years. Discomfort from gas. Pale, weak. Was on a special diet.

Treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast improved his digestion. *Patient was able to discontinue cathartics and enemas as a result.* Feels better. No discomfort from gas. Now has natural daily bowel evacuations.

CASE OF K. Q. WOMAN. AGE 51.

Had used strong cathartics for chronic constipation for years. Appetite poor. Frequent headaches. Very nervous. Complained of abdominal heaviness.

After eating Fleischmann's new Yeast, appetite improved. *After one week, had daily evacuations without cathartics.* Feels very well, no headaches. Nervousness relieved, no more discomfort from gas.

Dr. Alban Girault, the French expert, says: "Almost unbelievable how well it works."

Dr. Girault (above) has been chief of clinic, Paris Faculty of Medicine—is a member of leading medical societies. He says:

"I was amazed at the results. Instead of acting harshly as cathartics do, it restores bowel action naturally . . . *A notable discovery.*"

Completely corrected by this new discovery...

CHRONIC CASES OF CONSTIPATION

A new food supplies "Protective Substances" your stomach, bowels need. No ordinary food, even fruits and vegetables, supplies enough!

HOSPITALS are now correcting even stubborn cases of constipation—simply by adding *one food* to the diet!

For some time it has been known that "protective substances" were needed in the diet for the stomach and bowels to work properly. When these "protective substances" are undersupplied—people become constipated.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and green vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances.

Richest Known Source

But *one food* now supplies them in abundance . . . is *their richest source!*

This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast. This new fresh yeast starts an increased flow of your stomach juices—tones and strengthens nerves and muscles all through your intestines.

Then digestion improves. Bowels work better. The skin clears. Energy increases.

Begin to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly!* Don't stop when you begin to feel better, but go on eating it! Follow the simple rules below.

Eat three or more cakes of this new Fleischmann's Yeast each day. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a little water . . . or in milk or fruit juices—or spread on a cracker.

Eat it one-half hour before each meal. This gives it a chance to start your digestive juices flowing before other food enters your stomach.

If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. As this new yeast strengthens your bowels, you can stop using laxatives entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label.



THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine. It can give complete bowel regularity . . . help you to *keep* free from constipation and the many ailments it causes.

Constipation may be serious. To be sure, see a doctor.

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TO END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

***Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's* EASY TO EAT**

IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical every-day diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE **MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. *MM 6-35*
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____



Three men and a gal in a scene from "Let 'Em Have It." Left to right, Dick Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden and Virginia Bruce.

ceedingly unusual. He didn't *want* to go into pictures. He was having too much fun warbling the classics in French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Yiddish and English (yes, he speaks them all), singing "Amonasro" in "Aida," luxuriating in the deep dramatics of the Wagnerian operas (he's better in "Tannhäuser" than "Herodias," we think) kidding around in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" and "The Pirates of Penzance," singing for the Philadelphia Operatic Society, the Philadelphia Civic Opera, making his début (in 1924) in "Pagliacci." Movies, as you can see, were farthest from his thoughts.

March, 1933, found him in Los Angeles, substituting for a missing artist on a concert series. It found him, later, at RKO-Radio studios with an official insisting that he put his signature to a contract. They had a few good musicals around the place that needed a singer who was not only good, but good-looking.

"But, look," he pointed out, "this contract is for only half as much as you originally offered."

"Sure," was the answer. "You want to go in pictures, so why not take a little less?"

"But I *don't,*" Eddy responded, seized the 'phone, reinstated all his cancelled engagements (that was one time when he almost failed the folks), booked his passage on a train that left in twenty minutes. He made the train and left Hollywood flat. That is, he thought he did. By the time he reached New York, the studios were simply frothing about him. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer won the heat, and Eddy became theirs.

Without his blondness and his bigness and his indifference to motion picture social life and the thrilling story of his belated film success, Eddy would still be outstanding in Hollywood. He has more drive, more force, more earnest desire to work, than any male now on film record. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, he says he has always had that intense urge to master one more thing than that of which he was capable.

Telephone operator, shipping department clerk, newspaper copy reader, reporter, advertising writer, fifteen years ago he decided to make his voice earn his living for him. An advanced student, he went out of his way to learn "Matthew's Passion," an obscure oratorio. The following week someone asked him if he knew it. "Sure," he answered. "I don't believe it," retorted his questioner. "Play some of it," Eddy demanded. The fellow did. Eddy got the job.

Eddy is an only child, part Dutch (President Martin Van Buren is an ancestor), all American, with a New England father and a Southern mother. Eddy, himself, is as New England as Coolidge was, with as sound convictions. He doesn't think much of *femmes* who pursue gentlemen, has never married, and prefers his women "sweet." They don't have to be domestic, and know how to sew, knit and cook. "My forty dollars a week will take care of that," he says with a smile from behind the tortoise shell glasses he wears off the set.

Of all the raven, Titian and blonde-haired ladies in professional Hollywood he finds not one with whom he cares to romance. It isn't that he's priggish or egotistical, but he doesn't care much about their predatory tactics. "I don't like to have a girl ask me to take her out to dinner," he explains. "One did the other evening and I said to her, 'Listen, honey, I'd like to take you out to dinner tonight, if I had any interest in you, but I haven't. And I think that a man should have a little interest in a girl that he invites to go places, don't you?'

"But I didn't insult her. She thought I was kidding. She turned around to a friend and laughed at what she thought was my joke. Don't think I'm conceited, but when I ask a girl to go out with me, I like to feel that we have something in common, that there's a little flame of mutual interest. I like to have a sweetness about such things, a delicacy, and, besides, the women that I go around with don't want to be seen at the Grove or the Trocadero where the press keeps tab on Hollywood's romantic affairs."

Son of an inventor under U. S. Naval commission, nicknamed "Red" in grammar school (his education was furthered by night and correspondence courses), Eddy, despite his sensational success, would be a welcome addition to Hollywood, even if it is for only six months of the year. Emphatic in his likes and dislikes, vigorous, forceful, self-assured, you are compelled to admire this idealistic newcomer who is so intent upon keeping faith with his vocal constituents in Kalamazoo, and Oshkosh, too. It's about time "high ideals" had a Hollywood comeback.

"I Love My Husband, But—"

(*Continued from page 51*)

and conviction. Leslie with those amazing blue eyes that so dreamily can contemplate the past and then suddenly become electrified with a fervent contemplation of the present. Leslie who, in 'Berkeley Square' said, 'I love you,' and said it more divinely than it has ever been said before. Leslie who, when kissing one woman, makes every woman in the audience feel as though she has been kissed, too.

LESLIE attracts women because he has a great sex magnetism. Ah, that surprises you! But it is so. Leslie is the perfect combination of the physical and the spiritual. He conveys the feeling of romance which endured through the ages, of love everlasting. That is why, as Mooneyeen Clare, it was so easy for me to respond to Leslie for that little, lovely while. . . .

"And then there is Clark . . . Clark Gable. His beauty is thrilling. I suppose it sounds silly to call anyone as rugged as Clark 'beautiful' . . . I hope he will forgive me. But he *is* beautiful, from his head to his feet. He is rhythmic, unconsciously alive with a powerful, effortless grace. He was the first leading man on the screen who could be cruel, even slap a woman in the face and make other women love him for it.

"Clark is the Great Lover without any of the morbid, tragic aspects of emotionalism. He is the type with whom a woman could roam the hills and highways of the world, loving and laughing lustily. He doesn't take himself seriously in any way, which is his greatest charm. He would never die for love. He would be far more likely to laugh and ride away, like a strong wind, leaving you breathless. . . .

"Bob . . . Bob Montgomery," Norma stretched her slim length on the dull green divan and laughed, the low delighted laugh of a girl looking over old dance programmes, remembering for the moment a waltz, a summer moon, a boy. . . . "Bob," said Norma, "symbolizes moonlight and prom thrills, sophisticated young love. In our first scene together on the screen we danced on a mirrored floor to the strains of 'The Blue Danube' and I thought, then, 'A girl could dance



Clark Gable and Loretta Young in a chilly scene from "Call of the Wild."



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The Secret is a New Make-Up ...*Now You Can Share It*

YOU can instantly make your beauty more attractive if you adopt this new kind of make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

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GLORIA STUART
in Warner Bros.
"Gold Diggers of 1935"



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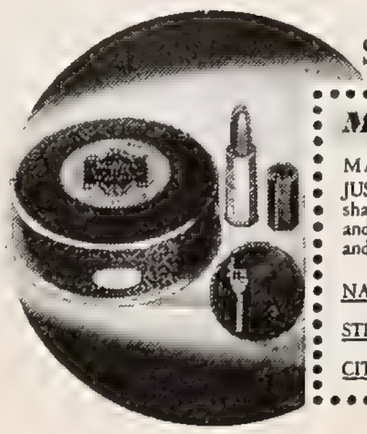


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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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Makes you feel like yourself again



to Heaven in his arms.' Our personalities react spontaneously, the one to the other, when we are on the screen. He is effervescent and gay. He has the joy of living and a witty mind.

"I always have the feeling that, before I became an actress, I knew Bob or had been in love with somebody just like him. I seem to remember the lines we speak, the moods, the very gestures we are living through together. In fact one day, during the taking of a scene, we both forgot our lines and it didn't matter in the least. We just ad-libbed our way through the rest of the scene, speaking lines we seemed to have spoken before and the director never knew the difference! Bob typifies every girl's beau. Some of my happiest, craziest moments on the set have been moments spent with Bob. . . .

"And then there is Freddie . . . Freddie March. The delightful, lovable Freddie of 'Smilin' Through' and 'The Barretts.' Freddie has the heart of the true actor. I am sure he would rather act than eat or sleep. I told him one day that no one should get paid for doing something that is as much fun as acting is to him. (He didn't agree with me!) Anyway, while I was memorizing lines and making wild dashes between dressing-room and stage, hoops flying, Freddie would be polishing up his imitation of John Barrymore or doing a Douglas Fairbanks, much to the amusement of the company. I would be quite likely to find him hanging from the chandelier or hiding under the couch, much to the distress of his valet, who would be keeping an anxious eye on a pair of carefully pressed trousers, which were to clothe Mr. Browning's restless limbs for the remainder of the day.

"And yet, underneath the splendid clowning, Freddie has an intensity which is very captivating. He is the impudent Romeo. Wise-cracks and kisses, laughter and sex-appeal, that is Freddie.

"Bart . . . Bart Marshall," and Norma's voice dropped, unconsciously to a graver, more sombre note. "Bart is so appealing on the screen because he has a beautiful courtesy and he suffers so. It is easy to act with Bart. You never have to worry about how he is going to do a scene." Norma laughed, rather tenderly. "If he has to kiss you," she said, "he never fumbles, never hits your nose by mistake, never disarranges your hair, never makes one awkward move. When he plays a scene with you he makes you feel as though you are the only woman who has ever existed in this world. By his hands, by the very inflections of that velvety voice, by the caress of his eyes, he can make you seem desirable and, by so doing, make all women seem desirable.

"And Bart's charm doesn't stop with the click of the camera. A few moments later I have heard him speak to a script girl on the set, ask her to do some little favor for him, and he will have the same tender courtesy in his voice that he would have if he were begging a favor of a legendary queen.

"A woman, I think, is like a finely tuned violin. Each hand draws forth a different melody. Some melodies are transient and die on the air as soon as they are born, in the heart as soon as they are heard. Other melodies vibrate the heartstrings for as long as the heart beats.

"These are the emotions which keep our hearts in tune with life, in tune with love. So that, when we meet the man who has the combined charms of all the men we have ever known, he will be able to play a symphony on our heartstrings and we will know that we have met the Master's touch."

How "Sequoia" Was Made

(*Continued from page 44*)

with the camera lens, just outside camera range. Then one animal performs. The mask is reversed and the other animal does his stuff. This has been done. Maybe you remember. And maybe you're wise enough to realize that it looks faked, no matter how skillfully performed.

But, suddenly, Director Chester Franklin had an idea. When the crew had first moved to Sequoia National Park where the picture was to be filmed, a tiny deer and a baby puma cub with its eyes not yet open, had been caught to be used as Malibu and Gato in the early scenes of the picture. They had been placed in nearby cages. The cages were moved closer and closer together and at last they were put in one large one with nothing but a netting between them. To the amazement of the crew these two mortal enemies were discovered actually rubbing noses through the wire netting.

That was when Franklin had his great idea. In the story the enemies of the forest had become fast friends. Could this story be true? Could Franklin make it come true?

He did. The result is "Sequoia." And it took a year and a half to make the film, instead of the twenty-one days planned.

OF course, no chances could be taken. One must not carry a noble experiment too far, so Gato, the puma, was so well fed during the making of the picture that his friend, Malibu, the deer, was no temptation as a juicy delicacy. And both were "collar broke." It was a curious sight to see the two animals each with their leashes, a man to each leash, taking their morning constitutional as friendly as a couple of Pekinese pups on Park Avenue. Perhaps more so.

And the hard-boiled crew of camera experts watched something greater than their science. They watched those two wild things grow up together with a miraculous friendship existing between them.

Remember the scene in the picture where Gato and Malibu meet supposedly after several months' separation? What actually happened was that they kept the two animals separated for three days. Then they set up the cameras, put Malibu by the water hole and Gato on the hill. Trembling with anticipation, the cameraman, director and crew watched to see what would happen. What transpired was exactly what you saw in the film. The first "take" was the only one necessary, for the animals recognized each other, Gato came down the hill and the two nuzzled each other.

Infinite patience was required, as you can imagine, to make these two animals love each other. But no patience in the world could make a baby and a snake become bosom pals. In that thrilling scene where the little Japanese baby is just *this* close to the snake, holds out his little hand to the reptile and whistles to it, a trick, but a very clever trick, was employed.

What you didn't know is that there was a thick plate glass between the child and the snake, so that no danger could come to the baby.

But deer hate snakes and Malibu actually attacked the reptile as you saw it done in the film.

Well, so much for the friendship between the deer and the puma, but how was it possible for little Jean Parker to have the courage to work with the grown-up mountain lion and the deer?

Chester Franklin, the director, began by making friends with Malibu and Gato. Before a camera crank was turned, while scouts were searching Sequoia National Park for suitable locations, Franklin visited Gato's cage every day. He poked his hands through the bars, let the baby lion grow used to his scent and the feel of his hand. Then Franklin would take Jean Parker to the cage on these daily trips. Together they fed both the puma and the deer. Franklin broke a fast Hollywood rule. Usually it is the actors who try to win the director over. In this case it was the director making a big play for his actors, the puma and the deer. And Jean Parker, who knew durn well that those cute things were going to steal the picture from her showed no professional jealousy at all. It was part of her job, she knew, to make friends with these wild animals. And it was a job she loved.

BUT the animals showed temperament. Gato, for instance, hated to ride in trucks but loved automobiles. One day he was in the rear of a sedan and did not want to come out and work. No matter how much they begged and cajoled, he wouldn't budge. Finally, they had to haul on the collar attached to his chain. And then he came out with the arm rail of the car in his teeth. What's more he insisted upon carrying it around for about an hour. No one could get it away from him.

He loved bright objects. On the set which represented the villain's kitchen was a gayly-colored blanket which Gato adored. He was always dragging this "prop" off the set—a very serious offense in Hollywood—and making a bed for himself out of it.

When pleased, a puma has a strange whistle. Both Jean Parker and Chester Franklin learned that whistle. And Gato would answer them. When Malibu was working one day, Gato was tied to a tree all alone. Nobody paid any attention to him. Finally Gato set up such a pitiful howl merely because he wanted company that he had to be brought close to where the work was going on, so that he could be petted occasionally.

The shots of the herds of deer required tremendous work. During an ordinary feature about twelve different camera lenses are used. In "Sequoia" there were forty-seven types of lenses brought into play. The deer were afraid of bright lights. Moonlight they adored, but that's no good for photographic purposes. But the cameraman discovered that they actually liked artificial light better than sunlight. However, he had to get his set-up and then trust to luck.

The cameramen often waited days at a time, hidden in the underbrush, until they got the effects they wanted. And the shifting of the wind would make the animals rush away just as the men had started what they thought would be an excellent sequence.

The crew expected these handicaps. What nobody expected—and the circumstance that gave "Sequoia" its wonderful off-screen drama—was the fact that the puma and the deer would learn to love each other. This makes "Sequoia" unique. And it adds to its already great charm.



Make your darling a Safer Baby

WITH THESE NEW SKIN PROTECTORS

"Isn't your heart set on giving your adorable baby every possible safety and comfort? Of course it is.

"And, now, there is a new, a safer method of caring for your precious sweetheart's tender skin—a method that's recommended by most hospitals and by thousands and thousands of doctors. The Mennen Guardsmen are the symbols of this new method—because it provides baby with *two safeguards.*

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"And then, when you gradually discontinue the daily oil-rubs, dust baby's body with the new *antiseptic* baby powder—Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. It's everything a fine baby powder should be—prevents chafing—makes the skin satiny smooth, lovelier than ever—and, in addition, it's *antiseptic.* It continues the protection which the antiseptic oil gives against germs.

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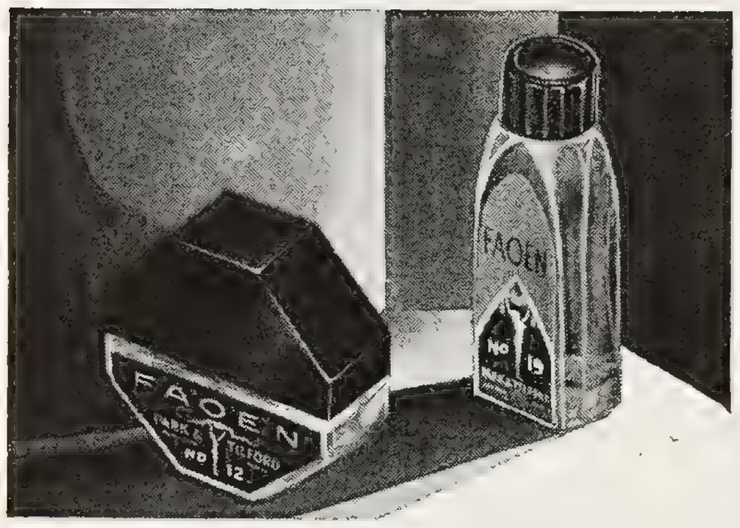
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Another way of saying charm

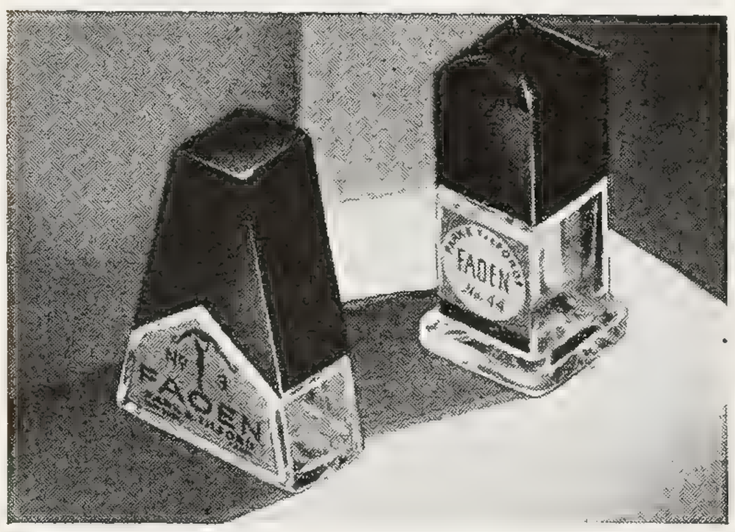
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PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Modern Screen Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 70*)

notice you? Listen to you? Be interested in you? Okay.

Start off by being definite. I cannot stress that too much, since every real personality I've ever known is completely definite. Get yourself a set of convictions—good, strong convictions. It doesn't matter much what they are as long as you make yourself believe them. Examine yourself and decide what you really like and what you really dislike. Acquire a few good hates. I've never met a person with honest and compelling vitality who didn't have some lusty, healthy hates. Have, and express your own opinions. But don't carry it to such an extreme that you won't let other people express theirs. Be enthusiastic about things. Get a hobby or a fad, and ride it hard.

THINK of the many fads that the actresses have which seem like such unimportant things and yet contribute to the definiteness of their personalities. Joan Crawford's gardenias. Marlene Dietrich's trousers. Garbo's tweed coats. Jeanette MacDonald's sheep dog. You may or may not approve of the fads of other people, but you can't fail to admit that these things—along with many others—set them aside from the mob, make them individuals who are different and not struck from the same pattern as others.

When you read articles in MODERN SCREEN in which the stars are quoted, you will discover that these people who have risen above the common run of folk have definite opinions, and don't hesitate to express them. You'll never catch a vital personality answering any question with, "Well, yes—and—er, no."

So much for the mental attitude. And now for the poise that comes with grace of manner and movement. And those things you must learn when you decide to appear on any stage, either amateur or professional. When walking or sitting, relax. Walk in front of a full length mirror to catch the faults of your carriage. If you are inclined to stoop, take back exercises night and morning to correct spinal faults. Hold your shoulders up and keep your head high. Practice walking up and down stairs. In walking down stairs never look at your feet. Keep your eyes directly in front of you. It is a hard trick to do, but it can be done and it is one of the rules of acting technique. Get such good control over your body that you do not need to look at your feet when walking.

Here's another stunt to practice. Blindfold yourself. Relax. Walk around your room five times. This is to give you confidence and sureness. Take off your shoes and walk back and forth across your bed—the more springy it is the better. This, too, will make you sure-footed.

Always try to walk naturally. Don't go in for that nonsense about putting the soles of your feet down first. It is natural for the heels to strike the floor first.

When sitting, do not slump in your chair. Avoid gestures unless they mean something. Keep your hands relaxed in your lap unless you are making a definite gesture. Never fuss with your hair, or your face, or your clothes. When you are standing either in a drawing-room or on the stage, let your hands hang naturally and relaxed at your sides. Yes, I know, on the stage they feel as if they weigh a ton and are dangling from your arms like hams on a rope. That's the way they feel but they don't look that way to other people.

OF course, there is nothing that gives the body such co-ordination, grace and vitality as dancing does. And if you cannot study dancing with a good teacher, teach yourself. Dance before a mirror, using whatever steps come to mind, whatever steps you have seen dancers use in pictures or on the stage. You won't feel silly if you're alone. Watch yourself carefully. Stop whenever you fall into an ungraceful movement and begin again. When you move your hands, try to imagine that they are leaves floating in the breeze. But always keep relaxed, easy and natural.

I'm more than willing to answer any and all of your personal dramatic problems. Write to me in care of MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

The dramatic clubs are flourishing. Have you started one yet? I have all the information that you need about how to begin a club. Just fill in the coupon below—I'll be so glad to help you. And next month I'm going to tell you about some of the many dramatic clubs that have already been formed. I'll tell you what the members are doing and discuss some specific dramatic club problem. Tell me how your club is getting along.

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope, to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 16*)

in the pink of condition. Bicycle, swim, golf, play tennis, or just walk, walk, walk. And when I say walk, I mean walk as though you were striding along blithely, walking on air.

After you've walked, walked, walked, on the golf green, down a country road, or along a city street, Ginger Rogers knows a miraculous way to rest tired feet. It is simply a matter of manipulation of the foot, using a little of your own cold cream as massage cream. Rotate the foot at the ankle, bend the toes back and forth, and, most beneficial of all, rub the foot beneath the arch.

If you're a busy housewife, you probably will say that you get tired enough without a lot of extra exercise. You'll be much less tired at the end of the day, however, if all day, as you do your housework, you use your body correctly and keep a correct posture. When you stoop down to brush up crumbs, or pick up things, don't drop the abdomen down. Arch your back and your abdomen with it. Don't always bend your knees and squat to pick up things. Instead, hold your knees stiff sometimes, and stretch the back of them.

Stretching exercises keep your muscles from settling down into a rusty slump, and they keep the blood circulation stirred up. The best thing you can possibly do in the morning to wake up your circulation as well as your sleepy self is to stretch.

WE'RE not just housekeepers and mothers and stenographers; we're living machines made up of bone and muscle, blood and nerves. If we don't use our bodies, they grow flabby, old, and ugly. We generally think of exercise as a means of apportioning the flesh where we want it, and taking it away from where we don't want it. But exercise has a lot of other uses to which we don't give enough consideration. People of normal weight should exercise to keep a waning circulation steady and strong and clear, to send the blood flowing freely through all the veins and arteries, bringing nourishment to the tissues, and carrying away waste that the body does not need. Often it is faulty circulation that makes a skin sallow and full of blemishes,



Elissa Landi dances with Phil Reed at the Cavanagh party.



Growing fast...

AND GAINING WEIGHT, TOO

Since he began drinking milk this way

YES, indeed—he'll soon be as tall as you are, Dad. And maybe *taller*. He's growing fast, and he's *filling out* while he grows. For his diet is *right*. Growing children need a quart of milk a day; and since his mother began giving him Cocomalt mixed with milk, that youngster of yours is gaining in double-quick time! For Cocomalt not only makes children adore milk but, when made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of milk!

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Cocomalt has a delicious chocolate flavor that children love. It's a wonderful treat for guests, too. It is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

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"I *wonder!*"

MIDOL

"I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"

To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not.*

But they make another statement just as emphatic, and just as true: Midol always relieves periodic pain to some degree, and will for *you.*

Understand, this extraordinary medicine *may* bring you complete relief. It has done this for many. And some of these women had always had the severest pain. But others report only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you are sure to receive well worth while? Midol means great comfort in any case — compared with unchecked suffering at this time of the month!

Any sufferer who experiences no relief from Midol should consult a physician.

"Yes, but won't it form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering which is needless! There is no "habit forming" drug in Midol. It is not a narcotic.

So, don't let the speed with which this remarkable medicine takes hold cause you any apprehension. Don't keep it for "emergencies" or wait for the pain to reach its height before you take it. Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Learn to rely on it completely. Just follow the simple directions found inside the box.

And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light — and dainty — you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It is a tremendous relief, mental and physical, to be able to approach this time without any misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

Your druggist has these tablets. You'll probably see them on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol. Fifty cents is the most you'll pay — for comfort that is worth almost anything.

When it has given you back those days once given over to suffering, will you do this? If you know someone who still suffers, tell her of your discovery — that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from "regular" pain.

because impurities are remaining in the blood instead of being carried away. You know how readily your hair is affected by the condition of the body. It needs healthy bodily circulation as well as local stimulation of the scalp.

Ann Dvorak is both an actress and a dancer, and it is her motto to "Keep Limber," which is another expression for keeping the body active and lubricated with a healthy flow of circulation. She is shown demonstrating one of her daily exercises for keeping limber. It goes like this. With arms extended bend forward, keeping the body straight, and touch the left hand to the right toe, keeping the right arm at right angles to the body. Now stand erect, dropping both arms to the sides. Extend both arms again, and touch the right hand to the left toe. Repeat twenty-five times. It is appropriate that one of Ann's latest pictures is "Sweet Music." Certainly the best way to take exercise is to music, for the secret of joy in exercise is rhythm.

I have three long sheets of exercises for reducing and building up "in spots," and you can pick out a few of them for general setting-up exercises, too. They are adaptations of exercises that are used in some of the finest physical culture institutions, and you shouldn't be without them if you're going to work out an exercise program for yourself. Did you know that the screen stars contract to keep up or down to a certain weight when they sign their picture contracts? Well, I want you to draw up your own private little contract, and agree to yourself that you're going to keep to a certain weight . . . and a certain suppleness!

You must bear in mind, however, that this whole matter of "standard" weights, as stipulated in charts, is greatly exaggerated. Such weights take no account of racial and inherited differences, and make no allowance for people that are naturally big-boned or small-boned. For this reason you must not take your weight as shown on a weight table, too literally. If you weigh within ten pounds of the figure shown on the tables, you are certainly near enough the average for health and safety. Measurements, too, such as those given above in the comparison between Venus and Carole Lombard, are not to be taken too seriously for the same reason that the weights are not to be accepted too literally. But we have to have some ideal measurements held up to us as a sort of measuring stick, and it's fun getting out the tape measure, and seeing how closely we measure up. Carole Lombard has one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood, and she is a good model to follow for proportion and symmetry.

If you are in need of gaining weight, or of building up your vitality, you can do what the physicians prescribed for Carole Lombard at one time. Two large dishes of spinach were included in her daily menu, for the necessary iron and additional energy. In order to gain weight, she ate the largest meal of the day at noon, as this is a lesser tax on the digestive organs than having the largest meal in the evening. The doctor also had her drink milk, not with her meals, as this may burden the digestive system, but between meals, sipping it slowly.

TOBY WING, because of her tendency to plumpness, confines her luncheon to a glass of orange juice, and a couple of slices of grapefruit. Which reminds us that the best way to start on any kind of a diet is with three days of exclusive fruit diet to clear out the system. Almost any fruits that are in season will do, but the citrus fruits are always essential to include.

It's "how you feel" that counts as much as "how you look." You hear a lot about the freak diets of movie stars, but it's mostly hearsay. Their health and energy are too important to them to risk the danger of such diets. The old saying, "Nobody loves a fat woman" isn't nearly as true as "Nobody loves a fat woman on a freak diet." Freak diets mean touchy tempers.

The whole question of diet reduces down to this: that whether you want to reduce or gain, all the various food elements that are necessary to carrying on the body's work properly *must* be included in the diet, in greater or lesser quantities, of course, depending on whether you want to reduce or gain. Joan Crawford, for example, maintains a sane and sensible diet in order to keep her sylph-like figure and yet keep her vitality and energy "at tops." When she first went to Hollywood, she was a good twenty-five pounds overweight. That she has managed to maintain a slim figure without endangering the vitality which makes her so dominant a personality, is testimony to the sane effectiveness of her diet. She always confines her luncheon to a vegetable salad, and the dressing is generally made with mineral oil. Dinner usually consists of creamed soup, lean meat, vegetables, salad, a fruit dessert, and coffee (black). It is her rule never to eat bread and butter, and to avoid all starchy desserts, which she can do safely, since her diet already includes all the food elements necessary to health.

You will find the diets, that I have had prepared for you in multigraphed form, to be entirely reliable from a health and energy standpoint. The reducing diet has been worked out for you in exact amounts so that the caloric count will be sufficient for your working energy. Naturally we have selected more of the foods from the "fat group" for our weight-gaining diet than for the reducing diet, but all the necessary food elements are present in both. Just send in the coupon.

You see, I want you to eat, not only to gain weight or to lose weight, but for energy, radiant vitality, and for beauty!

EVERY diet should include proteins, for proteins are the builders. They are found to some extent in all food, but to the greatest extent in meat, fish, fowl, peas, beans, cereals, nuts, milk, cheese and eggs. Carbohydrates, which are the sugars and starches, are also tremendously important. They are to our bodies what electricity is to the motion picture machine, because it is from their combustion that we get our energy. Fats also are used for combustion, and are found in butter, and all the vegetable and animal oils. Vitamins, about which we have heard so much, exist in the yolk of eggs, in butter, cod liver oil, potatoes, green vegetables, tomatoes, lemons, grapefruits and oranges. Then there are the important minerals, which are found for the most part in fruits and the leafy vegetables.

"Popeye," with his spinach, knows the importance of iron, one of the major minerals. He also would find it in red meat, the yolk of eggs, raisins, grapes, apples, and the leafy vegetables like spinach, as well as asparagus. Iodine, used by our thyroid glands, is important in regulating weight, and is derived from green vegetables and drinking water. We haven't time to go into listing all the rest of the minerals, but we'll stop to mention sulphur. It is found in "the cabbage family," in cauliflower, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, and also in the yolks of eggs, and it is an important element in keeping the

hair and nails in condition. Curious, isn't it? Perhaps you don't know that you could eat certain foods for the health of your nails, your complexion, or your hair.

Raw carrots are good for the circulation, and so are raw apples, lettuce, blackberries, cherries, beets, spinach, figs and dates. These foods are blood tonics and pep-producers, and hence they're beauty tonics as well.

Did your grandmother ever tell you to brush your hair one hundred strokes every night? She was right, too. But we've just recently discovered an easier way to stimulate hair health and beauty, and it's right in line with our talk about increased circulation. Remember that when we talk in terms of circulation, we talk in terms of truth and beauty. Well, a Swedish inventor designed a comb which has just recently arrived in America. It's an electric comb . . . an electric comb with no ugly wires or cords connected with it, with no electrical attachment necessary, and with only the gentlest electric current flowing through it, generated from the tiny battery in its handle. The electrification is so slight that you never need be afraid of any sparks or shocks. You can run your hand across the teeth of the comb, and you wouldn't even know the electric current was there. The action of this comb is simple . . . it stimulates circulation in the scalp, and thus energizes the hair to new activity. The action of the glands becomes normalized, and oily and dry conditions readjust themselves. Moreover, the comb has special curved teeth designed to increase the natural waviness of the hair. A midget pronged pocket bulb comes along with it, and the bulb will light when you test the battery by placing the prongs against the teeth of the comb. Better pocket this as an idea, and write me for the name of the comb before summer starts its drying effect on your hair.

And now I hope that this offer of diets and exercises is going to electrify you into action . . . and into planning your own Venus-wise campaign.

MODERN SCREEN
Mary Biddle,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a copy of your

- ☐ Diet for reducing
- ☐ Diet for gaining
- ☐ Exercises

Name.....
Address.....
Street
.....
City State

(Check and send in with stamped, addressed envelope.)

The Lowdown on Hollywood Chorines

(*Continued from page 47*)

one for each girl in the long single line of dancers. Many beautiful "dames" are called but not all are chosen. Uncertainty sparkled through the air. The process of elimination was about to begin. A simple process, says you—merely picking out the most beautiful of the dancing girls. A

Is there Romance in Your Arms?



June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings . . . with you in his arms . . . as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear . . .

● So close, so intimate . . . surely, at such times, there is nothing so appealing to a man as the delicate, unspoiled charm of a woman's arms. Don't ever dare risk offending! When nights are warm . . . take care!

Even if your skin is sensitive there's a safe way for you to prevent underarm odor—and perspiration stains. A way to keep yourself as lovely and unspoiled as moonlight.

That way is Nonspi. One application keeps you free from underarm perspiration from two to five days. And Nonspi is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use Nonspi without irritation. It doesn't sting or burn.

Nonspi now comes in a new bottle with a siphon-principle top. More convenient and economical to apply. And completely sanitary. You just shake it on gently. Apply it correctly and you eliminate the danger of staining or soiling your gown.

This summer . . . use Nonspi. It's 35c and 50c a bottle at all drug and department stores. Get yours today.

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APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

The Nonspi Company MM-65
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Send me a Special Trial-Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin), 15c in Canada. This offer good only until June 15th, 1935.

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simple problem it would be, too, if it were not for the fact that every girl in Hollywood is an alarmingly beautiful girl, at least, those who have gotten this far within the studio gates.

The facial kin of Ned Sparks straightens his back to the extent of raising his face above the piano keyboard. A peal of Paderewski thunder brings the feminine chatter to a halt. Pert, luscious, little "I got rhythm-ers" start warming up their engines, loosening rhumba hips with tantalizing little wiggles, legs flashing high over head with pony-like kicks.

An assistant dance director, wearing a black top coat, a newspaper bundled in one pocket, a felt hat turned down over the eyes, looking for all the world, like a conservative office worker, walks over to the assemblage and mumbles a few words of instruction. Black coat tails start trailing through the air as the dance director gives a practical demonstration of his instructions. Watching attentively, the girls proceed to imitate the prescribed dance steps. The dance director repeats his instructions at various intervals in front of the long line of dancers, making sure that every girl has an equal chance of learning the step.

"All right let's have it!" a voice rings out. Paderewski starts thumping out spasmodical notes necessary to dance rhythm. "One—two—three—one—two—three—break!" carols the dance instructor. A long shimmering line of faultless limbs, "legs," "gams," "lower extremities" (whichever you prefer to call them) flash out almost simultaneously. Three simple steps that seem merely slow motion walking, a high kicking, hop-like spin reversing the direction, ending with a dipping swoop known as the "break."

The same simple steps were repeated monotonously for the next five minutes. Finally the piano stops. Silence reigns supreme. Another assistant, holding a large schedule board, goes into a huddle with Director Connelly, then walks among the dancers taking names and addresses. Girls start drifting back to their coats and wraps parked on the chairs near the wall. The first elimination has taken place. The piano and dancing resume as before. Another halt is called. A few more girls disappear. The lucky ones, still standing in line, are the girls chosen for the picture. Assured work for one to seven full weeks at a salary of fifty to seventy dollars per week.

SEEMS easy, doesn't it? Just follow a few steps (if you happen to be a good-looking girl, of course) simple steps that a child could imitate without any trouble or practice—and presto! The job is yours. Nor is it necessary, as many would suspect, to spend fortunes on dancing schools in preparing oneself to be a studio dancer. Any girl with the average grace, poise and agility, could probably show up at a chorus girl "call" and make the grade without any previous dancing experience.

If I am to believe the word of one particular lady of the chorus, the majority of Hollywood "ponies" learn the rudiments of rhythm and simple tap steps from sisters or friends already in the chorus business. The rehearsal hall for an aspiring dancer is usually the kitchen or spare room of her home.

Once the simple limbering up steps have been mastered, a girl has little trouble qualifying for a studio chorus job. Hollywood directors demand long thorough rehearsals before a dance number is even thought of being shot. Meticulous rehearsals supervised by the world's most expert dance instructors, rehearsals that would make a "Ginger Rogers" out of King Kong.

Let's say that you are a Hollywood girl with the necessary knowledge of rhythm and simple dance steps to qualify for a job in a studio chorus. Now comes the really hard part—that of getting a job! You may have a stream-lined chassis that has won every beauty contest cup ever to leave a silversmith's shop, but Hollywood will only reply, "So what?" You may be the wife or sweetheart of seven producers simultaneously, but Hollywood dance directors will only reiterate, "So what?"

If a chorus girl happens to be the secret crush of a producer in the studio she works for, you can depend on said "Dame" holding her job entirely on her ability as a dancer. The ability to palpitate the heart of a producer isn't going to do any harm, naturally, but unless the girl can produce "what it takes" to satisfy the camera lens, it's no go. Time was when a chorus girl could vamp her way into the line-up and stay there. Not so today in Hollywood. A girl might vamp her way as far as the try-out, but from then on she is distinctly on her own, at the mercy of dancing directors who would rather run the risk of turning down an executive's girl friend than hiring her and losing his job by making a bum picture.

Sugar daddies, looking for joy-babies in Hollywood, shy clear of screen ladies with the educated toe. Studio executives think twice before risking an orchid to a captivating member of the chorus.

THIS "poor little working girl" earning $70 a week for an average of forty-two weeks out of the year, is financially independent. No need of a strong sugar daddy's shoulder to lean on while extracting sugar from vest pockets to fill the gap of a chorus girl's salary insufficient to keep little Nell alive.

Nay! Nay! A thousand times Nay! No more does little Nell have to sacrifice herself to the big bad nasty man in order to save the old homestead. Little Nell can write her own ticket nowadays, pay off the mortgage and keep the big bad villain as far away from her as she cares to.

And don't let their seductive abandon, portrayed on the screen, fool you. That alacritous twinkle in a chorine's eyes doesn't mean what the man in the bald-headed row might imagine. It signifies only contentment over a job that was earned solely through her own ability as a dancer, a job that pays two or three times as much as the average stenographer's job, a job that makes one her own boss, financially independent of anyone, able to choose her own company.

From where does Hollywood get the majority of its dancing pulchritude? Dave Gould, dance director for Twentieth Century's grand picture "Folies Bergere," claims that most of his curvacious cuties come from the smaller "hick" towns. 73 chorines were used in the dance sequences of "Folies Bergere." A check-up revealed that all but 18 girls hailed from towns with names sounding like "Stop Water Junction" or "Patooka, Kansas."

Le Roy Prinz, eminent Hollywood dance director, reveals that ninety percent of his cuddlesome rhythm tappers live with their fathers and mothers here in Hollywood. Out of twenty-four girls who worked for him in a recent line-up, all were between the ages of seventeen and twenty, fourteen were married, five had babies, eight girls were engaged to be married, leaving only two to do as they please—and the strenuous studio routine probably left them too tired to even do that! So here's a tip to the Big Bad Wolf descending on Hollywood in search of playgirl companions—stay away from the studio chorines—you're only wasting your time!



Our favorite screen team, Spanky McFarland and "Pete" in a sandy close-up.

The Interviewer's Dilemma

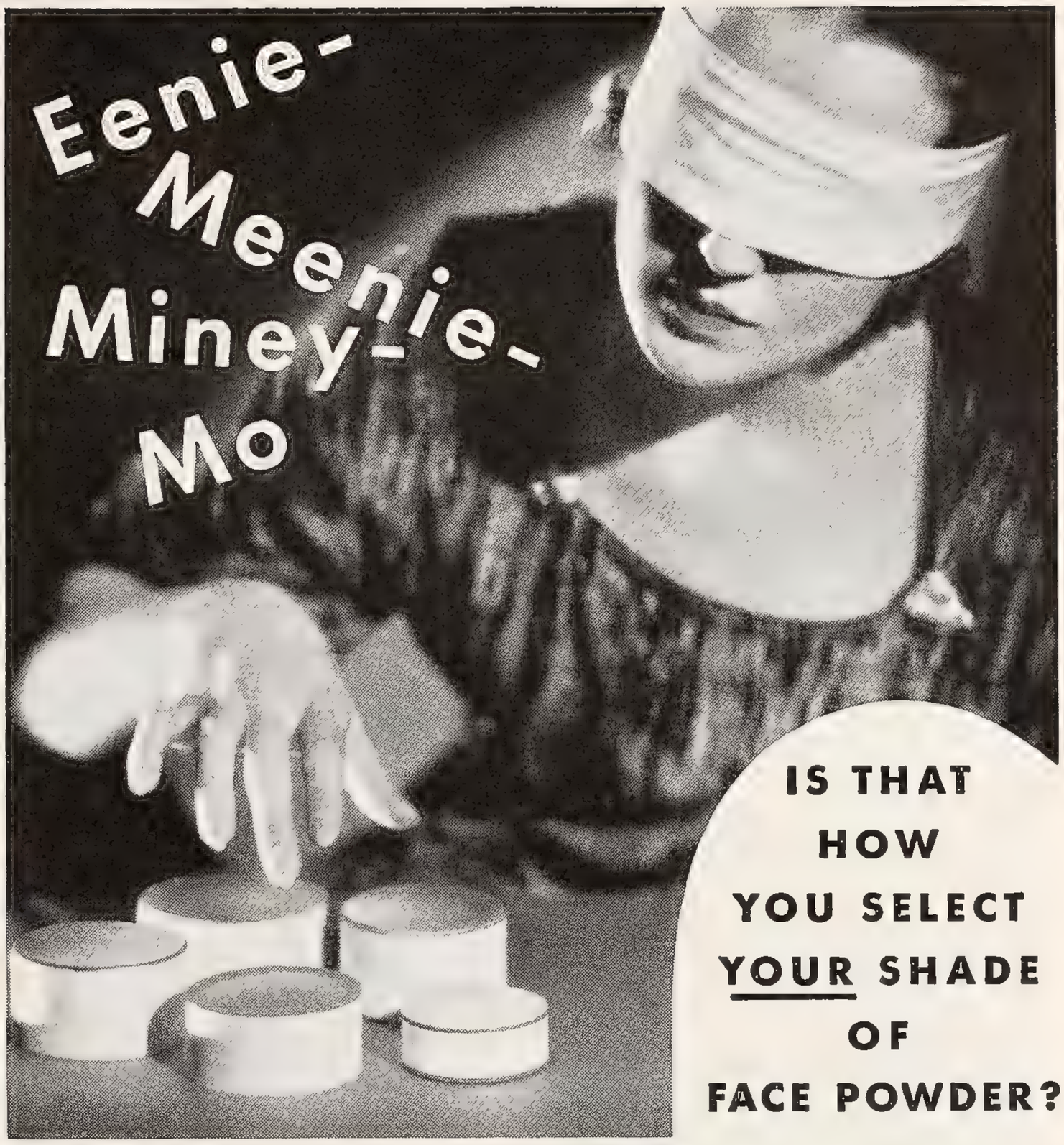
(*Continued from page 59*)

natural aptitude toward threatening Pavlova's throne. Young Astaire, or Austerlitz at that time, picked up the routines the others so carelessly dropped and always had an innovation or two of his own design to interpolate. He assisted Adele in many a tedious assemblage of complicated steps, though he loyally insists that he is a no better dancer than she. The fact that experienced critics disagree upon this opinion is, to him, beside the point, of course.

And so, at an age when most youngsters would as soon conjugate a Latin noun as decline it, the Astaires were doing the several-a-day in the best and worst vaudeville emporiums of these United States. When their act wasn't cancelled, as indeed it once was when it played on a bill supporting Douglas Fairbanks, it was lavishly praised. Eventually the Astaires grew up and had musical comedies planned and built for them. They became the toast of New York, the rage in London and a rare treat for any other big town in which they appeared.

Then came Adele's marriage and Fred's decision to go it alone and, just last year, his introduction to the infant industry. It was in a small role in "Flying Down To Rio," but before the six reels were unwound, even the most unobservant realized that Mr. Astaire had stolen the picture and neatly slipped it into his dancing shoes. The-Powers-That-Be were aware that this new-to-the-movies man was in a position to write his own ticket and sincerely hoped that he'd have a heart. He was "the tops"—as fine a comedian as a dancer, and just as personable as funny.

Fred's well-meaning friends were quick to congratulate his becoming a movie star, which best wishes had the effect of slightly irking the gentleman. You see, he has earned the right to be acknowledged stellar material since he left his teens, so when the gang came around with a "Put it there, boy, we always knew you'd do it," it naturally didn't set so well. Not that the lad is conceited—too far from that



IS THAT HOW YOU SELECT YOUR SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

The Wrong Color Can Make You Look 5 to 10 Years Older!

By *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing you want to "try on", it's your face powder shades. You may not realize it, but it's a known fact among artists and make-up experts that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older than you really are.

Many a woman's age is unjustly placed at 5 to 10 years more than it actually is simply on account of the color of face powder she uses. There is no greater error than to choose your face powder color on the basis of "type" or coloring. Matching isn't what you want at all, but flattery—enhancing of your natural gifts.

Seek to Flatter — Not to Match!

Many a brunette who uses a brunette or dark rachel powder wants another shade altogether. The same with blondes. Many a blonde who uses a light rachel or a beige really requires a darker tint. You must remember that the color of your hair doesn't govern the color of your skin. A brunette may have a very light skin, while a blonde may have quite a dark one, and vice versa.

The only sensible and practical way to choose your face powder shade is to "try on" all the five basic shades which colorists agree are sufficient to take care of all tones of skin. And this is the opportunity I give you, *at no cost to you!*

My Service to the Women of America

In order to help you solve the all important question of which shade of face powder for *you*, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder absolutely free of cost. When you try on all five shades, as you must, you will discover whether you have been right or wrong in your shade of face powder and whether you have been benefiting or suffering as a result.

Many times it's the woman who is most sure of her shade of face powder that is most astonished with the results of this test. Many times it is the shade that a woman would never suspect that proves to be most youthifying and flattering.

Mail the coupon or a postcard today and learn for yourself whether you are doing yourself justice or injustice in the shade of face powder you are using.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther Company, 1935

FREE

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (13)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

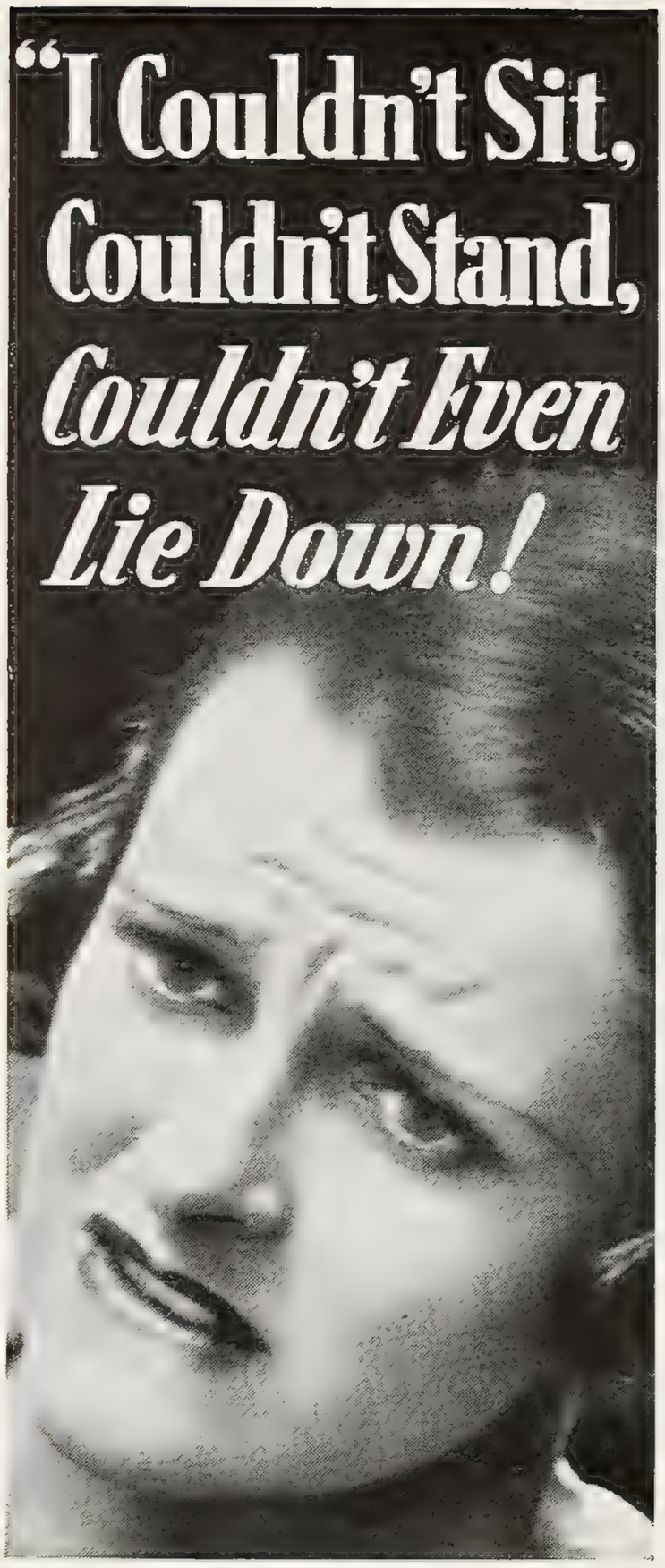
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(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, *Couldn't Even Lie Down!*



The Suffering I Had to Bear In Secret"

WHAT a toll Piles take—in pain, in physical and mental incapacitation, in drain on vitality! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo not only relieves the pain, soreness and itching, but it tends to correct the condition as well. Pazo works because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissue. Third, it is *absorbing*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in collapsible tube with special Pile Pipe; now also, for the first time, in suppository form, 14 to the box. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo suppositories better than anything they have ever used.

Try It FREE!

Pazo is sold by all drug stores, but a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Simply mail the coupon or a post card.

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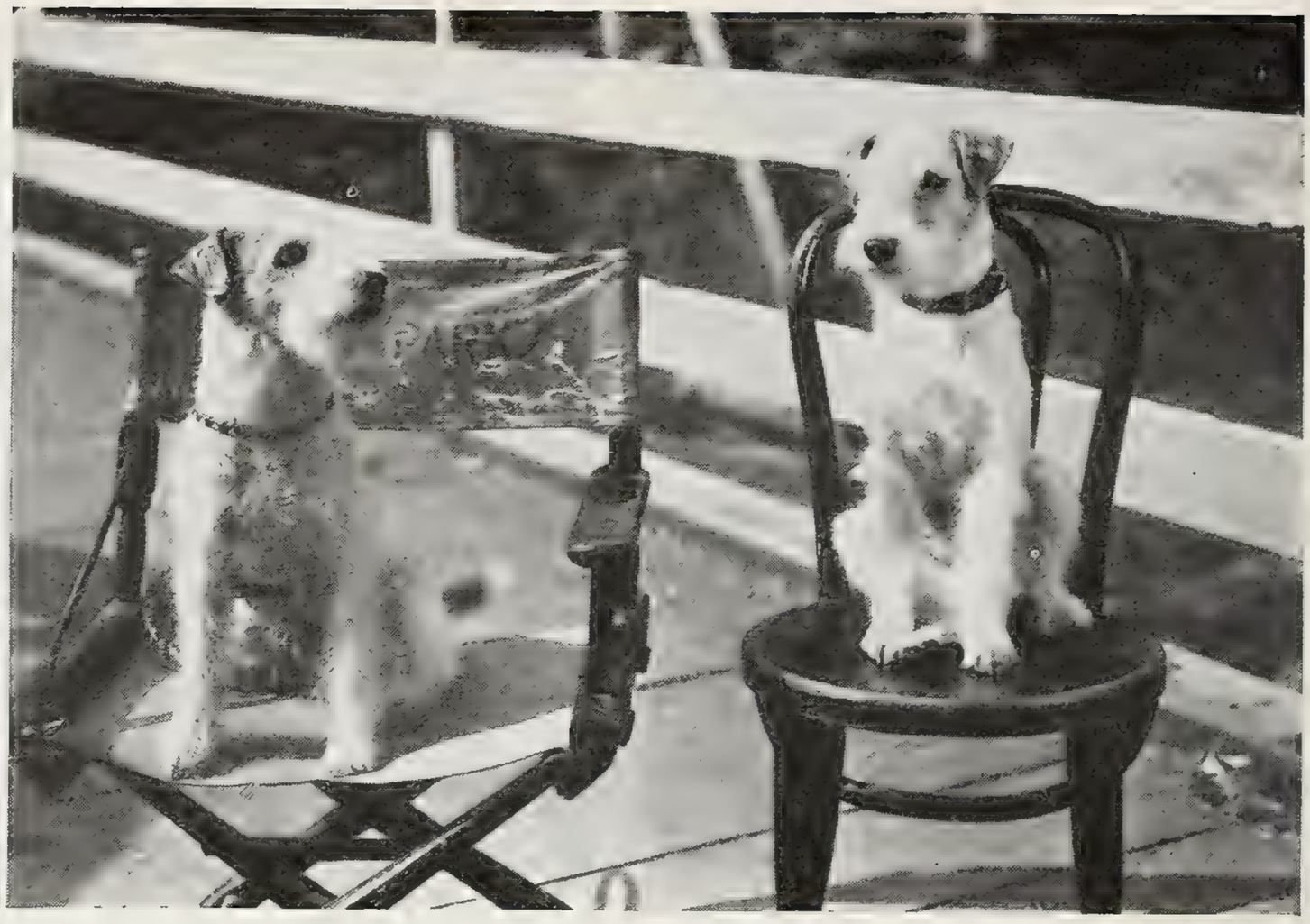
FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____



We don't have to remind you that this is "Skippy" of "Thin Man" fame, but did you know the other wiry gent is his stand-in? Ritzy, what? Skippy, the first, is next in "It's a Small World."

for his own good—but he has a nice appreciation of worth and what one goes through to attain it. You see, Fred Astaire has never been anywhere at any time a "flash in the pan." He has gotten there via the old, hard work and perseverance route, the one covered fable-y by the hare and the tortoise.

JUST so that you may not feel cheated on the conventional angle of an interview, it seems time to let RKO's artistic pride and box office joy, speak for himself. He does very little of it, as was said before, but here goes.

"I've been asked how one becomes a dancer. If one is naturally talented in this direction, hard work will do the trick. If one isn't, nothing much will help. I'd like to be able to tell ambitious boys and girls how to profit by my mistakes. Unfortunately, there is no way to learn anything thoroughly except by experience. Observation isn't a competent teacher. You have to go through things to understand them and to climb professionally.

"Naturally, I have studied with several teachers; in many instances, not for very long. I instinctively get the feel of what I am doing. I know pretty quickly if the person, attempting to instruct me, has what I need. Teachers whom I scarcely know have advertised that I recommend them. That is unfair. In fact, it burns me up! I'm not vain and I want to give credit where it is due, but there are an awful lot of places it isn't, and my photographs somehow seem to have appeared in connection with several of them.

"Just as there is really no such thing as a stupid child, there are no ungraceful young people. Therefore, they should dance from the sheer fun of it, without ever a thought of exhibition work or entertaining professionally. I have danced with girls who have told me that they've never taken a lesson. In many cases, if I had been warned, I'd never have suspected.

"Personally, I practice several hours a day. I have a dancing partner and a man who not only plays the piano expertly, but is by way of being a composer. We do a lot of improving. We get ideas—themes, we call them—and fool around until they come out as nearly pat as we can make them. We get the ideas from the situations in the story to be filmed, and make the music fit the dance routines—not the other way around. It's a lot of work but a lot of fun and I wouldn't do anything else for money, which unfortunately I'm told I don't have enough respect for."

And that is all Fred Astaire would say. It may look matter-of-fact in print, but it sounded very humble and sincere vocally. He mentioned his bride, the socially prominent Phyllis Potter, and attending the "Roberta" preview with Randolph Scott and "as how" the girls are *that* intrigued by a handsome guy like Randy, and how he (Fred) is looking forward to making "Top Hat" with Ginger. He "told all" in brief, clipped sentences—a vest pocket edition of his views, as definitely edited as they appear here. He doesn't seem to care about being the interviewer's dilemma—because he doesn't seem to care about the interviewer at all!

Woman Should Be Weak

(*Continued from page 55*)

always had had a natural instinct for theatricals. She soon became the leading lady in many plays at the famous Theatre of the Golden Bow in Carmel.

You have read, of course, how later she went to the Pasadena Community Players and more or less automatically slipped, by one of the most customary routes, into pictures. She made ten pictures in the first year. And she is considered, today, one of the most promising of the younger actresses. One who is borrowed continually by companies other than Universal because she can play any type of role from light comedy to high drama. She was considered, also, one

of the easiest actress to work with. Nothing except her career mattered. Eighteen hours a day, extra shots, extra sittings for photographs or fittings, extra time for interviews or publicity pictures—nothing was too much trouble to Gloria. All of her ceaseless energy went into the strength of that single determination to become the best actress; one of the strongest, most independent of women. She and her husband lived in separate houses because she wanted more time to concentrate upon her career. Later they were divorced.

And I honestly believe Gloria Stuart would have realized her ambition if she had continued with her pseudo self. She may even reach the same goal by her present route. But the difference lies in one single fact: she doesn't care, today, whether she becomes a great actress or not!

Of course, a man did it. Free-thinking philosophy, independence—all the lovely theories not only conceived, but lived by this girl for ten years, skidded into a deep ditch as quickly as does a high-powered car when Gloria Stuart met Arthur Sheekman.

Gloria is twenty-four, he is thirty-four. A newspaper reporter, feature journalist and scenario writer, he had avoided marriage as astutely and perseveringly as Gloria had shunned the bondage of it. They boasted of their indifference to conventional matrimony. But there was one great point of philosophical wisdom upon which they differed.

"Since he was twenty years of age, he has worked upon the theory of doing what you have to do well, but not breaking your neck or your heart over it," Gloria explained carefully. "He would tell me, 'If you put all of your strength and your emotion, everything you have of yourself, into a job and if you do fall short you may be miserable the rest of your life. Don't say you are going to be the best actress. The chances, to begin with, are a million to one against you. If you are a good actress and have done all you can do about it, what does it matter? If you take it smoothly, giving your strength wisely rather than lavishly; your ambition wholeheartedly but not in frenzy—then, if you do become the *best,* it's pure gravy and you can enjoy it. The thing in life is to be happy—not to be famous!'"

AND these words, uttered, again and again, to Gloria, began to sprout little thoughts different than any she had had since she was nine years of age. They began to remind her of her father; of the little house among the sands and wheat fields of Santa Monica. She remembered the quiet peace; the unruffled certainty that living actually was pleasant. And despite herself, she began to take stock of the past ten years in relation to the first nine; the entire future from the same angle.

"I counted up the actual hours I had dedicated to nothing except ambition and independence. I compared my health, as it was today, and as it was in my childhood. I faced the fact that I was always restless, slept little, ate little. I realized I was working on the average of eighteen hours a day. I counted the time I spent on clothes, alone, so I could keep up with the other Hollywood Joneses. I even counted the hours I spent in putting on make-up so I would look as well across the luncheon table as my competitors. And I tried to count the hours I spent on worry. Would the other girl get that part or would I? Had I said the right thing to that interviewer or would it have been better if I'd said something else?

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"This didn't happen all at once, of course. It was gradual. But it happened, I couldn't help it."

Neither Gloria nor Arthur Sheekman knows, today, when the one decided he would like to marry the other. But each made the decision long before they told one another. Gloria knew she was in love and wanted to marry, but she felt he would not want it, he had been so determined against marriage. He knew he wanted to marry but he dared not tell her because he knew, only too well, her independent theories. So they began to avoid all discussion of marriage. Then, one night, they attended a party. A certain male guest took that extra drink which slips one over that borderline between intoxication and sobriety. His wife went to him, cuddled him in her arms, slipped his coat on, urged him gently, firmly, and devotedly from the room toward home. Gloria and Arthur looked on. And on the way home, she said, "Seeing that scene, the devoted way she handled him, gave me a terrific urge to take you home in the same way, if the same thing ever should happen to you."

And he said, "Gloria, if you want to get married, I want to get married, too."

And suddenly Gloria Stuart was the little girl who lived happily, without worry or intensity, with her mother and father.

"I knew then, I wanted to be a weak woman. I wanted to be cared for, protected and ordered around.

"The utter futility of all I had been living for for ten years struck me forcibly. I absolutely know it can never come back to me. If I had continued to live in the same way for another ten years, just what would there have been for me? At thirty-four, I would have been too old, too tired to find happiness. I would have been perpetually restless and nervous. Ambition would have driven every normal, feminine thought from me.

I AM so contented that it is just disgusting. Often, I go to bed at eight-thirty and sleep until late in the morning without even awakening. And I just love to sit and do nothing. Just sit.

"I have complete happiness and all the other things I worked so hard for mean absolutely nothing. I know Arthur can always provide for me so I never worry. If he should have bad luck here, he can always work on a newspaper. And you can live on sixty dollars a week as well as you can on several thousand.

"I told you I have smoked since I was fourteen but when I knew I was to have a baby, I stopped smoking at once. I am so contented that the restless habit of smoking meant nothing in comparison to the health of the baby. I am beginning to believe I give more to my acting because I am thinking of my work quietly and peacefully, instead of driving my energies, at a rate God never intended them to go. After the baby has come, I want to do two or three good pictures a year. Arthur leaves that up to me. I can work or not work. Of course, I'll have more children!

"I cook and I sew. I walk miles with the dogs. We have three of them. I used to laugh at love that makes a woman weak—I never want to be anything but weak again as long as I live. I have learned that a woman's strength actually lies in what I thought was her weakness. You ask me whether I think it will last," she laughed. "I *know* it'll last but we never even think about it. I am too contented in being a weak woman to worry about anything, not even my own contentment. I've reverted to the little girl I used to be. Reverted to type, I suppose. And women will always be reverting to type, I hope. It will be a restless, nervous, unhappy world if they don't!"

A Dream Comes True

(*Continued from page 33*)

beauty set to haunting music and spiced with sparkling humor.

If Shakespeare's art failed to click with Jennie Jones out in Peoria, by golly his fantasy, augmented by Hollywood's technicians' best effects, surely would ring the bell.

So, while Max Reinhardt was learning the possibilties of the camera, and Jimmy Cagney, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, and Joe E. Brown were striving to dress their slapstick in ye olde English spangles, forty-three varieties of artisans, ranging from structural steel workers to cobweb makers and from plumbers to star-dust blowers, were working day and night to bring the magic of Shakespeare's dreams to the screen.

Europe was combed for its best dancers, dance directors, music directors and arrangers. Erich Wolfgang Korngold was imported to arrange the original music by Mendelssohn, and Bronislava Nijinska was brought over to coach the Reinhardt ballet. And Nina Thielade, Pavlova's protégée and recognized successor, joined the Max Reinhardt ballet.

HOLLYWOOD grinned at the idea of Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, Hugh Herbert, Hobart Cavanaugh and Frank McHugh playing Shakespeare, and openly questioned the wisdom of the selection of Jimmy Cagney as Bottom. Jean Muir, Ian Hunter, Mickey Rooney, Verree Teasdale, Otis Harlan, Arthur Treacher, Victor Jory, Grant Mitchell and Anita Louise might get away with it, but never the famous comedy stock company that had cavorted in a score of hilarious comedies.

So, as these old stand-bys cautiously tried out Shakespeare's lines, and as Professor Reinhardt hesitantly tested camera angles and studied his various test shots with exclamations of astonishment, the clock-like performance and eager efficiency of the "special effects" and other departments came as a comfort to the production department, and it began to lean more and more upon the boys in overalls.

The script called for magic cascades and falls, for deer peeping out from the trees, for frogmen coming up from the waters, for a shooting star that falls and produces a dancing fairy, for a ballet on a glimmering moonbeam; to say nothing of a shaft of moonlight that "pours on the ground like molten silver," shaping itself into a fairy in the form of dancing Nina Thielade, a black fog that belches forth Victor Jory in the role of Oberon and a human being that sprouts a donkey's head. The script called for those things and the technical departments gave a hundred per cent delivery.

Warner Bros. had enough confidence



Lovely Merle Oberon is vacationing before starting work on "The Dark Angel."

in Max Reinhardt's ability to gamble a million dollars on it. When they discovered that he and Director Wilhelm Dieterle were outdoing themselves, that Cagney was giving the performance of his career as Bottom and that amazing harmony and good-will existed on the sets, the studio heads continued to encourage the increasing demand for more and more from the mechanical and electrical geniuses.

The things that Shakespeare wrote to tantalize the theatre gave the technicians the opportunity they had long been awaiting. Electricians, mechanics, carpenters, painters, sculptors, rubber workers, model makers, costumers, cameramen, make-up artists, sound experts and instrument makers—all were in a fever to do the things and to try the experiments they always wanted to attempt.

Everybody was happy and satisfied. They were all wearing the contented smile of the cat-that-ate-the-canary, for in his heart, every actor in the world believes he can play Shakespeare. No studio had ever hoped to attain such accord in filming such a tremendous piece of work. Never a knock or a complaint to be heard. How different from other superproductions we can recall, pictures wherein the various members of the cast were not speaking to each other at all.

And yet, with all this harmony, the sets of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" resembled nothing quite so much as a colorful mad-house.

JUST picture, if you can, the Duke of Athens' triumphant home-coming with his battle-won bride-to-be, Queen Hippolyta of the Amazons. They are disembarking from the royal barge. Behind the Duke are his victory-flushed retainers; before him, milling and cheering is the admiring populace of Athens. Guards in polished metal, prancing horses, knights, ladies of the court, dancers—and a great colorful array of people in costume, many carrying banners or flaming torches.

Picture that, with a battery of giant lamps throwing some three-quarters of a



"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

It seemed to Hermia that the whole world was up-side-down. She loved Lysander dearly and he returned her love. Yet, because her father, Egeus, had so commanded, she would soon be forced to marry Demetrius. And this same Demetrius, whom she loathed, was loved by her dearest friend, Helena. Helena was beautiful, with her golden hair and fair skin. Why couldn't Demetrius fall in love with her, instead of Hermia? Why must she be compelled to wed with a man she loathed? Because the old Athenian law said: "Either fit your fancies to your father's will, or else the law of Athens yields you up to death or to vow of single life."

Never was the Goddess of Love more confused than in this immortal love story by William Shakespeare. You will enjoy every word of the novelized version of Warner Brothers screen production, "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" in the June issue.

Included in the special features and twelve complete stories are Fredric March and Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables" . . . Shirley Temple in "Our Little Girl" . . . Clark Gable and Loretta Young in "Call of the Wild" . . . Jean Muir in "Oil for the Lamps of China" . . . and many, many others.

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Two Jeans, Muir and Negulesco, put on some fancy steps at a recent party.

million candle power of light, while the microphone booms stretch their long, spidery arms in constant pursuit of the action, and the cameras grinding silently.

Rising in the background of all this is a twenty-foot high platform, christened the Tower of Babel, on which stands a camera, flanked by cameramen, an electrician, Director Dieterle and his assistant. The last mentioned is yelling orders into a microphone that is connected with a set of loud speakers from which come a jumble of instructions.

Up there on the Tower of Babel, the tall, gaunt and efficient Dieterle is waving his white-gloved hands and giving instructions in broken English. The players below are attempting to understand him, and growing more bewildered. At the foot of the platform mill a half-dozen assistants and interpreters all trying to interpret Dieterle's orders in differently pitched dialects.

And through it all Max Reinhardt moves quietly, smiling and nodding, or shaking his head. As the assistants rush into the mob, shouting conflicting instructions, Max Reinhardt restores order, in his friendly, paternal manner.

But don't let the quiet manner of Reinhardt fool you. His appetite for detail is insatiable. With him everything must be exact; not just nearly, but absolutely.

Reinhardt's devotion to detail beggars description. If a button is missing from the most inconsequential costume he will instantly demand a halt until the mistake is remedied.

Time, labor, inconvenience and expense apparently mean nothing to him. If a thing is not right, it must be fixed. Makeshifts are his abomination. And how well the art, costume, prop and casting departments learned this.

"I want a beautiful violinist for the fairy who plays on the edge of the moonbeam," said Reinhardt.

"There are several beauties among the fairies," he was told. "Just take your pick."

"No," was his quiet but blunt retort, "she must be a violin player so her fingering will be right."

And so the casting department had to send out a call for the most beautiful violin player in Hollywood.

During the shooting of a scene in the woodland set, Reinhardt decided Hugh Herbert should not go through it with his hands empty. So he said, "Give him an Elizabethan hornpipe."

IF it had been for any other picture the common, garden variety of hornpipe would have done. But for Reinhardt it had to be authentic. So everything was stopped and a rush order sent out for an Elizabethan hornpipe. The research department found a photograph and a description of one.

Then the prop department took the matter in hand. An order was sent to the woodwork department to turn exactly the right pipe from exactly the right wood. Another order was sent out for a beef bladder, because a beef bladder was the correct wind bag for such a hornpipe.

It was delivered on the set exactly twenty-five minutes after Reinhardt said, "Make it."

That, however, was a simple requirement compared to what the plaster, make-up, costume and other departments had to turn out. In fact, the requirements of the wild fantasy of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" became so complicated that entirely new departments had to be established at the studio.

The rubber department, for instance, was a growth from the sculptural department, which, in turn, grew out of the make-up department.

It all began in this way. It was up to Perc Westmore, head of the make-up department, to manipulate the growth of a donkey's head on Bottom's shoulders. And it was not to be accomplished merely by putting on a papier-mâché head. The development had to be gradual, and the change of features had to be photographed so that the audience might see the actual transformation.

The first step was to make a photographic study of a donkey's head, and to enlarge it to the correct size.

Next came the making of a plaster of Paris mold of Jimmy Cagney's head, with every detail of his face perfect. From this mold a cast was made. And on the cast a donkey's head was modelled in clay, true to the enlarged photographs, but retaining several contact points—points at which the inside of the mold would contact the points of expression on Jimmy's face.

Then the final donkey's head that would fit exactly over Jimmy's own head was made. This was covered with hair, set with teeth and equipped with springs to work the lips and large ears.

It was a piece of work of which any make-up department might be proud, but still it was not complete. It had to be made to work.

This called for a strange procedure. Curious little scales and weighing devices were ordered. A scale was placed under Jimmy's chin to weigh the strength of his jaw movements as he talked. They measured his face and tested the muscles of his throat and those at the corners of



Loretta Young chats with the clever designer, Bernard Newman, at the Mayfair Ball.

his mouth. Then a series of little springs, saddles and counterweights, were constructed.

One of these saddles fitted under Jimmy's chin when he put on the donkey's head. Two more tiny ones fitted into the corners of his mouth. Strings ran from them to weights and springs, and thence on out to the jaws and lips of the donkey's head.

These balanced so perfectly that, as Jimmy talks, the donkey's mouth operates without any strain on him, and as he laughs or smiles the lip of the donkey curls up.

Another set of strings, running over Jimmy's shoulders to a belt around his chest, makes it possible for him to wiggle the donkey's ears by the slightest movement of his head.

Then there was the matter of a gradual transformation from a human head to a donkey's head. It was decided to distort the cast of Jimmy's head gradually, and to make rubber masks of each change. So liquid rubber was sprayed on the cast, allowed to dry and then peeled off in the form of a mask.

THUS, bit by bit, and mask by mask (always retaining "contact points" so the mask would carry Jimmy's facial movements), Jimmy's head changed from that of a human being to that of a donkey.

Eight stages or degrees of the transformation were cast into these masks, and with their aid Bottom's assuming of a donkey's head seems a normal development rather than a sudden change.

No sooner was that assignment finished, when Nijinska demanded batmen. Entire costumes, including skulls, trunks and wings were made of rubber.

Next a frogman had to be created, and ten Amazon masks made. Then thirty rubber heads had to be made for another batch of dwarfs. Rubber hands and arms were made, and the fingers extended from six to nine inches.

Moth wings and dainty leaves were cast into molds and then reproduced in rubber for fairy costumes. The head-dress of the fairy queen. Titania, played by Anita Louise, was made entirely of abalone shell and cellophane and had to be put on her head with a pair of pliers.

Sets never before attempted were built for this picture. The woodland set alone took up a stage 175 by 375 feet and extended up a wide ramp onto the roof of another stage.

On this woodland set hundreds of trees were erected, many of them built into grotesque forms. It contained tiny lakes, rapids, running streams and a waterfall which required so much water that a miniature waterworks, with a tremendous pumping capacity, was built for it. It was dotted with tiny glens, miniature gorges and beautiful caves. It contained meadows and flowers, and giant rocks of peculiar formation.

Every morning and every evening for the entire length of production, some four months, this set had to be serviced at terrific expense. The artificial grass and trees had to be sprayed with green every morning, the real branches, shrubs and flowers had to be replaced twice a week, on account of the great heat of the lamps.

Special camera equipment, designed and built for the purpose, was necessary for shooting some of the midnight sequences. An entirely new camera technique had to be developed to meet the many requirements of filming this unusual picture.

For example, when Oberon was to come out of a black fog. The technical department had whipped the fog problem. It was able to make the fog rise, settle, hang low or high, or "roll over" at will.

What's the matter with Me and Men?



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This fog was made from finely sprayed oil. If it was to rise, it was heated. If it was to remain low or cling to the ground it was frozen with dry ice.

Ah, but a black fog, that was something else again. The cameraman finally accomplished it by adding a plain lens to his camera, over which had been smeared a thin coating of vaseline and lampblack. The vaseline afforded the glow and the lampblack changed the fog to black.

Another time cameraman, Hal Mohr, was told to produce an effect of fairies dancing among the stars, with the stars twinkling all about them.

THIS was accomplished by blowing an artificial cobweb over a small wooden frame and then scattering little "flitters," or tiny fragments of silver, over the cobweb. When the camera shot through this, stars danced and gleamed all about the fairies.

For the costumes, wigs, chariots and other purposes over 600,000 yards of cellophane strands were used, not counting Titania's train, which alone required 91,000 yards of the gossamer strands.

If you think we're getting careless with figures, then consider these. For the seven-ton moonbeam along which over one hundred fairies dance, 750,000 yards of cellophane strands were used to weave the body of the beam.

IF you've seen the picture, you will recall the banquet scene, when the dignified lackey brings in the suckling pig. After many rehearsals they started to take this elaborate shot, only to be stopped in the middle of the parade of incoming food by a burst of laughter from everyone watching the scene.

In the mouth of the suckling pig on the big tray was a burning cigarette. No one knew who put it there, but it certainly gave Herr Max a shock.

There is a scene in which three little Moors (colored boys to you) were supposed to give a bag of money to Joe E. Brown. They rehearsed it with Joe's stand-in, and when the time came for Joe to take the money they wouldn't give it to him, because it was the stand-in they had been told to hand it to.

And that is how shots go wrong. But not all the practical jokes resulted in spoiled shots. In a scene taken in Quince's home, Joe E. Brown is supposed to be eating garlic. Because of Reinhardt's love for detail, shelled Brazil nuts had been cut to resemble garlic buds, and Joe was eating these.

But Hugh Herbert got there ahead of him and slipped in some real garlic. He figured Joe would get it in the rehearsal. But he didn't, and right in the middle of the "take," Joe's face suddenly began to make the strangest contortions.

"Great, perfect, funny!" joyously exclaimed Reinhardt the instant the camera stopped grinding.

"By sassafras!" declared Joe, "some smart Alec put real garlic in that bowl. For the next fifteen minutes Joe was washing out his mouth. But garlic or no garlic, Joe was too good a trouper to spoil a "take."

In spite of the problems and the long hours that the "Dream" brought to the technical department, and despite the exacting requirements of Max Reinhardt, every one at Warner Brothers studio is sorry it's "in the can"; that is, that the film is completed and put in the cans for shipment.

So, when you see "A Midsummer Night's Dream," remember that it has been a lot more than just another picture to Hollywood.

Shirley Temple's First Six Years

(*Continued from page 28*)

expected Mrs. Temple to call Shirley and scold her for such an overflow of spirits. If she did, she was mistaken.

"A little lady, did you say?" Mrs. Temple asked, laughing. "Not always. Her two older brothers have seen to that."

CONSTANT correction never has been Mrs. Temple's idea. She feels, and the wisest psychologists bear her out, that this sort of thing is impoverishing, that it robs a child of self-confidence and finally of its individuality. Had Shirley always been repressed, it is extremely doubtful that she would be as delightful and natural as she is today, that she ever would have scored her sensational success on the screen. She's never indulged. Far from it. But at the same time that she is asked to respect the individual rights of others, she is given individual rights of her own.

It's always been tap dancing that Shirley has loved best. "When you tap," she explains, drawing down her brows in a serious effort to explain how she feels about the tap, "when you tap you can feel the music. In your legs."

A group of men arrived at that dancing class one day. And when the teacher asked the mothers to be kind enough to wait in an adjoining room, something important began to beat in the air.

Shirley's eyes went big and round. She loved that sense of excitement, but at the same time, much as she wanted to be out in the center of things, she turned shy. She took her stand behind the biggest potted palm. There she could see, yet, she hoped, not be seen. And she watched as the children, one by one, walked up to those men, answered questions, and, in some cases, entertained with a few dance steps.

It was when she became too interested and poked her head too far around the tree that one of the men saw her. "Look!" he said. "Look over there behind that palm."

"It's a pixie," announced another man.

"It is indeed," the teacher agreed, "by the name of Shirley Temple."

"Shirley," she called now. "Shirley!"

The walk across the room seemed to Shirley a long, long journey. She felt all the eyes upon her. She was aware of the color mounting in her cheeks. But not once did she turn back, even though she walked slowly, her eyes cast down. When a teacher called, you obeyed.

"What's your name?" asked a man named Charles LaMont. "Billy?"

DIMPLES, misplaced dimples, one outrageously higher than the other, appeared. And it was as if blue stars broke in her eyes. "I'm not a boy," she told him, pointing in confirmation to her curls.

Softly but distinctly she told her name. Her mother's name, her father's name. She told where she lived. And if occasionally she had difficulty with an "l" or a "th," she didn't talk baby talk.

The men were enchanted. One rubbed his hands. Another sat back with a big smile. They were scouts from the Educational Studios, sent out to find a little girl

to play in the Baby Burlesk Comedies. And they had looked far and wide. They had interviewed a hundred professional cuties, a hundred poor children, taught the superficialities of charm by their ambitious mothers. But not until this moment had they found that unconscious charm which springs from an inner radiance. And that is what they were after.

"And now," Mr. LaMont suggested, "perhaps you'll dance for us."

The teacher took her place at the piano. "Tap?" asked Shirley.

The music started. She moved with it in perfect time, her tiny feet sharp and rhythmic against that shiny yellow floor. She tossed back the honey-colored curls which had escaped their blue velvet band. And, if the whole truth is to be told, she flirted with those visiting gentlemen. Unconsciously, yet nevertheless outrageously.

THE Temples didn't take Shirley's appearance in those seven comedies seriously. Making them, she was in the studios only a few hours daily, and at no time were any acting demands made upon her. The weekly salary she received was pleasant, but it totalled no grand sum and little was thought about it.

One of the Educational executives had a notion that Shirley should be put under contract. And he wired to New York to that effect. But the answer he received was short and to the point, "Sign no one to anything." And that was that.

Following her work in these comedies Shirley played a small part in "Frolics of Youth" with Junior Coghlan, Harry Myers and Helene Chadwick. Then she went over to the Paramount lot long enough to appear inconspicuously with Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston in "To the Last Man." After which, as far as anyone could see, her career in the studios was over.

Life went on as before. Shirley gave tea parties under the purple-starred bougainvillea vine. With water tea and make-believe cakes. All for the sheer joy of using cups and plates on which there were pictures of Minnie and Mickey Mouse. And almost always these parties ended with everyone playing "show." With Shirley running things, because she had more ideas to the minute than all the other children put together. Or she would pedal her velocipede up and down the block until, watching her, you would have wondered that her little legs, sturdy-looking as they were, weren't completely exhausted.

"Evenings while I prepared dinner," Mrs. Temple says, "Shirley and John and George usually congregated in the living-room, where they'd turn on the radio, full blast generally, and join the entertainers in whatever song they were singing. While Shirley also would execute her perpetual tap step in the doorway.



Mr. and Mrs. Stan Laurel and June Horn (right) partying.



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Frankie Thomas looks out at New York with his parents after finishing "A Dog of Flanders."

"Frequently I used to be surprised at her ability to memorize those songs. But I decided, finally, it was her association with George and John that helped her in this respect and didn't think much more about it."

One evening the Temples were prevailed upon to take Shirley to the preview of the last Baby Burlesk comedy she had made. Movies at night were decidedly against the rules, but an exception was made.

"You wait for me," George Temple said, dropping Mrs. Temple and Shirley at the theatre, because he was obliged to attend a business meeting. "And if I'm a little late, don't worry. I'll be as quick as I can."

Shirley walked through the lobby, holding tightly to her mother's hand, her eyes very busy trying to see everything at once. "Do they turn on all these lights every night?" she wanted to know. "Every night do all these people get dressed up and come here to see movies?"

"Every night, Shirley," her mother told her, smiling.

"Is this the theatre George and John come to when they ask Daddy for money to go to the movies?" she asked when they were in their seats and her mother was taking off her coat and making her comfortable in the big orchestra chair in which she slipped around a bit.

She was, obviously, trying to grasp horizons broader than those which had limited her life so far, to get a sense of the life that went on beyond her own house and garden, beyond the quiet palm-lined block on which she lived, the beach in front of the Santa Monica Athletic Club, the dancing class, and the Educational Studios.

That afternoon there had been a later and longer nap than usual, to guard against sleepiness. So Shirley was able to enjoy that preview immensely. She thought it frightfully funny when she discovered herself on the screen wearing diapers and an extraordinarily large safety pin. And she laughed uproariously at the capers in which she and the other children indulged, quite as if it were all entirely new to her.

When the show was over she could hardly wait for her father to arrive in order to tell him about everything. "I'll see Dad first," she challenged her mother. And her eyes, dark blue above her flushed cheeks, searched the cars approaching the theatre.

A gentleman came up to Mrs. Temple and presented his card. "I'm Jay Gorney of Fox," he explained. "I've just seen Shirley in the comedy and I'd appreciate it very much if you'd bring her over to our studios tomorrow. We're about to put on a revue, 'Stand Up and Cheer.' Perhaps you've heard about it."

Once again, without any effort on the part of the Temples, Shirley was offered a chance in the studios.

"What do you think, George?" Mrs. Temple asked her husband as they were driving home. Shirley was fast asleep on the back seat. "If it's a revue, they'll want her to dance. And goodness knows she loves to do that. She does it all the time, anyway."

MR. TEMPLE agreed. And the following morning Shirley and Mrs. Temple were at Jay Gorney's office. Had Mrs. Temple been one of the mothers who haunt the studios daily, trying to get little Josie or little Bertie into pictures, she would have realized how really unusual was the enthusiasm which greeted them.

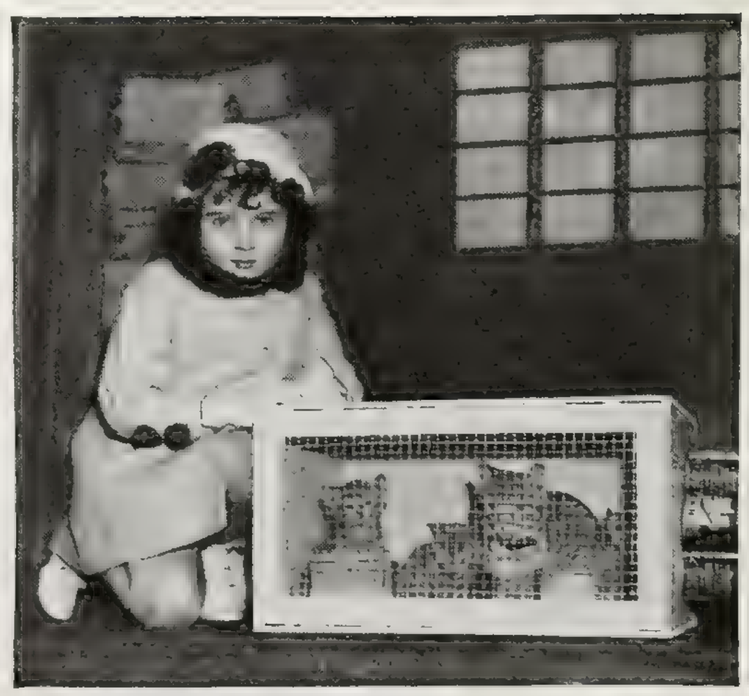
Jay Gorney piloted them over to the studio where dances are rehearsed before they are put into execution before the cameras. And immediately, when Lew Brown, the producer of "Stand Up and Cheer," met them, he mentally raised the top price he had considered offering for Shirley's services.

"Strike up the band!" he ordered the leader of the band rehearsing there in the studio. "Miss Shirley's going to dance for us!"

The band leader raised his baton. The music filled that studio. Shirley began—faster she tapped—faster, faster, faster. Her curls flew helter-skelter. They were playing a song she knew, a song she had learned from the radio. She began to sing, too.

"Mrs. Temple," said Lew Brown, "I want Shirley for this revue and I'm sure we can come to terms if you'll come over to my office." Even his bargaining instincts, strong in any producer, had wilted under a little girl's blue eyes and the misplaced dimples which flashed with her smile.

Now Shirley's career really was under way. Well under way. She hadn't been working in "Stand Up and Cheer" long, when she was called to Winfield Sheehan's attention. Whereupon the Temples—after a long, serious conference as to the advisability of a career for Shirley and the ways and means they would use to keep her unspoiled — signed, in her name, a long-term contract. This contract gave Shirley one hundred and fifty dollars a week. But it wasn't good for long. What if she was



Little Cora Sue Collins bids her kittens goodbye as they leave for her grandfather's.

earning more than ninety-odd per cent of the people in America? The unrestrained praise of all critics and the deluge of admissions which flowed into theatres throughout the country, immediately her name was displayed, made her worth ten times that, and more. So a new contract was drawn up and the old contract destroyed. The new contract runs for seven years and pays Shirley twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week, almost every penny of which George Temple deposits for her in a trust fund.

Shirley was a star. Electric lights in front of theatres spelled her name. "Shirley Temple in 'Stand Up and Cheer'." "Shirley Temple in 'Little Miss Marker'." "Shirley Temple in 'Baby Take a Bow'."

Everywhere people were talking about her. "Mercy," they said, "she must be a very happy little girl." And so she was. Because she always had been. Really, except that she worked in the studios almost every day, six hours in all but only three hours before the camera, her life was pretty much the same as it always had been. She had the same meal times and the same simple menus. The same bedtime, the same little pleasures and the same childish griefs.

THERE was, for instance, the morning Pinkey died. Pinkey, her very favorite Japanese turtle. She went out to her playhouse at the usual time, ant eggs clutched in her hand, Rowdy, her cocker, at her heels. She sprinkled the ant eggs on top of the water and waited for Pinkey, the greediest turtle ever, to come hurrying up after them. But he didn't move. Even when she pushed the bowl and the other turtles gobbled at the eggs, he remained on the bottom, terribly still.

"John," she called to her brother getting his bike out of the garage, "John! John, Pinkey's dead. He's awful dead, John. Even when I push the bowl he doesn't move!"

John knew she was fighting back her tears. Fighting hard. He was glad to see George come along.

"Pinkey's dead," he told George. "Isn't that good?" Shirley's eyes opened wide and a couple of tears fell to her cheeks. "As you and I were saying the other night, George, that Pinkey was in for trouble the way he ate. Now he's spared all that."

"We'll have to give him a funeral." George rose to the occasion and began to rummage about for an appropriate box. "You go pick some flowers, Shirley. I think those growing in the window boxes would be nice."

Shirley wanted to invite the entire neighborhood. But the boys thought otherwise.

"No." John was very firm. "This is a private funeral, Shirley. The way funerals are sometimes."

Shirley seemed to understand. But when everything was ready it was discovered she had filled her carriage with her dolls. "Just," she explained, "so Pinkey won't feel bad, thinking only a few turned out for him. If you don't mind, boys."

In the studios everyone with whom Shirley works marvels at her facility with lines and her apparent understanding of the different emotions which have to be depicted. However, not even Mrs. Temple herself can explain how she does it or where she ever acquired her understanding for adult problems. For in no other way is she this precocious.

"When Shirley is about to begin work on a new picture," Mrs. Temple says, "I tell her the story in detail. I answer her childish questions to the best of my ability. Then every night, before prayers, we go over the lines she must speak the following day. And again in the morning

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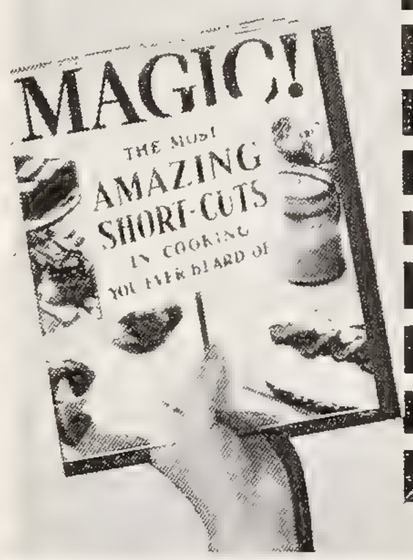
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as Mr. Temple is driving us to the studios. This is all that is necessary. Shirley not only doesn't forget her lines; she doesn't even transpose a word."

It was while Shirley was working with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in "Now and Forever" that she suddenly realized that she alone of the three had no "stand-in." This concerned her seriously, not because she felt it a mark of importance to have a "stand-in"—I doubt she realized this was the case—rather because she has a child's natural feeling for the fitness of things. And if a "stand-in" was the thing to have, then she wanted one, too.

She approached the director. "I have no 'stand-in'," she reminded him, politely, rather intimating that, of course, such a thing must be an oversight on his part. "Mr. Gary has. And Carole has. But I haven't."

The director took one long look at Shirley and sent out a hurry call for a little girl, five years old, about forty-two inches tall, and weighing about forty-two pounds. Shirley wouldn't sulk if no "stand-in" was provided; he knew that. But he realized, too, that she would be a little unhappy, since she takes her "business" seriously. And under no circumstances did he want her radiance dimmed if it could possibly be avoided.

MARILYN GRANIS is Shirley's "stand-in." But as often as not Shirley will stand in herself while the cameraman gets his focus and the places in which she is to stand are decided upon. It's enough for her that her "stand-in" is there. And if Marilyn happens to be coloring a paper doll's dress or doing something equally important, of course, Shirley can't have her disturbed. These two children are fine friends.

Like most children, Shirley is quick to like certain people, to discover almost an immediate bond with them. Jimmy Dunn, for instance, she adores beyond any man except her father and her brothers. When she and Jimmy meet on a stage or on a studio street, before they speak, before they so much as greet each other with a smile, they link arms and go into the first few steps of their "Baby Take a Bow" number. It was Jimmy who thought up this ritual, but Shirley delights in it.

The late Dorothy Dell was another immediate favorite with Shirley.

"Dorothy's smarter than most grown-ups," she explained to her mother.

Dorothy, you see, knew all the things grown-ups are apt to be stupid about. Dorothy could "pretend." It was fun to play tea-party with her, to pass her cups of water tea and plates on which reposed imaginary biscuits, for Dorothy always knew how brown the biscuits were and what a wonderful chocolate icing had been achieved for the pretend cake.

They worked together in "Little Miss Marker" but their friendship didn't end when that picture was over. Shirley used to go to visit at Dorothy's house and one beautiful afternoon Dorothy came to see Shirley and have tea with her from the Mickey Mouse dishes.

Perhaps it was because Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard knew Dorothy, too, and talked about her that Shirley liked them so well, right off.

It was during the filming of "Now and Forever" that Shirley heard Carole whisper something about Dorothy to Gary one morning. She thought it odd, especially that they looked so sad when they talked about her. And the way Gary said, "Good morning, Wiggle Britches," without any happiness in his voice, made Shirley feel terrible.

Something must be wrong, she was sure of that, but what, what?

She did her first scene as best she could but she didn't feel she was very good in it and she wandered away from the set, trying to find happiness within herself again. Away off in a corner Carole and Gary sat on one of those wooden horses, talking. Shirley didn't mean to listen, but somehow the words they whispered reached her.

For a minute she stood there, deathly still, afraid of the tearing, choking ache that seemed to fill every inch of her little body. It was the words Carole had whispered—Carole had said Dorothy was killed, that Dorothy, her wonderful Dorothy was dead.

She went running to her mother. "Mommie, oh Mommie," she called, sobs catching in her words, "Dorothy's dead! Dorothy's dead, Mommie. Dorothy's dead."

The silence of that sad studio rang with her childish sobs. Gary began blowing his nose hard. So did the other men. Carole Lombard began to cry, quite unashamed.

Mrs. Temple took Shirley off into a corner and gathered her up in her arms.

"You mustn't cry like this," she told her, holding back her own tears with a supreme effort. "It isn't fair, Shirley. You see everybody here today feels sad, but they have work to do, and they're trying to control their feelings." She spoke quietly, gently. "When you act this way, Shirley, you make it twice as hard for them. And you don't help Dorothy. She's all right now. All right, Shirley. Do you hear me, do you understand? And she'd be the last person in the world who would want you to cry."

At last Shirley's sobs stopped. An hour later she went to the director and said "I'm ready to work again."

The scene filmed then showed Shirley in Carole's lap. They rehearsed it several times, to get everything right. Then the lights were turned on. "Quiet everybody," shouted an assistant. "This is the take."

For the moment, lost in the action of the scene, Shirley forgot about Dorothy. She did beautifully. Only Gary, an old softie sometimes, unable to bear the sight of that mite acting so bravely, walked away.

SHIRLEY'S little hands stole up to Carole's face. She raised her eyes to meet Carole's eyes. And found Carole's eyes blurred with tears. That brought everything back, that dropped that terrible aching into her again. She buried her head against Carole's heart. And in spite of all she did to control herself one choky, smothered sob would escape.

"Okay. Cut. Lights out!" called the director. He would, he had decided, let it ride that way. It fitted into the action well enough. And since in the studios all is grist that comes to the mill, it was too good to waste. For that sob, unmistakably, marked the first heartbreak of childhood.

It was last summer while he had his family with him in the mountains that George Temple, still head of his household even if there is a movie star in the family, arranged to have their things moved into the new house he had bought. The salary Mrs. Temple earns at the studios, added to his income, had made a larger house possible at last. And the time had come when a house behind a high hedge and adobe wall, a house the address of which wouldn't be known, had become necessary.

Shirley thought it a great pity that they had to be away and miss the excitement of their things being carried out into the street and packed in a big van. But the wonder of returning to a brand new house was something, too. And when upon their return she discovered that she would have

at least another week's additional holiday since her next story wasn't ready, she was delighted.

There was the afternoon a big car stopped in front of their house and a chauffeur delivered a note. And later on that same big car came back and picked up Shirley and her mother and took them up to the very top of a mountain where a great house, like a palace, stood. There were all kinds of dogs and beautiful birds. And, wonder of wonders, a playhouse that looked like a picture in a fairy story and had the name "Gloria" carved above the doorway. Because, you see, it was the playhouse of Gloria Lloyd. And that note, the chauffeur had brought the first time he came to the Temple's house, had invited Shirley and her mother to spend an afternoon at the Lloyd's house. Mrs. Temple sat in the drawing-room and had tea and sandwiches with Mrs. Lloyd, while Shirley, with Gloria and Peggy and little Harold and Jane Bannister, Ann Harding's little girl, went with the Lloyd nurse to play in the playhouse.

SHIRLEY loved it. And Gloria insisted that she be "Honorary" President of a club they had, a club which gave over its meetings to playing "show." And then later on they went into the house and a big screen came down over the fireplace and they saw Mickey Mouse, just as if they were in a real theatre. Oh, it all was very wonderful.

"Shirley," Gloria Lloyd, going-on-ten, will tell you, "is just the way she is on the screen. We always have the most fun when she comes over. And it's funny, she doesn't seem to know that she's a movie star. Just like my father and Janie's mother. She doesn't seem to know that at all."

At last, however, Shirley's new picture was ready. And she returned to the studios to discover that here, too, she had moved. Now, instead of her old dressing-room, she had a whole bungalow to herself. With a dove côte built into the roof, with a garden and a tree with a swing.

The kitchen had a stove and a big ice-box. In the bedroom there was a blackboard and a white desk and seat. It was here that Shirley would work with her private tutor between scenes. And in the big living-room there were dark blue chairs fringed in white, a squashy sofa with pictures of Puss In Boots and Little Miss Muffet and Little Boy Blue in the chintz. And, another wonder of wonders, a white piano that kept on whispering the music for ever so long after you laid your two arms down flat across the keys.

It was Irvin Cobb who, not so very long ago, presented her with an Academy prize for having done some of the most outstanding work on the screen during the past year.

"When Santa Claus dropped you down Creation's chimney," he said, while Shirley stood up on a table and smiled at all the people who clapped for her, "he gave to the world the greatest gift of joy and happiness it has ever known. They say children's laughter is the rustling of angels' wings in Heaven, and if this is true, you are a gift from Heaven to millions of children and millions of grown-ups, too."

Shirley thought it was great fun. But when she saw her mother and father look as if they were going to cry, she had to get down in a hurry so she could sit between them and reach for their hands, under the table where nobody could see.

And so we leave her, now that she is seven . . . What lies ahead in the years which stretch away to form the future, nobody knows. But oh, we do so hope that she'll live just as happily forever after.

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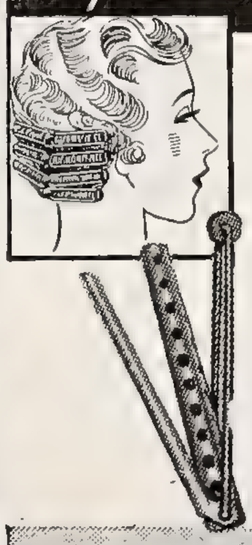
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Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 17*)

I'd like Joan Crawford to leave drama for ones suited to it and go back to dancing ladies.

I'd like George Arliss to get under the skin of the characters he portrays.

Verree Teasdale (pictured) is my idea of a real sophisticate.

Last but not least I'd like the mails to come more often so that I would not have so long to wait for my copy of MODERN SCREEN.—Lily Painter, North Sydney, Australia.



Pro-British

I have been a theatregoer for years, but I have never felt the need to praise and see my praising in black and white till recently. It started when I first saw that masterpiece of art "Cavalcade." To my way of thinking, the best way of enjoying a picture is to see an English one. I think the best acting is to be found among the English. Of course, we in America have our brilliant actors and actresses, witness Fredric March, the Barrymores, and countless others, but somehow my heart and mind instinctively places above these, the English actors.

I saw Robert Donat (pictured), the most fascinating and breathtaking actor in all filmdom, three different times in his picture, "The Count of Monte Cristo" and I am impatiently awaiting his next one. The only man who can run second to him is Frank Lawton. I thrilled again and again to Ronald Colman's performance in "Clive of India" and I think George Arliss' acting in "Rothschild" is unsurpassed. And we must not forget that perennial charmer, Sir Guy Standing, suave and enchanting always.—Bess Chandler, New York, N. Y.

Thanks!

Congratulations on your feature, "Fashions for Men." It proves that you are on your toes and that the magazine which I chose years ago—and now due to finances it is the only magazine I get regularly—is keeping up to its promises.

All I would ask for, if I could ask for more, is an article on interior decoration. —Lavina Baigrie, Toronto, Ont., Canada.



About a Crooner

Lanny Ross is one of the most refreshing personalities that has been brought to the screen for some time. Although his performance in "College Rhythm" was not outstanding, his acting shows a certain restraint and enthusiasm uncommon to most Hollywood stars.

Given roles worthy of his artistic character, I cannot help but feel that Lanny will surpass his crooning predecessors, Crosby, Powell, et al, and carve a definite niche for himself in the movies. —Barbara Berch, Chicago, Ill.



Film Stars as Models

So many people today take different stars for their models that I think we ought to have better stars. I don't mean to say that some of the stars we have are not fit to be imitated, but I know of some that I would not enjoy seeing a second edition of.

My idea is this: why not give bigger and better roles to stars whom we would not mind seeing copied? For instance, Juliette Compton. To me she is all that a "lady" should be. Perhaps if there were more actresses like her, they would inspire the younger generation to be more ladylike. She looks, talks and carries herself as I think a lady should. With most of the younger set now, it is not "All I know is what I read in the papers," but, "All I know is what I see in the movies."—Virginia Myers, San Fernando, Calif.



Breathless Beauty

I have just seen "Forsaking All Others." Joan Crawford proved she could adapt herself to a comic role with her ethereal beauty and chameleon moods. She is so different from other actresses. She is graceful, dresses stunningly and has a sparkling personality and glorious smile.

Joan is the only actress on the screen who can fix her hair a thousand and one ways and look breathlessly beautiful. She's the perfect combination of all the salient points of femininity—gorgeous face, figure, eyes, hair and complexion. Crawford is a perfect lady about her sex-appeal.—"Mac," Iowa.

A Plea from the Deaf

Why don't the movie moguls and movie exhibitors give the deaf mutes a break?

Before the talkies came I went to from one to three silent shows every twenty-four hours. Now I seldom go except to see Wally Beery. He is not only a great actor but a great guy in private life. I have heard plenty about his charities. And dainty little Janet Gaynor is my favorite actress.

I would suggest that the movie houses in big towns run a silent film at least once a month for the benefit of the deaf. I think it would be a paying proposition—Akron, Ohio, has over 500 deaf mutes; I know there are over 200 in Los Angeles and I understand that there are about 150 in Houston, Texas.

The deaf work, pay taxes, have children and want to be treated as equals, not as poor unfortunates who are incapable of usefulness. I don't believe there is one movie producer who gives a hoot about the deaf.—John Dukes, Price, Utah.

(You have our deepest sympathy, Johnny. But we're afraid that not very much can be done to alleviate the situation which you describe. There are a few theatres here in New York (in Harlem and in the Bowery) where silent pictures are shown, but in general there is no demand for them. And as the prints now in existence become more and more torn and scratched, they will be discarded. New prints will not be made, for there isn't enough money in silent pictures to make it a profitable enterprise. Most of them will go to the reducing plant where they will be junked.)

Ah, But Have You Seen Nelson in "Naughty Marietta"?



I shall not go into "raves" about your magazine. I believe that it is enough to say that I read it regularly.

But to get to the point of this letter: I went to see "Student Tour" yesterday for the second time. I did not like the picture, and I cannot stand Jimmy Durante (apologies to that gentleman); I went to see the picture twice to see and hear a person who appeared on the screen about three minutes altogether—Nelson Eddy.

I was really thrilled by the appearance and voice of Mr. Eddy. I am happy that truly great singers are now appearing on the screen. May we hear and see more of Nelson Eddy, who was the first screen player to draw a "fan" letter from me.—Margaret Louis, Richmond, Calif.

Let John Boles Sing



If the producers would only cast John Boles in a picture something like Grace Moore's successful film, "One Night of Love," and give him a chance to thrill the music lovers with songs that are semi-classical like "The Indian Love Call" from "Rose Marie," and "One Alone" from "The Desert Song," or cast him in another operetta on the order of "Rio Rita!"

Give him more opportunities to delight the public with his grand sense of humor and his very expressive speaking voice, and let him sing songs which are truly worthy of his glorious voice. I believe the producer would surely rake in the money in heaps, and the public would throng to see the production.

The fine thing about John Boles is that the husbands, brothers and sweethearts of the feminine portion of the audience admire and enjoy Mr. Boles' talents, too. Mr. Boles is always a gentleman, and truly a fine artist, and he is never mush in his love-making.—Lillian Musgrave, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thoughts for Producers



I'd let Ruby Keeler try being housewife instead of a movie star.

I'd take Dick Powell and star him with someone that would at least be as good as he is.

I'd work Shirley Temple so hard she would have a nervous breakdown so David Holt (pictured) would get a chance.

I'd tell Irving S. Cobb to stick to writing and quit trying to act.

I'd put gloves on Max Baer and send him back to the ring where he belongs.

I'd cancel the contract of George Raft until he would agree to send pictures out free of charge.

I'd put Kay Francis in some more "doctor" pictures.

I'd bring Claudette Colbert down to earth.

Then, after accomplishing all that "Ay tank ay go home."—Betty Lenore Myers, San Fernando, Calif.







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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 49*)

to settle matters.

Not much sense to any of it, but it's first-rate nonsense.

★★ Strangers All (RKO)

Too bad that May Robson is wasted in this. It's a mediocre family drama. There's Miss Robson, the mother, her three sons and a pretty daughter. One of the sons has the communistic bug pretty badly and gets arrested for his pains. One of the sons has the acting bug—William Bakewell plays him, and we take a moment to doff our tattered hat in his direction for enlivening the picture as much as he was able. Preston Foster is the good old reliable son and he gets nothing (not even acting honors) for his behavior.

★★★★ Black Fury (Warners)

A story to remember. A memorable piece of acting by Paul Muni. And a social document which, by means of clever writing and adroit direction, is kept clear of the propaganda charge.

Muni plays the role of Joe Radek—illiterate, passionate, simple miner. The story itself is gripping enough, but it is the social significance behind the story, the exposure of the brutal methods employed by racketeering police in dealing with strikers, and the powerful work of Muni which lift this picture into the unusual class.

★★★ Star of Midnight (RKO)

This detective yarn is guaranteed to make the tired business man even tireder, what with the constant brain-strain and plenty of chair-gripping. We have a couple of mysterious murders, which sleuth Powell unravels with such ease and good humor. We have not a little consumption of fire-water. We have Ginger Rogers, bent on impressing Powell with her potentialities as a female Holmes. She is cute, but ineffectual. We'd rather she stuck to her dancing. J. Farrell MacDonald is grand as the chief of police.

★★ Times Square Lady (M-G-M)

Whoever wrote this story had an imagination that would make the Brothers Grimm either blush rosey red with embarrassment or turn pea green with envy. Yep, such a fairy tale hasn't hit the celluloid boards since Hans Christian Andersen came down the pike. It's about the beeootiful Iowa farmerette who comes to the big city to take over her deceased Pa's sporting activities. Pop was a great guy on the races and the fights and the slot machines. He had a nice little gang of baddies working for him, too. But Virginia Bruce decides to fix all that, and she does—in six good and untrue reels of film. The blonde lady plays sort of a master mind. She couldn't convince you. Well, a lot of people feel the same way, but she does dress beautifully and is indeed fair to look upon. Pinkie Tomlin, composer of "Object of My Affections," appears briefly in this, as does the ever-capable Isabel Jewell. Robert Taylor, a new leading man, plays the hero and is a "natural."

★★ Straight from the Heart (Universal)

Even if you are a "guessing game" fan, this picture will leave you decidedly disgruntled, as there's just no solution to the goings-on. The plot is dismally complicated, with only the crucial moments speeded up to a snail's pace.

The fair heroine, Mary Astor, is picked up off the streets by the handsome hero, Roger Pryor, who proceeds to feed her French pastry and let her go. My, my, you marvel—a man with no ulterior motives! But Roger is very dirty in politics! This startling disclosure leads to *more* excitement, what with him double-crossing the mayor, a little child, a dead woman and his sweetheart and she double-crossing him a few times! Yes, yes, we got a little mixed up, too.

The cast struggles along as well they can, but the only highlight is the performance of Baby Jane Quigley, who is a surprisingly good little actress.

★★ Gigolette (RKO)

And this, little boys and girls, proves beyond the question of a doubt that honesty and purity will bring even a gigolette through life and night-clubs unscathed. Adrienne Ames is the gallant gal, who finds herself at the mercy of New York when her wealthy father commits suicide because of debts incurred—largely from his daughter's wardrobe, we should judge.

Ralph Bellamy is the rough and tough Broadwayite, whose heart, surprisingly enough, is of soft-soap. Donald Cook gives the best performance of the mediocre lot—that of the play-boy who's out for a swell time at any expense.

★★★ It Happened in New York (Universal)

Maybe it did happen there, but it could have happened in any town where there's a girl with a boy friend, and a blonde dazzler who tries to snare him away. But at that, this is an entertaining picture, and we didn't wonder that Lyle Talbot was a bit bewildered between Gertrude Michael and Heather Angel, both looking their best and trying their hardest to charm him.

Hugh O'Connell is a riot as the press agent for Gertrude, who's the movie idol of the world. Between soothing her tantrums, placating her public and keeping an eye on her business affairs and Pekinese purp, his isn't exactly a soft job. As if that were not enough anguish, he has to contend with two determined young ladies out to get the same man.

While this isn't anything out of the ordinary in movie amusement, the cast has handled its parts with such deftness that you're bound to be entertained.

★★ Sweepstake Annie (Liberty)

There's about as much chance of enjoying this picture as ever winning the Irish sweepstakes, but if you want to see how Marion Nixon reacts to having the one-hundred-fifty-thousand dropped in her lap, here's your chance.

Just a nice little girl is Annie, but suffering from family-itis to such an extent that she sacrifices everything for the ungrateful outfit—money, clothes, good times—with nary a thought for the morrow or a damp day. Tom Brown, Annie's ardent through freckled wooer, urges her to leave said gasping relations and keep house for

him. His harsh words about her flesh and blood are so irritating that Annie, though her heart is breaking, sends him away. Then she wins the lucky money and decides to live her own life—which soon includes some Russian nobility and the upper crust of the four hundred—only to find it all a tawdry, shabby bauble.

★★ While the Patient Slept
(Warners)

Well, Aline MacMahon has been framed in another picture! It's our not too humble opinion that this gal deserves a change, as does Guy Kibbee, who also puts in an appearance in this tepid thriller. Yeh, he's sleuthing again, and she's supplying the brain power.

The story follows the formula that is becoming familiar for murder mellerdrammers—a dearth of entertainment and a plethora of corpses. This one starts right out with a death-bed scene. Gathered together at this time are all the relatives of a wealthy, elderly gentleman who are to share his wealth when he shall be no more. Naturally, they're all cuh-razy about each other and you're awfully surprised to hear that a couple of them have been mysteriously done away with. With all the suspicioning in the air, it's no wonder that Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis suspect themselves in love.

★★ McFadden's Flats
(Paramount)

If this story was as delightful as the Irish and Scotch accents in which the principal characters indulge, it would be a top-notcher. But unfortunately, such is not the case.

The actors, however, can take well merited bows on their performances. Andy Clyde, as the auld Scotch barber who stints on the lather, but gives his life's savings to his best enemy, proves himself an exceptional comedian. You'll like Walter Kelly, too—he's as Irish as Saint Pat. Jane Darwell is lovable as his wife, with a heart as big as a washtub. Betty Furness handles her role capably.

★★ Traveling Saleslady
(Warners)

This story hasn't much point, but it's saved by a competent cast, including Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert.

Hugh has one idea, and one only, in the picture. His brain-wave results in a toothpaste flavored with Martinis, old-fashioneds, Manhattans and gin fizzes! He's aided and abetted by Joan, who's peeved at her rich papa's refusal to let her indulge in a career, so she becomes a traveling saleslady and manages to put herself and the product over with the popularity which they both deserve.

Glenda Farrell and William Gargan provide a few laughs, but the real guffaws are furnished by the dumb-but-clever Hugh Herbert. If you are out for a little fun and nothing else, you won't go wrong on this yarn.

★★★ When a Man's a Man
(Fox)

If you like those "Ride 'em, cowboy" yarns, you won't go wrong on this picture. Though the story sticks to the old tried-and-true formula of Westerns, a few genuine thrills are added.

George O'Brien as the personality-plus playboy, has made short work of an inheritance acquired by the hard work of his father. He now feels that what is needed in his life is an "objective" and without the vaguest idea of what this might be, sets out to run it down, landing up on an Arizona ranch. Here everything is supplied without further ado—a villain who sneers satisfactorily, a beautiful, harassed heroine, a cowpuncher with a good heart, but a turrible temper, and a herd of cattle dying of thirst.

Dorothy Wilson, Harry Woods and Paul Kelly, do well in their parts, while Mr. O'Brien can pat himself on the back for giving his best performance to date.

★★★ Screen Snapshots
(Columbia)

Harriet Parsons, collector and compilator of these newsy, intimate "shots" of Hollywood's great and near-great, is in order for congratulations. It must take the instinct of an ace reporter and the patience of an extra bent on stardom to put together "Screen Snapshots," one of the most intensely interesting and entertaining reels to emanate from the camera coast. It records photographically the players' away-from-the-camera moments —John Boles putting on an impromptu entertainment at a night club, Ben Lyon ad-libbing a master of ceremonies routine, Mae West a little bit peeved at being "caught" without make-up and with a new boy friend, Tom Mix's circus parade, and Bing Crosby at the Santa Anita racetrack. It's alive, breezy and wholly diverting.

★★ Baby Face Harrington
(M-G-M)

It is really too bad that Charles Butterworth, who has bolstered up so many



Adrienne Ames and Ralph Bellamy in a scene from "Gigolette."



Chester Morris and Jean Parker in a close-up from "Princess O'Hara."



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Joan Blondell tries to sell Bill Gargan and Glenda Farrell in "Traveling Saleslady."



George Arliss and Maureen O'Sullivan in a tender scene from "Cardinal Richelieu."

fair-to-middling pictures for other stars, should be so terrifically let down in this, his first picture on his own hook. It is the story of a meek-faced Milquetoast who becomes involved with a gang of public enemies and is himself branded as Public Enemy No. 2. Sounds something like another current picture, doesn't it? Well, let's not be odious and make comparisons. Let's just say that "Baby Face Harrington" is worth seeing only for those few moments when Butterworth is allowed to be Butterworthishly amusing. Una Merkel and Nat Pendleton do the best they can with supporting roles.

★★ Mark of the Vampire
(M-G-M)

The only thing actually blood-curdling about this latest vampire chiller is wasting Lionel Barrymore on such a yarn. Of course, the old horror stand-bys are used with pleasant frequency—corpses tangled in cobwebs, fat rats scuttling among coffins and plenty of fog torn by high winds. But not to make this look anything like a "Dracula" rehash, all the mysteries are cleared up in the end with scientific precision. Under the influence of a hypnotist, the murderer re-enacts his crime. Simple and logical, as you can see for yourself.

Jean Hersholt strives nobly to do something about his role as Baron Otto, Elizabeth Allan just gives up and wanders around with a vacant look in her eyes, and Henry Wadsworth is not very convincing as the courageous young man in the teeth of danger. Bela Lugosi plays B. L. with his usual fervor.

If you must see this one, leave the offspring at home. You'll have trouble enough with your own nightmares.

★★★★ Cardinal Richelieu
(United Artists)

Whatever let-down you may have felt when you saw George Arliss in "The Iron Duke" will be forgotten the minute "Cardinal Richelieu" starts unrolling on the screen. It's a grand portrayal, perhaps not as great as the Arliss "Rothschild" but great and grand enough to give you a swell evening's entertainment. Not only is Arliss at his best, but he is supported by a cast that puts its all into a series of excellent characterizations. Edward Arnold, Douglas Dumbrille, Cesar Romero and Maureen O'Sullivan head the group. There isn't much opportunity for great histrionics on Maureen's part but she looks adorable. Director Rowland Lees should get a hand for her expert direction and beautiful production.

A Message to Girls Who Help Out

(*Continued from page 29*)

Ann's mother, as you know, was an opera singer. Ann's father was a business man. Seldom has such a combination made a happy marriage. Those two temperaments—the artistic and the practical—simply don't click.

ANN was born in a little mid-western town. Her mother was on a concert tour at the time. It was the nearest town that boasted a hospital. Ann hasn't been back since. You couldn't quite call it her "old home town." The papers could never say, "local girl makes good."

She has an older sister. Ann is in the middle. After her younger sister—now eighteen—was born, the mother and father were divorced. And that, it would seem, ended that.

But there is no real end to a family tie. Ann missed a father. She didn't miss her mother's ex-husband, she had never known him. She simply missed having a father. Other girls said to her, "Last night my daddy told me . . ." or "Look at the bracelet my father gave me for my birthday." It always made a lump in Ann's throat. She wondered what it would be like to have a father.

Between Ann and her mother there was a great companionship, a great love. This fascinating, exciting woman knew all of the heartaches that a professional life brings. But she knew the compensations, too. She knew the divine ecstacy of self-expression and, in a very subtle way, she brought Ann up to be a singer.

Oh, she never coerced. She never bullied. She merely "guided." She "suggested" that Ann take piano lessons, harmony, counterpoint. She steeped her in musical lore—told her that languages

were more important than mathematics. It was truly destiny that Ann become a singer.

The best schools were at Ann's disposal. The unknown father saw to that and then, when Ann was a girl in her 'teens, the father decided he wanted to see her.

He had married again and was living on the northwestern coast. Ann went to him to finish her education—the best education money could buy.

Ah, what a curious meeting that must have been. Ann, a grown girl now, a girl with character and intelligence, stood before a total stranger who was her father. She had missed having a father. She had thought that when she saw him, at last, a great emotion would possess her. But now she stood there looking at someone she didn't know.

And as time passed she knew him less and less. So different had their lives been, so far apart their ethics, their standards, their codes, that there could be no real meeting between them. There was no point of contact—either mental or emotional. Mind you, there were no quarrels, no scenes. It was a situation which both were too sensitive to overcome.

AT first Ann thought it would be better when they were better acquainted —when father and daughter were not so shy of each other. But she soon discovered that they had been apart too long, that there was no regaining those lost years. And when she had discovered this, she knew that she must not stay.

She told her father that she was leaving—going back to her mother in Los Angeles, where her mother was taking singing pupils. The father, ever disapproving of theatrical life, felt that if Ann went back she would become a part of show business, so he tried to make her stay with him and at last, when he saw how determined she was to go, told her that if she left he would stop her allowance.

That was something for a girl to face, but Ann faced it with the courage of a conviction that has made her life an enobling experience and an inspiration to others.

Her father's money had made it possible for her to live well, to have the best education. What her mother received for her singing lessons could not possibly keep them all. Yet Ann knew that if she were to make the most of herself as a person, she must leave.

In Hollywood, without the generous allowance, she took stock of herself. She was an able pianist—knew counterpoint and harmony. She spoke French beautifully and knew all of the niceties of polite society. But could she earn a living with these accomplishments? Enviously, she looked at girls who had been trained in shorthand and typewriting. There was something tangible! There was a job. With these she would have had something to offer. A fine education in the best schools—what did it mean when the necessity for earning her living was upon her?

And necessity it was, too, for she knew that, if she failed, there could be no going back to her father. She had made the decision. She had broken the slim thread which bound them together. She was on her own now—a free agent. And what did a free agent do?

She knew music. That, if anything, must make her a living, must help her mother and sisters. So she began taking lessons from her mother. Today the mother claims that Ann was her worst pupil. She wouldn't practice scales.

And then Ann had the chance of an audition. She sang before a man at Warner's Studio. She got a job. It was as simple as that.

But Ann was soon to discover that it wasn't so simple as that. Theatrical jobs don't last forever. One ends, another must be found and Ann was not such a free agent as she had thought. She had an actual as well as a moral responsibility toward her sisters and her mother. On her own score she had broken with her father, which had cut them off, too. So it was her responsibility. She must not only provide for herself but she must "help out at home." It was a duty that she could not shirk. She didn't want to shirk it, of course, but if things had been different . . .

Don't you know? Haven't you said it, secretly, a thousand times?

A girl in show business must keep up appearances, must look well. But Ann, because of her responsibilities and the fact that at first she made very little money, must shop around for her clothes, must pretend that she really *wanted* to walk after a strenuous rehearsal instead of taking a taxi.

In New York, after her experience in the Follies, she found herself looking for a job. She *must* have a job. "If I don't get a job my family doesn't eat!" If you know about that feeling, then don't envy Ann Sothern.

Or, perhaps, you should envy her—envy her courage, her ability to refrain from complaining, her delight in being able to "help out." But instead of envying, you should emulate her example and try to penetrate her depth of character and beauty of soul.

Everything is fine, now. Ann's at the top and, knowing Ann, I think she is right when she says, "Having responsibilities makes one a better person."

That's all she'll say, of course. She's not the kind to sob on your shoulder. And, as I've told you before, this story was pieced together with the things I learned about Ann from others.

But believe me, she knows *your* problems. She's had them!

A Beautiful Romance

(*Continued from page 45*)

speaking of it, that they were desperately, madly in love. But her family were opposed to her marrying so young—she was not yet eighteen—and besides they didn't like Frank.

So, in order to attempt to make Alma forget Frank, her mother planned a trip to Europe for Alma and her father.

When Alma told Frank this he said: "We can't let them do this to us. I'm afraid to let you leave me. Let's get married now."

They were married secretly in Hoboken in April. Three weeks later she sailed for Europe. Both she and Frank were heartbroken at the parting, but they were

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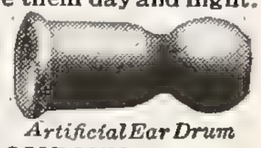
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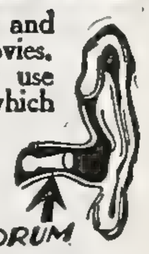


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glad that—come what may—they belonged to each other.

Germany was her destination. Alma and her father arrived just in time to be caught up in the webs of war, and for four solid months Frank had no word or communication from her, nor did any of his letters get through to her. He was, of course, frantically worried about her. But nothing he did—not even an appeal to the Secretary of State—brought any news of her.

Up to this time he had been in business with his father, but now he must have more stimulating work—work that could partially take his mind off his grief.

HIS brother, Ralph, had already gone into the theatre. One of Frank's friends, Edgar Allan Woolf, wrote a vaudeville sketch for Frank in which he played. At the close of the tour, Walker Whiteside offered him a part in "Mr. Wu."

He played his role with half his mind and half his heart. He tormented the mailman for letters. He lived only from day to day, hoping that each new hour might bring him word from Alma.

And then the miracle happened. Weary with waiting, he strolled into the theatre one night and found a telegram for him. He clawed it open. "Arrived in New York this morning. Meet me on the mezzanine of the Knickerbocker Hotel after the performance. Alma." That was all, but it was enough. His bride had escaped from Germany and had returned to him.

He gave a bang-up performance that night, but never had minutes seemed like hours before. He would see her tonight. He would hear her say, once more, that she loved him. He would hold her in his arms.

She was waiting for him at the appointed place. And when he saw her he went to pieces with love and relief at her safety and joy in her return. He was trembling so that he could not speak. It was she who opened the conversation, and her words are written across Frank's mind forever.

She said: "Wait a minute, Frank; don't kiss me. I've something to tell you. I don't love you any more."

He stepped back and looked at her. The lobby of the hotel was a whirling kaleidoscope. His hands and feet were numb. A gun seemed to be exploding in his brain.

"I'm sorry," she said. And then she repeated, desperately. "I don't love you any more."

He heard a voice. It was not his voice, but it seemed to be coming from his throat. "Is there—is there another man?"

She shook her head. "I just don't—don't love you any more."

And then, as his reason slowly began to come back, he said, "What is it, Alma? Tell me."

"Not here," she begged. And he saw that she was suffering as much as he.

Somehow they stumbled out of the hotel and into a taxicab.

But even as they drove through Central Park he could not make her speak. Only one thing he knew. He knew it in the taxi. She was lying. She did love him. For some fantastic and ghoulish reason that he could not penetrate, she was lying.

He begged her to tell him what had happened. With her lips she repeated, brokenly now: "I just don't love you any more—that's all." But those same lips told him a different story.

And then began the most torturous moments of his life. He had no pride. There was too much love in his heart to leave room for pride. Every Sunday he went to the country, where she was living with her family, and sat in the living-room watching her, but never touching her. He never once saw her alone. Her family was always present. For months those cruel Sundays lasted.

ONE night at the theatre Walker Whiteside came in to his dressing-room. "I'm sorry to tell you this, Frank," he said. "But I guess you know how bad your performances have been lately. What's wrong?"

Frank shook his head. "I guess I'm just no actor," he said.

"No, it isn't that. You were grand at first. I've hesitated about this. But you've changed. Your heart is gone from your work."

His heart was with Alma—Alma who said with her lips she didn't love him and told him with her eyes she did and persisted in keeping up this cruel mystery.

He left the show.

The next Sunday he managed to whisper to Alma, "I'm going to announce our marriage."

Her face went white. "Please, please, don't do that," she begged. "No one knows about it and it's over, anyhow. Please, please . . . You can't understand."

He had a notice inserted in the paper that they had been married in April. It was now about November. That seemed strange. Reporters interviewed him. They interviewed Alma and her family. And the story came out that they had been married, but it was over now.

Well, there was no use going on like this. He must do something with his life. His heart was being torn to bits. He had lost his first good acting job. But he had to go on somehow, somewhere.

In Richmond, Virginia, he got a job in stock. That was worse. Those Sundays, torturing as they had been, were better than nothing. At least he might look at her.

And then there came another telegram. It was from Alma. "If you can't see any reason why not, I'm coming to Richmond to stay a week."

He met her at the train. She was to visit an aunt or someone. She didn't go near her aunt's house. She stayed with Frank. And she has never left him since. And she told him the reason for her strange behavior.

When she returned from Germany and her mother realized that she was still in love with Frank, that the European adventure had not made her forget him, her mother said: "If you don't give him up tonight, I will commit suicide." Poor young Alma believed her. Although madly in love with Frank, the girl had no choice. Better to give up her husband than to have her mother's death upon her conscience. That night in the hotel she was as desperate as Frank. And it was almost more than she could bear to see his face and his heart go to pieces before her eyes as she pronounced those dreadful words, "I don't love you any more."

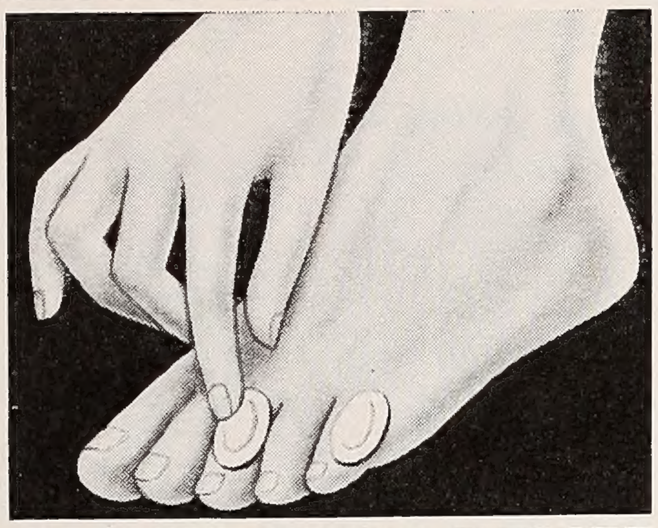
And those Sundays—how she had suffered, too. What they had cost her! But her mother told her always that if she went to him she would kill herself.

Then Frank went away. And she knew that she could be separated from him no longer. Let her love bring what consequences it might, her place was by his side. Their love was greater than anything else in the world.

And the consequences were not dire. Her mother did not commit suicide. She is still alive today. And Frank and Alma and their nineteen-year-old son are utterly and completely happy. Theirs is one of those real, real loves. A lesser passion would not have withstood so much.

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The widow, Mrs. Belle T. Daiches, saw that she would have to do her own sleuthing to obtain vengeance.

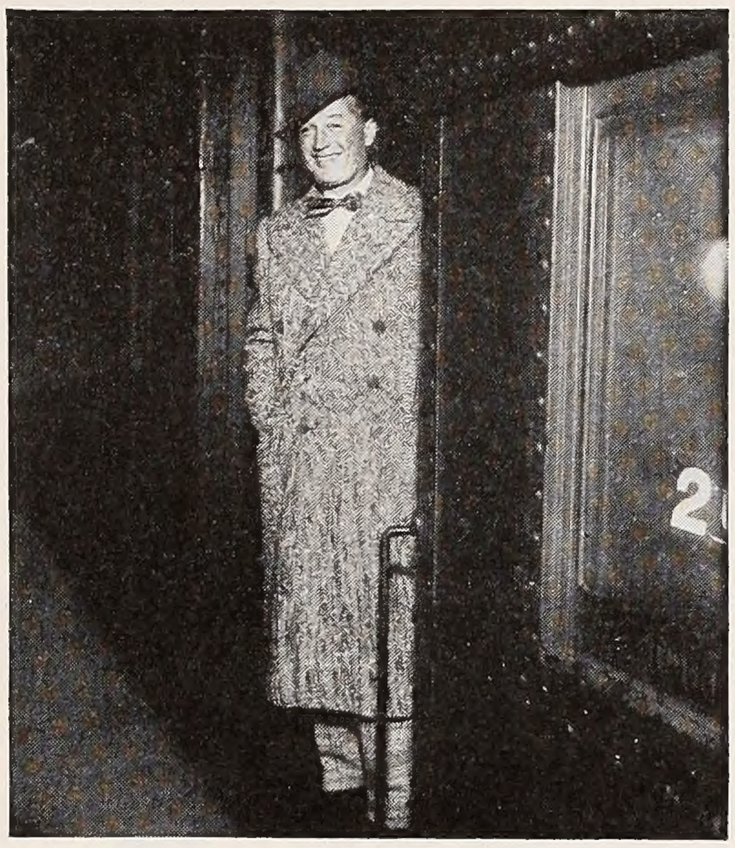
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JUNE

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Maurice Chevalier arrives in New York after finishing "Folies Bergere." Next stop is Paris.

Good News

(Continued from page 41)

Rochelle Hudson spoke out of turn while in New York recently, and, as a result, has Will Rogers and her home town of Claremore, Oklahoma, on her pretty neck. A columnist quoted her as saying that Claremore "stinks." Rochelle was indignant because she says only part of her statement was used. What she said, in toto, was that the town has a bad odor because of the radium water which abounds there. "And anyhow," ends up Rochelle, defiantly, "I haven't lived in Claremore since I was a tiny child!"

■ ■ ■

Mervyn Leroy and Doris Warner sent out a clever nursery rhyme to announce the arrival of their offspring, Warner Lewis Leroy. They were overjoyed to have a son and heir as were all members of the Warner clan.

Information Desk

(Continued from page 72)

JULIA, Billings, Mont.—The Compton-Compson situation is one that has puzzled many, so this should clear it up. Betty Compson is the one-time movie actress. Betty Compton is the present Mrs. James Walker, wife of the ex-mayor of New York City. She was on the stage before her marriage, but never attained fame on the screen. Betty Compson is the ex-Mrs. James Cruze.

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149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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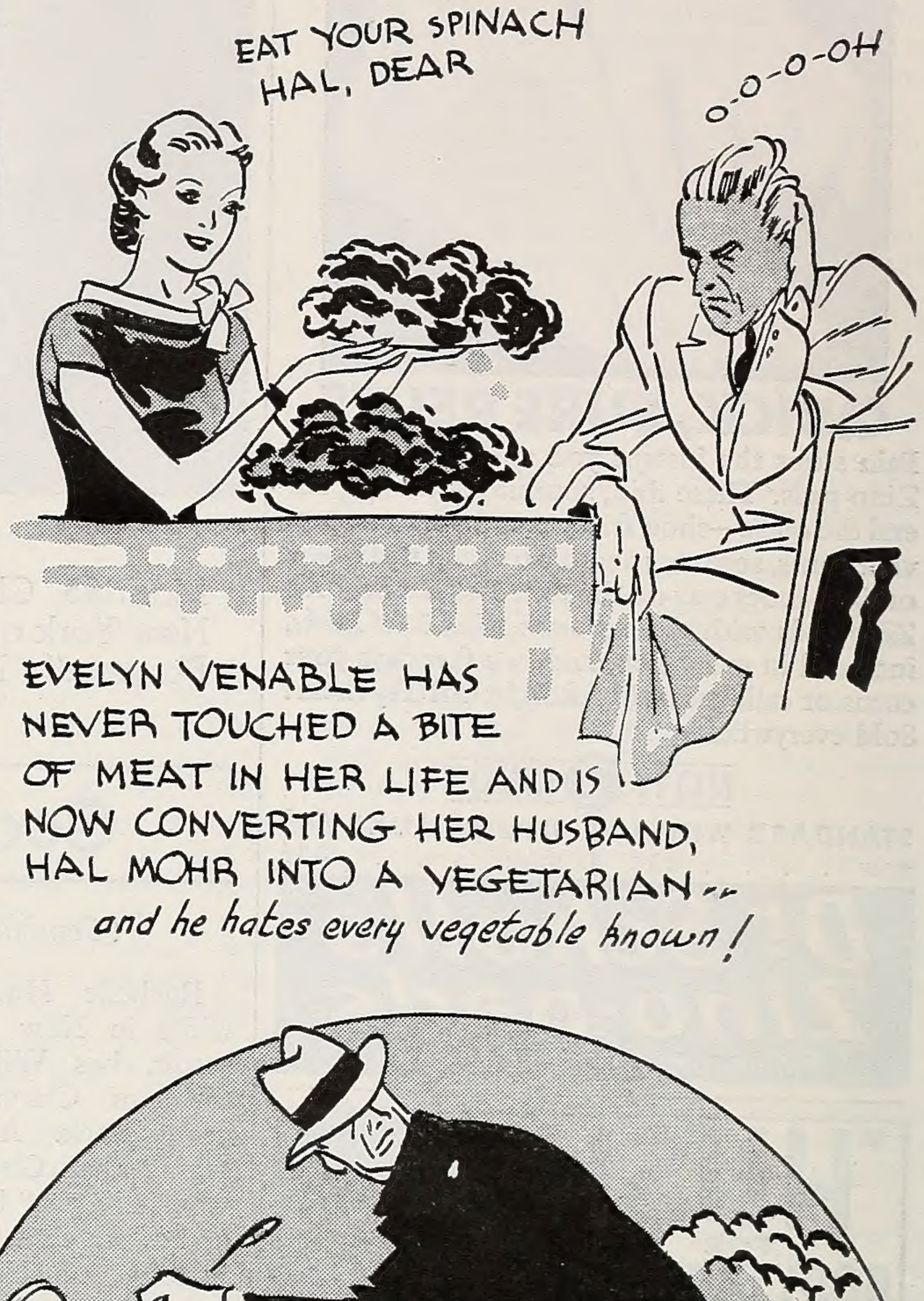
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ALL JOKING ASIDE . . . *by Jack Betts*



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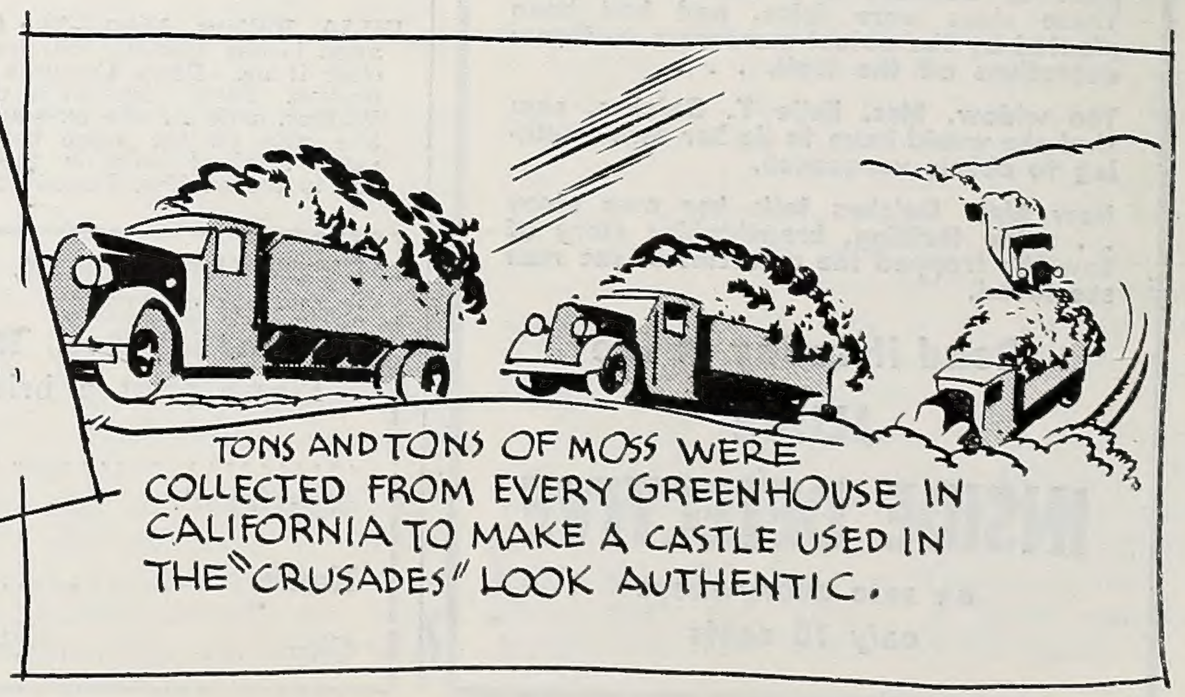
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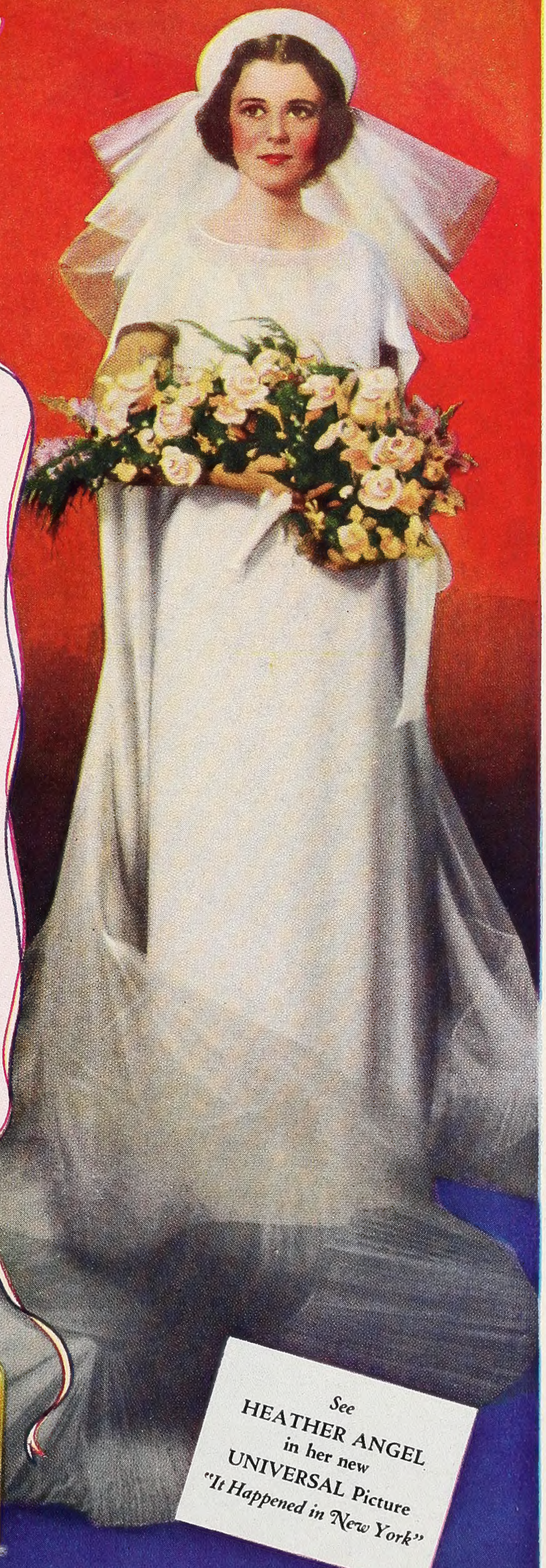


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